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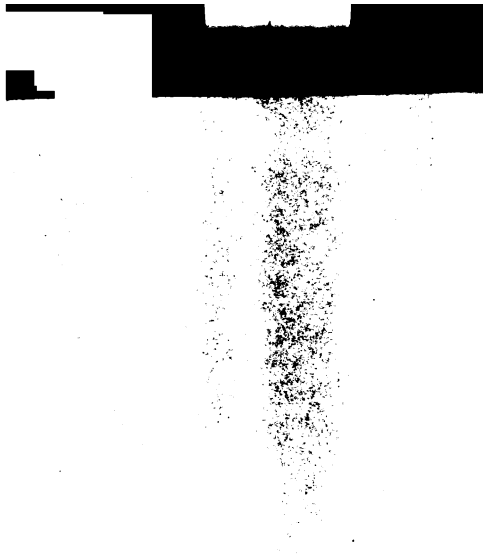

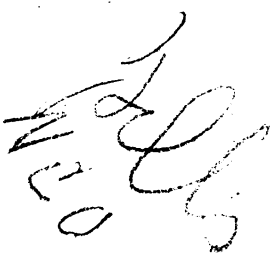

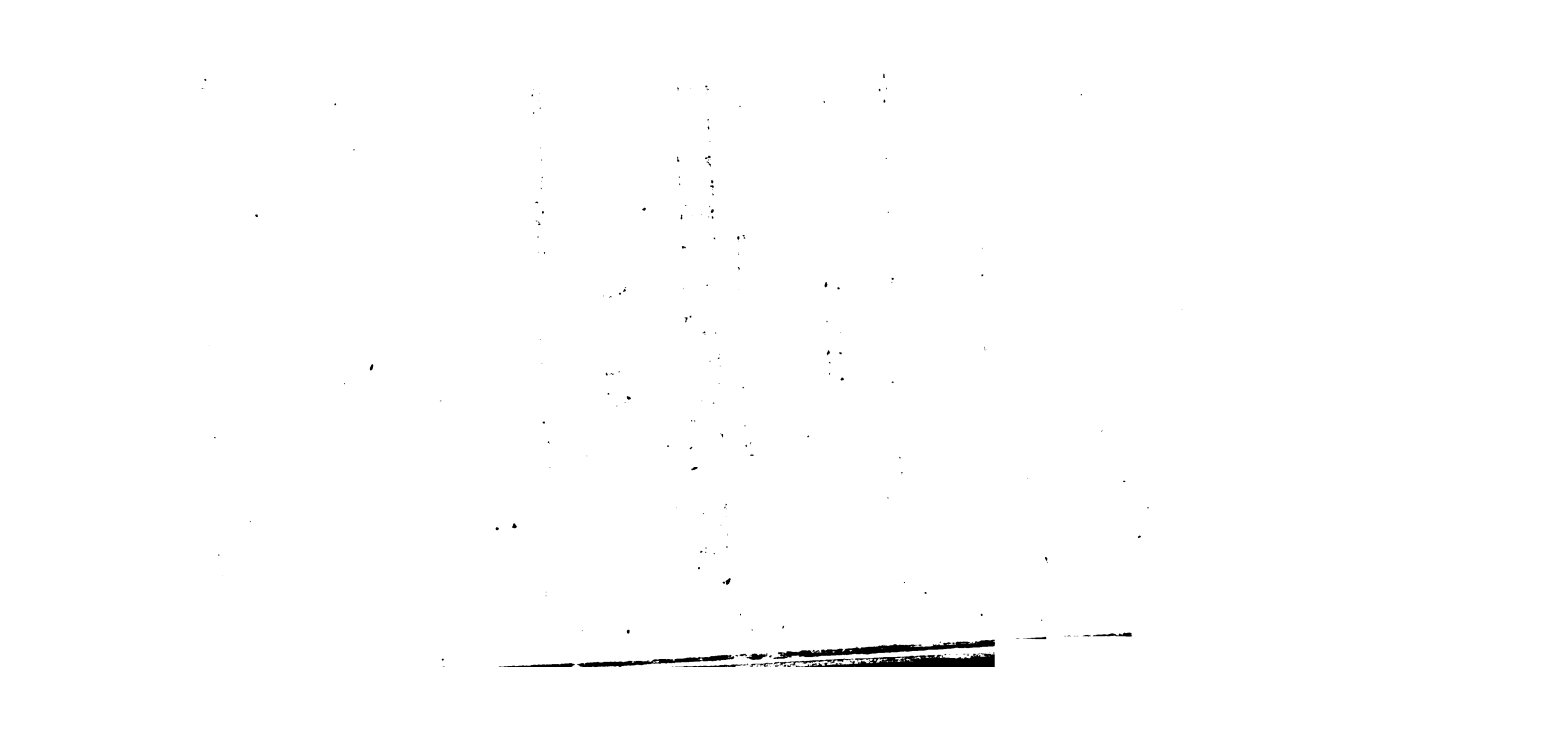

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THE

ORPHAN;

OR, THE

UNHAPPY MARRIAGE.

A

TRAGEDY.

By THOMAS OTWAY.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES-ROYAL,

DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

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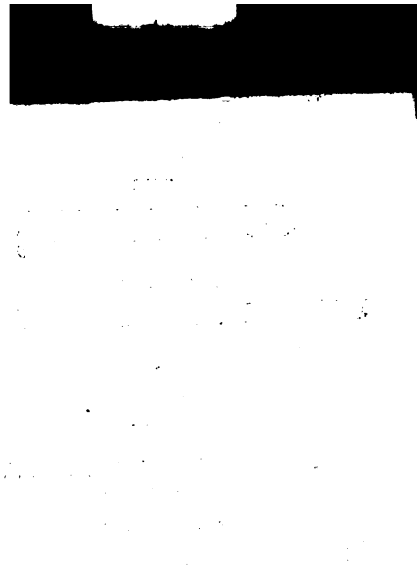

TO HER

ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE

DUTCHESS.

MADAM,

AFTER having a great while wished to write something that might be worthy to lay at your Highness's feet, and finding it impossible: since the world has been so kind to me to judge of this poem to my advantage, as the most pardonable fault, which I had made in its kind, I had sinned against myself if I had not chosen this opportunity to implore (what my ambition is most fond of) your favour and protection.

For though fortune would not so far bless my endeavours, as to encourage them with your Royal Highness's presence, when this came into the world; yet I cannot but declare, it was my design and hopes, it might have been your divertisement in that happy season, when you returned again, to cheer all those eyes that had before wept for your departure, and enliven all hearts that had drooped for your absence. When wit ought to have paid its choicest tributes in, and joy have known no limits, then I hoped my little mite would not have been rejected, though my ill fortune was too hard for me, and I lost a greater honour, by

your Royal Highness's absence, than all the applauses of the world besides can make me reparation for.

Nevertheless, I thought myself not quite unhappy, so long as I had hopes this way yet to recompense my disappointment past: when I considered also, that poetry might claim right to a little share in your favour; for Tasso, and Ariosto, some of the best, have made their names eternal, by transmitting to after ages the glory of your ancestors: and under the spreading of that shade, where two of the best have planted their laurels, how honoured should I be, who am the worst, if but a branch might grow for me?

I dare not think of offering any thing in this address, that might look like a panegyric, for fear, lest when I have done my best, the world should condemn me for saying too little, and you yourself check me for meddling with a task unfit for my talent.

For the description of virtues and perfections so rare as yours are, ought to be done by as deliberate as skilful a hand; the features must be drawn very fine, to be like; hasty daubing will but spoil the picture, and make it so unnatural, as must want false lights to set it off. And your virtue can receive no more lustre from practices, than your beauty can be improved by art; which, as it charms the bravest prince that ever amazed the world with his virtue; so, let but

all other hearts inquire into themselves, and then judge how it ought to be praised.

Your love too, as none but that great hero who has it, could deserve it, and therefore, by a particular lot from Heaven, was destined to so extraordinary a blessing, so matchless for itself, and so wondrous for its constancy, shall be remembered to your immortal honour, when all other transactions of the age you live in shall be forgotten.

But I forget that I am to ask pardon for the fault I have been all this while committing. Wherefore I beg your Highness to forgive me this presumption, and that you will be pleased to think well of one who cannot help resolving with all the actions of life, to endeavour to deserve it: nay more, I would beg, and hope it may be granted, that I may, through yours, never want an advocate in his favour, whose heart and mind you have so entire a share in; it is my only portion and my fortune. I cannot but be happy, so long as I have but hopes I may enjoy it; and I must be miserable, should it ever be my ill fate to lose it.

This; with eternal wishes for your Royal Highness's content, happiness, and prosperity, in all humility is presented by

Your most obedient, and
devoted servant,

THO. OTWAY.

THE ORPHAN.

THIS play stands forth to prove the predominating powers of the true poet, who from a fable improbable and badly constructed, and a set of incidents which come home to the feelings of no one, can nevertheless erect a tragic structure which will please to the end of time.

OTWAY seems to have abandoned his productions to chance, as to any good they were likely to produce, from the reflected influence of character and sentiment—Every thing about him has a tinge of licentiousness—The compact enter'd into by his Twin Brothers surely never in a civilized country could occur; and, if it could, they both richly deserved to suffer from the hand of the executioner.

The conduct of this play is all in the dark—there is no light but that of the poet. The parties might say of their calamities, that they could not have happened.

"If a rush candle e'en had deign'd to visit them."

The excellence of OTWAY's sentiment and diction bears down every thing—He polishes exquisitely, but his materials are coarse and impure.

PROLOGUE.

To you, great judges in this writing age,
The sons of wit, and patrons of the stage,
With all those humble thoughts, which still have sway'd
His pride much doubting, trembling and afraid
Of what is to his want of merit due,
And aw'd by ev'ry excellence in you,
The author sends to beg you will be kind,
And spare those many faults you needs must find.
You, to whom wit a common foe is grown,
The thing ye scorn and publicly disown.
Though now, perhaps, ye're here for other ends,
He swears to me ye ought to be his friends:
For he ne'er call'd ye yet insipid tools;
Nor wrote one line to tell ye you were fools:
But says of wit ye have so large a store,
So very much you never will have more.
He ne'er with libel treated yet the Town,
The names of honest men bedaub'd and shewn.
Nay, never once lampoon'd the harmless life,
Of suburb virgin, or of city wife.
Satire's th' effect of poetry's disease,
Which, sick of a lewd age, she vents for ease,
But now her only strife should be to please;
Since of ill fate the baneful cloud's withdrawn,
And happiness again begins to dawn;

Since back with joy, and triumph he is come,
That always drew fears hence, ne'er brought 'em home.
Oft has he plough'd the boist'rous ocean o'er,
Yet ne'er more welcome to the longing shore,
Not when he brought home victories before.
For then fresh laurels flourish'd on his brow;
And he comes crown'd with olive-branches now:
Receive him—Oh, receive him as his friends;
Embrace the blessing which he recommends:
Such quiet as your foes shall ne'er destroy;
Then shake off fears, and clap your hands for joy.

Dramatis Personae.

DRURY-LANE.

Men.

ACASTO, *a nobleman retired from the court, and living privately in the country,* - - Mr. Packer.
CASTALIO, } *his sons.* - - - Mr. Kemble.
POLYDORE, } - - - Mr. Barrymore.
CHAMONT, *a young soldier of fortune, brother to* Monimia - - - - Mr. Bannister, jun.
ERNESTO, - - - - - Mr. Chaplin.
PAGE, - - - - - - Miss De Camp.
CHAPLAIN, - - - - Mr. Fawcett.
SERVANT, - - - - - Mr. Phillimore.

Women.

MONIMIA, *the Orphan, left under the guardiansbip of old* Acasto - - -
SERINA, Acasto's *daughter* - - - Miss Collins.
FLORELLA, Monimia's *woman* - - - Miss Tidswell.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

ACASTO, *a nobleman retired from the court, and living privately in the country* - - Mr. Aickin.
CASTALIO, } *his sons.* - - - Mr. Fennel.
POLYDORE, } - - - Mr. Farren.
CHAMONT, *a young soldier of fortune, brother to* Monimia - - - - Mr. Holman.
ERNESTO, - - - - - Mr. Thompson.
PAGE, - - - - - - Master Simmons.
CHAPLAIN, - - - - - Mr. Powell.

Women.

MONIMIA, *the Orphan, left under the guardiansbip of old* Acasto - - - - Mrs. Esten.
SERINA, Acasto's *daughter* - - Mrs. Lewis.
FLORELLA, Monimia's *woman.* - - Miss Stuart.

SCENE Bohemia.

THE ORPHAN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter PAULINO *and* ERNESTO.

" *Paulino.*

" 'Tis strange, Ernesto, this severity
" Should still reign powerful in Acasto's mind,
" To hate the court where he was bred and liv'd,
" All honours heap'd on him that pow'r could give.'

" *Ern.* 'Tis true, he hither came a private gentleman,
" But young and brave, and of a family
" Ancient and noble, as the empire holds.
" The honours he has gain'd are justly his;
" He purchas'd them in war: thrice has he led
" An army 'gainst the rebels, and as often
" Return'd with victory. The world has not
" A truer soldier, or a better subject.

" *Paul.* It was his virtue at first made me serve him;
" He is the best of masters and of friends:
" I know he has lately been invited thither;

" Yet still he keeps his stubborn purpose; cries
" He's old, and willingly would be at rest.
" I doubt there's deep resentment in his mind,
" For the late slight his honour suffer'd there.
" *Ern.* Has he not reason? When for what he had borne,
" Long, hard, and painful toil, he might have claim'd
" Places in honour, and employment high;
" A huffing, shining, flatt'ring, cringing coward,
" A canker-worm of peace, was rais'd above him.
" *Paul.* Yet still he holds just value for the king,
" Nor ever names him but with highest reverence.
" 'Tis noble that——
" *Ern.* Oh! I have heard him wanton in his praise,
" Speak things of him might charm the ears of Envy.
" *Paul.* Oh, may he live till nature's self grows old,
" And from her womb no more can bless the earth!
" For when he dies, farewel all honour, bounty,
" All generous encouragement of arts;
" For Charity herself becomes a widow.
" *Ern.* No, he has two sons, that were ordain'd to be,
" As well his virtues' as his fortune's heirs.
" *Paul.* They're both of nature mild, and full of sweetness;
" They came twins from the womb, and still they live
" As if they would go twins too to the grave:
" Neither has any thing he calls his own,
" But of each other's joys, as griefs, partaking;
" So very honestly, so well they love,

" As they were only for each other born.
" *Ern.* Never was parent in an offspring happier;
" He has a daughter too, whose blooming age
" Promises goodness equal to her beauty.
" *Paul.* And as there is a friendship 'twixt the brethren,
" So has her infant nature chosen too
" A faithful partner of her thoughts and wishes,
" And kind companion of her harmless pleasures.
" *Ern.* You mean the beauteous orphan, fair Monimia.
" *Paul.* The same, the daughter of the brave Chamont.
" He was our lord's companion in the wars;
" Where such a wond'rous friendship grew between 'em,
" As only death could end. Chamont's estate
" Was ruin'd in our late and civil discords;
" Therefore, unable to advance her fortune,
" He left his daughter to our master's care;
" To such a care, as she scarce lost her father.
" *Ern.* Her brother to the emperor's wars went early,
" To seek a fortune, or a noble fate;
" Whence he with honour is expected back,
" And mighty marks of that great prince's favour.
" *Paul.* Our master never would permit his sons
" To launch for fortune in th' uncertain world;
" But warns 'em to avoid both courts and camps.
" Where dilatory fortune plays the jilt

" With the brave, noble, honest, gallant man,
" To throw herself away on fools and knaves.
" *Ern.* They both have forward, gen'rous, active spirits.
" 'Tis daily their petition to their father,
" To send them forth where glory's to be gotten:
" They cry, they're weary of their lazy home,
" Restless to do something that fame may talk of.
" To-day they chas'd the boar, and near this time
" Should be return'd.
" *Paul.* Oh, that's a royal sport!
" We yet may see the old man in a morning,
" Lusty as health, come ruddy to the field,
" And there pursue the chase, as if he meant
" To o'ertake time, and bring back youth again."

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Garden. Enter CASTALIO, POLYDORE, *and* PAGE.

Cast. Polydore, our sport
Has been to-day much better for the danger;
When on the brink the foaming boar I met,
And in his side thought to have lodg'd my spear,
The desperate savage rush'd within my force,
And bore me headlong with him down the rock.
Pol. But then——
Cast. Ay, then, my brother, my friend Polydore,
Like Perseus mounted on his winged steed,

Came on, and down the dangerous precipice leap'd
To save Castalio. 'Twas a godlike act!

Pol. But when I came, I found you conqueror.
Oh, my heart danc'd to see your danger past!
The heat and fury of the chase was cold,
And I had nothing in my mind but joy.

Cast. So, Polydore, methinks we might in war
Rush on together; thou shouldst be my guard,
And I be thine; what is't could hurt us then?
Now half the youth of Europe are in arms,
How fulsome must it be to stay behind,
And die of rank diseases here at home?

Pol. No, let me purchase in my youth renown,
To make me lov'd and valu'd when I am old;
I would be busy in the world, and learn,
Not like a coarse and useless dunghill weed,
Fix'd to one spot, and rot just as I grow.

Cast. Our father——
Has ta'en himself a surfeit of the world,
And cries, it is not safe that we should taste it:
I own I have duty very pow'rful in me;
And though I'd hazard all to raise my name,
Yet he's so tender, and so good a father,
I could not do a thing to cross his will.

Pol. Castalio, I have doubts within my heart,
Which you, and only you can satisfy.
Will you be free and candid to your friend?

Cast. Have I a thought my Polydore should not know?
What can this mean?

Pol. Nay, I'll conjure you too;
By all the strictest bonds of faithful friendship,
To shew your heart as naked in this point,
As you would purge you of your sins to Heav'n.
Cast. I will.
Pol. And should I chance to touch it nearly, bear it
With all the suff'rance of a tender friend.
Cast. As calmly as the wounded patient bears
The artist's hand that minister's his cure.
Pol. That's kindly said. You know our father's ward,
The fair Monimia. Is your heart at peace?
Is it so guarded that you could not love her?
Cast. Suppose I should?
Pol. Suppose you should not, brother?
Cast. You'd say, I must not.
Pol. That would sound too roughly
'Twixt friends and brothers, as we two are.
Cast. Is love a fault?
Pol. In one of us it may be.
What if I love her?
Cast. Then I must inform you
I lov'd her first, and cannot quit the claim,
But will preserve the birth-right of my passion.
Pol. You will.
Cast. I will.
Pol. No more, I've done.
Cast. Why not?
Pol. I told you I had done:
But you, Castalio, would dispute it.

Cast. No;
Not with my Polydore; though I must own
My nature obstinate, and void of suff'rance:
Love reigns a very tyrant in my heart,
Attended on his throne by all his guards
Of furious wishes, fears, and nice suspicions.
I could not bear a rival in my friendship,
I am so much in love, and fond of thee.
Pol. Yet you will break this friendship.
Cast. Not for crowns.
Pol. But for a toy you would, a woman's toy;
Unjust Castalio!
Cast. Pr'ythee, where's my fault?
Pol. You love Monimia.
Cast. Yes.
Pol. And you would kill me,
If I'm your rival.
Cast. No, sure we're such friends,
So much one man, that our affections too
Must be united, and the same as we are.
Pol. I doat upon Monimia.
Cast. Love her still;
Win and enjoy her.
Pol. Both of us cannot.
Cast. No matter
Whose chance it prove; but let's not quarrel for't.
Pol. You would not wed Monimia, would you?
Cast. Wed her!
No; were she all desire could wish, as fair
As would the vainest of her sex be thought,

With wealth beyond what woman's pride could waste,
She should not cheat me of my freedom. Marry!
When I am old, and weary of the world,
I may grow desperate,
And take a wife to mortify withal.
Pol. It is an elder brother's duty so
To propagate his family and name:
You would not have yours die and buried with you?
Cast. Mere vanity, and silly dotage all.
No, let me live at large, and when I die——
Pol. Who shall possess th' estate you leave?
Cast. My friend,
If he survives me; if not, my king,
Who may bestow't again on some brave man,
Whose honesty and services deserve one.
Pol. 'Tis kindly offer'd.
Cast. By yon Heav'n, I love
My Polydore beyond all worldly joys;
And would not shock his quiet, to be blest
With greater happiness than man e'er tasted.
Pol. And by that Heaven eternally I swear,
To keep the kind Castalio in my heart.
Whose shall Monimia be?
Cast. No matter whose.
Pol. Were you not with her privately last night?
Cast. I was, and should have met her here again;
But th' opportunity shall now be thine;
Myself will bring thee to the scene of love:
But have a care, by friendship I conjure thee,
That no false play be offer'd to thy brother.

Urge all thy pow'rs to make thy passion prosper:
But wrong not mine.

Pol. Heaven blast me if I do.

Cast. If't prove thy fortune, Polydore, to conquer,
(For thou hast all the arts of soft persuasion)
Trust me, and let me know thy love's success,
That I may ever after stifle mine.

Pol. Though she be dearer to my soul than rest
To weary pilgrims, or to misers gold,
To great men pow'r, or wealthy cities pride,
Rather than wrong Castalio, I'd forget her.
For if ye pow'rs have happiness in store,
When ye would show'r down joys on Polydore,
In one great blessing all your bounty send,
That I may never lose so dear a friend.

[*Exeunt* Castalio *and* Polydore.

Enter MONIMIA.

Mon. So soon return'd from hunting? This fair day
Seems as if sent to invite the world abroad.
Pass'd not Castalio and Polydore this way?

Page. Madam, just now.

Mon. Sure some ill fate's upon me.
Distrust and heaviness sit round my heart,
And apprehension shocks my timorous soul.
Why was not I laid in my peaceful grave
With my poor parents, and at rest as they are?
Instead of that, I'm wand'ring into cares.
Castalio! Oh, Castalio! thou hast caught

My foolish heart; and, like a tender child,
That trusts his play-thing to another hand,
I fear its harm, and fain would have it back.
Come near, Cordelio. I must chide you, sir.

Page. Why, madam, have I done you any wron

Mon. I never see you now; you have been kinde
Sat by my bed, and sung me pretty songs;
Perhaps I've been ungrateful. Here's money for yo
Will you oblige me? Shall I see you oft'ner?

Page. Madam, I'd serve you with my soul:
" But in the morning when you call me to you,
" As by your bed I stand, and tell you stories,
" I am asham'd to see your swelling breasts,
" It makes me blush, they are so very white.
" *Mon.* Oh, men! for flatt'ry and deceit renown'
" Thus, when y'are young, ye learn it all like him,
" 'Till as your years increase, that strengthens too,
" T'undo poor maids, and make o[illegible]in easy."
Tell me, Cordelio, for thou oft hast heard
Their friendly converse, and their bosom secrets;
Sometimes, at least, have they not talk'd of me?

Page. Oh, madam, very wickedly they have talk'
But I am afraid to name it; for, they say,
Boys must be whipp'd that tell their master's secret

Mon. Fear not, Cordelio; it shall ne'er be know
For I'll preserve the secret as 'twere mine.
Polydore cannot be so kind as I.
I'll furnish thee with all thy harmless sports,
With pretty toys, and thou shalt be my page.

Page. And truly, madam, I had rather be so.

Methinks you love me better than my lord;
For he was never half so kind as you are.
What must I do?

Mon. Inform me how thou'st heard
Castalio, and his brother, use my name.

Page. With all the tenderness of love;
You were the subject of their last discourse.
At first I thought it would have fatal prov'd;
But as the one grew hot, the other cool'd,
And yielded to the frailty of his friend;
At last, after much struggling, 'twas resolv'd——

Mon. What, good Cordelio?

Page. Not to quarrel for you.

Mon. I would not have 'em; by my dearest hope,
I wou'd not be the argument of strife.
But surely my Castalio won't forsake me,
And make a mock'ry of my easy love.
Went they together?

Page. Yes, to seek you, madam.
Castalio promis'd Polydore to bring him
Where he alone might meet you,
And fairly try the fortune of his wishes.

Mam. Am I then grown so cheap, just to be made
A common stake, a prize for love in jest?
Was not Castalio very loth to yield it?
Or was it Polydore's unruly passion,
That heighten'd the debate?

Page. The fault was Polydore's.
Castalio play'd with love, and smiling shew'd
The pleasure, not the pangs of his desire.

He said, no woman's smiles should buy his freedom;
And marriage is a mortifying thing.

Mon. Then I am ruin'd, if Castalio's false.
Where is there faith and honour to be found?
Ye gods that guard the innocent, and guide
The weak, protect, and take me to your care.
Oh, but I love him! There's the rock will wreck me!
Why was I made with all my sex's softness,
Yet want the cunning to conceal its follies?
I'll see Castalio, tax him with his falshoods,
Be a true woman, rail, protest my wrongs;
Resolve to hate him, and yet love him still.

Enter CASTALIO *and* POLYDORE *alone.*

He comes, the conqueror comes! lie still, my heart,
And learn to bear thy injuries with scorn.

Cast. Madam, my brother begs he may have leave
To tell you something that concerns you nearly.
I leave you, as becomes me, and withdraw.

Mon. My lord, Castalio!

Cast. Madam?

Mon. Have you purpos'd
To abuse me palpably? What means this usage?
Why am I left with Polydore alone?

Cast. He best can tell you. Business of importance
Calls me away; I must attend my father.

Mon. Will you then leave me thus?

Cast. But for a moment.

Mon. It has been otherwise; the time has been,
When business might have staid, and I been heard.

Cast. I could for ever hear thee; but this time
Matters of such odd circumstances press me,
That I must go—— [*Exit.*

Mon. Then go, and, if't be possible, for ever.
Well, my Lord Polydore, I guess your business,
And read the ill-natur'd purpose in your eyes.

Pol. If to desire you more than misers wealth,
Or dying men an hour of added life;
If softest wishes, and a heart more true
Than ever suffer'd yet for love disdain'd,
Speak an ill nature, you accuse me justly.

Mon. Talk not of love, my Lord, I must not hear it.

Pol. Who can behold such beauty and be silent?
Desire first taught us words. Man, when created,
At first alone long wander'd up and down,
Forlorn, and silent as his vassal-beasts;
But when a heav'n-born maid, like you, appear'd,
Strange pleasures fill'd his eyes, and fir'd his heart,
Unloos'd his tongue, and his first talk was love.

Mon. The first created pair indeed were bless'd;
They were the only objects of each other,
Therefore he courted her, and her alone:
But in this peopled world of beauty, where
There's roving room, where you may court, and ruin
A thousand more, why need you talk to me?

Pol. Oh! I could talk to thee for ever. Thus
Eternally admiring, fix and gaze
On those dear eyes; for every glance they send
Darts through my soul, and almost gives enjoyment.

Man. How can you labour thus for my undoing?

I must confess, indeed, I owe you more
Than ever I can hope or think to pay.
There always was a friendship 'twixt our families;
And therefore, when my tender parents dy'd,
Whose ruin'd fortunes too expir'd with them,
Your father's pity and his bounty took me,
A poor and helpless orphan, to his care.

Pol. 'Twas Heav'n ordain'd it so, to make me happy.
Hence with this peevish virtue, 'tis a cheat,
"And those who taught it first were hypocrites."
Come, these soft tender limbs were made for yielding.

Mon. Here on my knees, by Heaven's blest pow'r I swear, [*Kneels.*
If you persist, I ne'er henceforth will see you,
But rather wander through the world a beggar,
And live on sordid scraps at proud men's doors;
For though to fortune lost, I'll still inherit
My mother's virtues, and my father's honour.

Pol. Intolerable vanity! your sex
Was never in the right! y'are always false
Or silly; ev'n your dresses are not more
Fantastic than your appetites; you think
Of nothing twice. Opinion you have none.
To-day y'are nice, to-morrow not so free;
Now smile, then frown; now sorrowful, then glad;
Now pleas'd, now not; and all you know not why!
Virtue you affect; inconstancy's your practice;
And when your loose desires once get dominion,
No hungry churl feeds coarser at a feast;
Ev'ry rank fool goes down———

Mon. Indeed, my Lord,

I own my sex's follies; I have 'em all.
And, to avoid its fault, must fly from you.
Therefore, believe me, could you raise me high
As most fantastic woman's wish could reach,
And lay all nature's riches at my feet;
I'd rather run a savage in the woods
Amongst brute beasts, grow wrinkled and deform'd,
" As wildness and most rude neglect could make me,"
So I might still enjoy my honour safe
From the destroying wiles of faithless men.—— [*Exit.*

Pol. Who'd be that sordid foolish thing call'd man,
To cringe thus, fawn, and flatter for a pleasure,
Which beasts enjoy so very much above him?
The lusty bull ranges through all the field,
And from the herd singling his female out,
Enjoys her, and abandons her at will.
It shall be so; I'll yet possess my love;
Wait on, and watch her loose unguarded hours;
Then, when her roving thoughts have been abroad,
And brought in wanton wishes to her heart,
I' th' very minute when her virtue nods,
I'll rush upon her in a storm of love,
Beat down her guard of honour all before me,
Surfeit on joys, till ev'n desire grows sick;
Then, by long absence, liberty regain,
And quite forget the pleasure and the pain.
[*Exeunt* Pol. *and Page.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Saloon. Enter ACASTO, CASTALIO, *and* POLYDORE.

Acasto.

To-day has been a day of glorious sport.
When you, Castalio, and your brother left me,
Forth from the thickets, rush'd another boar,
So large, he seem'd the tyrant of the woods,
With all his dreadful bristles rais'd up high,
They seem'd a grove of spears upon his back;
Foaming he came at me, where I was posted,
Best to observe which way he'd lead the chase,
Whetting his huge large tusks, and gaping wide,
As if he already had me for his prey;
Till brandishing my well-pois'd jav'lin high,
With this bold executing arm, I struck
The ugly, brindled monster to the heart.

Cast. The actions of your life were always wond'rous.

Acast. No flattery, boy! an honest man can't live by't;
It is a little sneaking art, which knaves
Use to cajole and sotten fools withal.
If thou hast flattery in thy nature, out with it,
Or send it to a court, for there 'twill thrive.

" *Pol.* Why there?

" *Acast.* 'Tis, next to money, current there;
" To be seen daily in as many forms
" As there are sorts of vanities, and men;

" The supercilious statesman has his sneer,
" To sooth a poor man off with, that can't bribe him;
" The grave dull fellow of small business sooths
" The humourist, and will needs admire his wit.
" Who, without spleen, could see a hot-brain'd atheist,
" Thanking a surly doctor for his sermon;
" Or a grave counsellor meet a smooth young lord,
" Squeeze him by the hand, and praise his good com-
" plexion?
" *Pol.* Courts are the places where best manners
" flourish;
" Where the deserving ought to rise, and fools
" Make shew. Why should I vex and chafe my spleen,
" To see a gaudy coxcomb shine, when I
" Have seen enough to sooth him in his follies,
" And ride him to advantage as I please?——
" *Acast.* Who merit, ought indeed to rise i'th' world;
" But no wise man that's honest shou'd expect it.
" What man of sense would rack his generous mind,
" To practise all the base formalities 41
" And forms of business? force a grave starch'd face,
" When he's a very libertine in's heart?
" Seem not to know this or that man in public,
" When privately perhaps they meet together,
" And lay the scene of some brave fellow's ruin?
" Such things are done."

Cast. Your lordship's wrongs have been
So great, that you with justice may complain;
But suffer us, whose younger minds ne'er felt
Fortune's deceits, to court her as she's fair.

Were she a common mistress, kind to all,
Her worth wou'd cease, and half the world grow idle.
Acast. Go to, y'are fools, and know me not; I've learn'd
Long since, to bear, revenge, or scorn my wrongs,
According to the value of the doer.
You both wou'd fain be great, and to that end
Desire to do things worthy your ambition.
Go to the camp, preferment's noblest mart,
Where honour ought to have the fairest play, you'll find
Corruption, envy, discontent, and faction,
Almost in ev'ry band. How many men
Have spent their blood in their dear country's service;
Yet now pine under want, whilst selfish slaves,
That e'en wou'd cut their throats whom now they fawn on,
Like deadly locusts, eat the honey up,
Which those industrious bees so hardly toil'd for.
Cast. These precepts suit not with my active mind;
Methinks I would be busy.
Pol. So would I,
Not loiter out my life at home, and know
No farther than one prospect gives me leave.
Acast. Busy your minds then, study arts and men;
Learn how to value merit, though in rags,
And scorn a proud ill-manner'd knave in office.

Enter SERINA.

Ser. My Lord, my father!

Acast Blessings on my child,
My little cherub, what hast thou to ask me?
Ser. I bring you, sir, most glad and welcome news.
The young Chamont, whom you've so often wish'd for,
Is just arriv'd, and entering.
Acast. By my soul,
And all my honours, he's most dearly welcome;
Let me receive him like his father's friend.

Enter CHAMONT.

Welcome thou relict of the best lov'd man.
Welcome from all the turmoils and the hazards
Of certain danger and uncertain fortune;
Welcome as happy tidings after fears.
Cha. Words wou'd but wrong the gratitude I owe you:
Shou'd I begin to speak, my soul's so full,
That I should talk of nothing else all day.

Enter MONIMIA.

Mon. My brother!
Cha. Oh my sister! let me hold thee
Long in my arms. I've not beheld thy face
These many days; by night I've often seen thee
In gentle dreams, and satisfy'd my soul
With fancy'd joys, 'till morning cares awak'd me.
Another sister! sure it must be so;
Though I remember well I had but one:
But I feel something in my heart that prompts,
And tells me she has claim and interest there.

Acast. Young soldier, you've not only study'd war,
Courtship, I see, has been your practice too,
And may not prove unwelcome to my daughter.
Cha. Is she your daughter! then my heart told true,
And I'm at least her brother by adoption.
For you have made yourself to me a father,
And by that patent I have leave to love her.
Ser. Monimia, thou hast told me men are false,
Will flatter, feign, and make an art of love.
Is Chamont so? No, sure, he's more than man,
Something that's near divine, and truth dwells in him.
Acast. Thus happy, who would envy pompous pow'r,
The luxury of courts, or wealth of cities?
Let there be joy through all the house this day!
In ev'ry room let plenty flow at large,
It is the birth-day of my royal master.
You have not visited the court, Chamont,
Since your return.
Cha. I have no business there; 120
I have not slavish temperance enough
T' attend a fav'rite's heels, and watch his smiles,
Bear an ill office done me to my face,
And thank the lord that wrong'd me for his favour.
Acast. This you could do. [*To his Sons.*
Cast. I'd serve my prince.
Acast. Who'd serve him?
Cast. I would, my Lord.
Pol. And I; both would.
Acast. Away!
He needs not any servants such as you.

Serve him! he merits more than man can do!
He is so good, praise cannot speak his worth;
So merciful, sure he ne'er slept in wrath;
So just, that were he but a private man,
He cou'd not do a wrong. How wou'd you serve him?
Cast. I'd serve him with my fortune here at home,
And serve him with my person in his wars,
Watch for him, fight for him, bleed for him.
Pol. Die for him,
As ev'ry true-born loyal subject ought.
Acast. Let me embrace you both. Now, by the souls
Of my brave ancestors, I'm truly happy,
For this be ever blest my marriage-day,
Blest be your mother's memory that bore you,
And doubly blest be that auspicious hour
That gave ye birth. "Yes, my aspiring boys,
'Ye shall have business, when your master wants you.
'You cannot serve a nobler: I have serv'd him;
'In this old body yet the marks remain
"Of many wounds. I've with this tongue proclaim'd
'His right, e'en in the face of rank rebellion;
"And when a foul-mouth'd traitor once profan'd
'His sacred name, with my good sabre drawn,
'E'en at the head of all his giddy rout,
'I rush'd, and clove the rebel to the chine."

Enter Servant.

Ser. My Lord th'expected guests are just arriv'd.
Acast. Go you, and give 'em welcome and reception. [*Exeunt* Castalio, Polydore, Serina, *&c.*

Cha. My Lord, I stand in need of your assistance
In something that concerns my peace and honour.
Acast. Spoke like the son of that brave man I lov'd:
So freely, friendly, we convers'd together.
Whate'er it be, with confidence impart it,
Thou shalt command my fortune and my sword.
Cha. I dare not doubt your friendship, nor your justice,
Your bounty shewn to what I hold most dear,
My orphan sister must not be forgotten;
Acast. Pr'ythee no more of that, it grates my nature.
Cha. When our dear parents dy'd, they dy'd together,
One fate surpris'd 'em, and one grave receiv'd 'em;
My father, with his dying breath, bequeath'd
Her to my love. My mother, as she lay
Languishing by him, call'd me to her side,
Took me in her fainting arms, wept, and embrac'd me:
Then press'd me close, and as she observ'd my tears,
Kiss'd them away. Said she, Chamont, my son,
By this and all the love I ever shew'd thee,
Be careful of Monimia; watch her youth;
Let not her wants betray her to dishonour:
Perhaps kind Heav'n may raise some friend. Then sighed,
Kiss'd me again; so bless'd us, and expir'd.
Pardon my grief.
Acast. It speaks an honest nature.
Cha. The friend Heav'n rais'd was you; you took her up

An infant, to the desert world expos'd,
And prov'd another parent.
Acast. I've not wrong'd her.
Cha. Far be it from my fears.
Acast. Then why this argument?
Cha. My lord, my nature's jealous, and you'll bear it.
Acast. Go on.
Cha. Great spirits bear misfortunes hardly.
Good offices claim gratitude; and pride,
Where pow'r is wanting, will usurp a little,
And make us, rather than be thought behind-hand,
Pay over-price.
Acast. I cannot guess your drift;
Distrust you me?
Cha. No, but I fear her weakness
May make her pay her debt at any rate;
And, to deal freely with your lordship's goodness,
I've heard a story lately much disturbs me.
Acast. Then first charge her; and if th' offence be found
Within my reach, though it should touch my nature,
In my own offspring, by the dear remembrance
Of thy brave father, whom my heart rejoic'd in,
I'd prosecute it with severest vengeance. [*Exit.*
Cha. I thank you from my soul.
Mon. Alas! my brother!
What have I done? and why do you abuse me?
My heart quakes in me; in your settled face,
And clouded brow, methinks I see my fate.
You will not kill me!

Cha. Pr'ythee, why dost thou talk so?

Mon. Look kindly on me then: I cannot bear
Severity; it daunts, and does amaze me.
My heart's so tender, should you charge me rough,
I should but weep, and answer you with sobbing;
But use me gently like a loving brother,
And search through all the secrets of my soul.

Cha. Fear nothing, I will shew myself a brother,
A tender, honest, and a loving brother.
You've not forgot our father?

Mon. I shall never.

Cha. Then you'll remember too, he was a man
That liv'd up to the standard of his honour,
And priz'd that jewel more than mines of wealth.
He'd not have done a shameful thing but once,
Though kept in darkness from the world, and hidden,
He could not have forgiven it to himself.
This was the only portion that he left us;
And I more glory in't, than if possest
Of all that ever fortune threw on fools.
'Twas a large trust, and must be managed nicely;
Now, if by any chance, Monimia,
You have soil'd this gem, and taken from its value,
How will you account with me?

Mon. I challenge envy,
Malice, and all the practices of hell,
To censure all the actions of my past
Unhappy life, and taint me if they can!

Cha. I'll tell thee, then; three nights ago, as I
Lay musing in my bed, all darkness round me,

A sudden damp struck to my heart, cold sweat
Dew'd all my face, and trembling seiz'd my limbs.
My bed shook under me, the curtains started,
And to my tortur'd fancy there appear'd
The form of thee, thus beauteous as thou art;
Thy garments flowing loose, and in each hand
A wanton lover, who by turns caress'd thee,
With all the freedom of unbounded pleasure.
I snatch'd my sword, and in the very moment
Darted it at the phantom; straight it left me.
Then rose, and call'd for lights, when, oh, dire omen!
I found my weapon had the arras pierc'd,
Just where that famous tale was interwoven,
How the unhappy Theban slew his father.
Mon. And for this cause my virtue is suspected!
Because in dreams your fancy has been ridden,
I must be tortur'd waking!
Cha. Have a care!
Labour not to be justify'd too fast.
Hear all, and then let justice hold the scale.
What follow'd was the riddle that confounds me.
Through a close lane, as I pursu'd my journey,
And meditating on the last night's vision,
I spy'd a wrinkled hag, with age grown double,
Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself;
Her eyes with scalding rheum where gall'd and red;
Cold palsy shook her head, her hands seem'd wither'd,
And o'er her crooked shoulders had she wrapp'd
The tatter'd remnant of an old strip'd hanging,
Which serv'd to keep her carcass from the cold;

So there was nothing of a piece about her.
Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsely patch'd
With diff'rent colour'd rags, black, red, white, yellow,
And seem'd to speak variety of wretchedness.
I ask'd her of my way, which she inform'd me;
Then crav'd my charity, and bade me hasten
To save a sister: at that word I started!

Mon. The common cheat of beggars, every day
They flock about our doors, pretend to gifts
Of prophecy, and telling fools their fortunes.

Cha. Oh! but she told me such a tale, Monimia,
As in it bore great circumstance of truth;
Castalio and Polydore, my sister.

Mon. Hah!

Cha. What, alter'd! does your courage fail you!
Now, by my father's soul, the witch was honest.
Answer me, if thou hast not lost to them
Thy honour at a sordid game?

Mon. I will,
I must, so hardly my misfortune loads me,
That both have offer'd me their loves most true.

Cha. And 'tis as true too, they have both undone thee.

Mon. Though they both with earnest vows
Have prest my heart, if e'er in thought I yielded
To any but Castalio——

Cha. But Castalio!

Mon. Still will you cross the line of my discourse.
Yes, I confess that he has won my soul

By gen'rous love, and honourable vows,
Which he this day appointed to complete,
And make himself by holy marriage mine.

Cha. Art thou then spotless? Hast thou still preserv'd
Thy virtue white, without a blot, untainted?

Mon. When I'm unchase may Heav'n reject my pray'rs!
Or more, to make me wretched, may you know it!

Cha. Oh, then, Monimia, art thou dearer to me
Than all the comforts ever yet blest man.
But let not marriage bait thee to thy ruin.
Trust not a man; we are by nature false,
Dissembling, subtile, cruel, and unconstant.
When a man talks of love, with caution trust him;
But if he swears, he'll certainly deceive thee.
I charge thee let no more Castalio sooth thee;
Avoid it, as thou would'st preserve the peace
Of a poor brother, to whose soul thou'rt precious.

Mon. I will.

Cha. Appear as cold, when next you meet, as great ones
When merit begs; then shalt thou see how soon
His heart will cool, and all his pains grow easy. [*Exit.*

Mon. Yes, I will try him; torture him severely;
For, oh, Castalio! thou too much hast wrong'd me,
In leaving me to Polydore's ill usage.
He comes; and for once, oh, love, stand neuter,
Whilst a hard part's perform'd! for I must 'tempt
Wound his soft nature, though my heart aches for't.
[*Exit.*

Enter CASTALIO.

Cast. Monimia, Monimia!——She's gone;
And seem'd to part with anger in her eyes;
I am a fool, and she has found my weakness;
She uses me already like a slave
Fast bound in chains, to be chastis'd at will.
'Twas not well done to trifle with my brother;
I might have trusted him with all the secret,
Open'd my silly heart, and shewn it bare.——
But then he loves her too; but not like me:
I am a doating honest slave, design'd
For bondage, marriage bonds, which I have sworn
To wear. It is the only thing I e'er
Hid from his knowledge; and he'll sure forgive
The first transgression of a wretched friend,
Betray'd to love, and all its little follies. [*Exit.*

Enter POLYDORE *and* PAGE *at the Door.*

Pol. Here place yourself, and watch my brother thoroughly.
If he should chance to meet Monimia, make
Just observation on each word and action;
Pass not one circumstance without remark:
Sir, 'tis your office; do't, and bring me word. [*Exit* Pol.

Enter MONIMIA *and* CASTALIO.

Cast. Monimia, my angel! 'twas not kind
To leave me like a turtle here alone,
To droop and mourn the absence of my mate.

When thou art from me, every place is desert,
And I, methinks, am savage and forlorn;
Thy presence only 'tis can make me blest,
Heal my unquiet mind, and tune my soul.

Mon. Oh, the bewitching tongues of faithless men!
'Tis thus the false hyæna makes her moan
To draw the pitying traveller to her den.
Your sex are so, such false dissemblers all,
With sighs and plaints y'entice poor women's hearts,
And all that pity you are made your prey.

Cast. What means my love? Oh, how have I deserv'd
This language from the sov'reign of my joys?
Stop, stop those tears, Monimia, for they fall,
Like baneful dew from a distempered sky;
I feel 'em chill me to my very heart.

Mon. Oh, you are false, Castalio, most forsworn!
Attempt no farther to delude my faith;
My heart is fixt, and you shall shak't no more.

Cast. Who told you so? What ill-bred villain durst
Profane the sacred business of my love?

Mon. Your brother, knowing on what terms I'm here,
The unhappy object of your father's charity,
Licentiously discours'd to me of love,
And durst affront me with his brutal passion.

Cast. 'Tis I have been to blame, and only I;
False to my brother, and unjust to thee.
For, oh! he loves thee too, and this day own'd it,
Tax'd me with mine, and claim'd a right above me.

Mon. And was your love so very tame, to shrink;
Or rather than lose him, abandon me?

Cast. I, knowing him precipitate and rash,
To calm his heat, and to conceal my happiness,
Seem'd to comply with his unruly will;
Talk'd as he talk'd, and granted all he ask'd;
Lest he in rage might have our loves betray'd,
And I for ever had Monimia lost.

Mon. Could you then? did you? can you own it too?
'Twas poorly done, unworthy of yourself!
And I can never think you meant me fair.

Cast. Is this Monimia? surely no; till now
I ever thought her dove-like, soft, and kind.
Who trusts his heart with woman's surely lost.
You were made fair on purpose to undo us,
While greedily we snatch th' alluring bait,
And ne'er distrust the poison that it hides.

Mon. When love ill-plac'd would find a means to break——

Cast. It never wants pretences or excuse.

Mon. Man therefore was a lord-like creature made,
Rough as the winds and as inconstant too:
A lofty aspect given him for command,
Easily soften'd when he would betray.
Like conqu'ring tyrants, you our breasts invade,
While you are pleas'd to forage for a while;
But soon you find new conquests out, and leave
The ravag'd province ruinate and waste.
If so, Castalio, you have serv'd my heart,
I find that desolation's settled there,
And I shall ne'er recover peace again.

Cast. Who can hear this and bear an equal mind!

Since you will drive me from you, I must go;
But, oh, Monimia! When thou hast banish'd me,
No creeping slave, though tractable and dull
As artful woman for her ends would choose,
Shall ever doat as I have done: for, oh!
No tongue my pleasure nor my pain can tell,
'Tis heaven to have thee, and without thee hell.

Mon. Castalio, stay! we must not part. I find
My rage ebbs out, and love flows in apace.
These little quarrels, love must needs forgive,
"They rouse up drowsy thoughts, and wake my soul,"
Oh! charm me with the music of thy tongue,
I'm ne'er so blest as when I hear thy vows,
And listen to the language of thy heart.

Cast. Where am I! surely Paradise is round me,
Sweets planted by the hand of Heav'n grow here,
And ev'ry sense is full of thy perfection.
To hear thee speak might calm a madman's frenzy,
Till by attention he forgot his sorrows;
But to behold thy eyes, th' amazing beauties,
Might make him rage again with love, as I do.
"To touch thee's heaven, but to enjoy thee. Oh!"
Thou nature's whole perfection in one piece;
Sure framing thee Heaven took unusual care
As its own beauty it design'd thee fair;
And form'd thee by the best lov'd angel there. [*Ex.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Garden. Enter POLYDORE *and* PAGE.

Polydore.

WERE they so kind? Express it to me all
In words, 'twill make me think I saw it too.

Page. At first I thought they had been mortal foes;
Monimia rag'd, Castalio grew disturb'd;
Each thought the other wrong'd; yet both so haughty,
They scorn'd submission: though love all the while
The rebel play'd, and scarce could be contain'd.

Pol. But what succeeded?

Page. Oh, 'twas wond'rous pretty!
For of a sudden all the storm was past,
A gentle calm of love succeeded it;
Monimia sigh'd and blush'd, Castalio swore;
As you, my lord, I well remember, did
To my young sister in the orange grove,
When I was first preferr'd to be your page.

Pol. Happy Castalio! Now, by my great soul,
My ambitious soul, that languishes to glory,
I'll have her yet, by my best hopes I will.
She shall be mine, in spite of all her arts.
But for Castalio why was I refus'd?
Has he supplanted me by some foul play?
Traduc'd my honour? Death! he durst not do't.
It must be so: we parted, and he met her,
Half to compliance brought by me; surpris'd

Her sinking virtue, till she yielded quite.
So poachers basely pick up tired game,
While the fair hunter's cheated of his prey.
Boy!

Page. My lord!

Pol. Go to your chamber, and prepare your lute:
Find out some song to please me, that describes
Women's hypocrisies, their subtile wiles,
Betraying smiles, feign'd tears, inconstancies;
Their painted outsides, and corrupted minds;
The sum of all their follies, and their falsehoods.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Oh, the unhappiest tidings tongue e'er told!

Pol. The matter!

Serv. Oh! your father, my good master,
As with his guests he sat in mirth rais'd high,
And chas'd the goblet round the joyful board,
A sudden trembling seiz'd on all his limbs;
His eyes distorted grew; his visage pale;
His speech forsook him; life itself seem'd fled,
And all his friends are waiting now about him.

Enter ACASTO *leaning on two.*

Acast. Support me; give me air; I'll yet recover.
'Twas but a slip decaying nature made;
For she grows weary near her journey's end.
Where are my sons? Come near, my Polydore;
Your brother; where's Castalio?

Serv. My lord,

I've search'd, as you commanded, all the house;
He and Monimia are not to be found.

Acast. Not to be found! then where are all my friends? 'Tis well;
I hope they'll pardon an unhappy fault
My unmannerly infirmity has made!
Death could not come in a more welcome hour;
For I'm prepar'd to meet him, and, methinks,
Would live and die with all my friends about me.

Enter CASTALIO *and* MONIMIA.

Cast. Angels preserve my dearest father's life,
Bless it with long uninterupted days!
Oh, may he live till time itself decay,
'Till good men wish him dead, or I offend him!

Acast. Thank you, Castalio; give me both your hands,
And bear me up, I'd walk.——So, now methinks,
I appear as great as Hercules himself,
Supported by the pillars he had rais'd.

Cast. My lord, your chaplain.

Acast. Let the good man enter.

Enter Chaplain.

Chap. Heav'n guard your lordship, and restore your health.

Acast. I have provided for thee, if I die.
No fawning! 'tis a scandal to thy office.
My sons, as thus united ever live;
And for th' estate you'll find when I am dead,

I have divided it betwixt you both,
Equally parted, as you shar'd my love;
Only to sweet Monimia I've bequeath'd
Ten thousand crowns; a little portion for her,
To wed her honourably as she's born.
Be not less friends because you're brothers; "shun
"The man that's singular, his mind's unsound,
"His spleen o'erweighs his brains; but above all,
"Avoid the politic, the factious fool,
"The busy, buzzing, talking, harden'd knave,
"The quaint smooth rogue, that sins against his rea-
"son,
"Calls saucy loud suspicion, public zeal,
"And mutiny, the dictates of his spirit:
"Be very careful how you make new friends.
"Men read not morals now: 'twas a custom:
"But all are to their father's vices born;
"And in their mother's ignorance are bred.
"Let marriage be the last mad thing you do,
"For all the sins and follies of the past.
"If you have children, never give them knowledge;
"'Twill spoil their fortune; fools are all the fashion;
"If you've religion, keep it to yourselves;
"Atheists will else make use of toleration,
"And laugh you out on't. Never shew religion,
"Except you mean to pass for knaves of conscience,
"And cheat believing fools that think ye honest."

Enter SERINA.

Ser. My father!

Acast. My heart's darling!

Ser. Let my knees
Fix to the earth. Ne'er let my eyes have rest,
But wake and weep, till Heaven restore my father.

Acast. Rise to my arms, and thy kind pray'rs are answer'd.
For thou'rt a wond'rous extract of all goodness,
Born for my joy, and no pain's felt when near thee.
Chamont!

Enter CHAMONT.

Cha. My Lord, may't prove not an unlucky omen.
Many I see are waiting round about you,
And I am come to ask a blessing too!

Acast. May'st thou be happy!

Cha. Where?

Acast. In all thy wishes.

Cha. Confirm me so, and make this fair one mine;
I am unpractis'd in the trade of courtship,
And know not how to deal love out with art:
Onsets in love seem best like those in war,
Fierce, resolute, and done with all the force;
So I would open my whole heart at once,
And pour out the abundance of my soul.

Acast. What says Serina? Canst thou love a soldier?
One born to honour, and to honour bred?
One that has learn'd to treat e'en foes with kindness;
To wrong no good man's fame, nor praise himself?

Ser. Oh! name not love, for that's ally'd to joy,
And joy must be a stranger to my heart,

indanger. May Chamont's good fortune
lovely to some happier maid!
friendly distance see him blest,
ind gods, and wonder at his virtues.
hamont, pursue her, conquer and possess
er,
y son, a third of all my fortune
hy lot.
thy eyes from wand'ring, man of frailty.
the dangerous beauty of the wanton;
eir enticements; ruin like a vulture
on their conquests: falsehood too's their business,
put false beauty off to all the world,
false endearments to the fools that love 'em,
d when they marry, to their silly husbands,
ey bring false virtue, broken fame and fortune.
Mon. Hear ye that, my Lord?
Pol. Yes, my fair monitor, old men always talk thus.
Acast. Chamont, you told me of some doubts that press'd you,
e you yet satisfy'd that I'm your friend?
Cha. My lord, I would not lose that satisfaction
r any blessing I could wish for.
to my fears, already I have lost 'em;
ey ne'er shall vex me more, nor trouble you.
Acast. I thank you. Daughter you must do so too.
friends, 'tis late;
w my disorder seems all past and over,
d, I, methinks, begin to feel new health.

Cast. Would you but rest, it might restore you quite.

Acast. Yes, I'll to bed; old men must humour weakness:
Let me have music then, to lull and chase
This melancholy thought of death away.
Good-night, my friends; Heav'n guard ye all! good-night!
To-morrow early we'll salute the day,
Find out new pleasures, and redeem lost time.

[*Exeunt all but* Chamont *and* Chaplain.

Cha. Hist, hist, Sir Gravity, a word with you.

Chap. With me, sir!

Cha. If you're at leisure, sir, we'll waste an hour.
'Tis yet too soon to sleep, and 'twill be charity
To lend your conversation to a stranger.

Chap. Sir, you're a soldier?

Cha. Yes.

Chap. I love a soldier.
And had been one myself, but that my parents
Would make me what you see me: yet I'm honest,
For all I wear black.

Cha. And that's a wonder.
Have you had long dependence on this family?

Chap. I have not thought it so, because my time's
Spent pleasantly. My lord's not haughty nor imperious,
Nor I gravely whimsical; he has good-nature,
And I have manners.
His sons too are civil to me, because
I do not pretend to be wiser than they are.

I meddle with no man's business but my own;
I rise in a morning early, study moderately,
Eat and drink cheerfully, live soberly,
Take my innocent pleasures freely;
So meet with respect, and am not the jest of the family.

Cha. I'm glad you are so happy.
A pleasant fellow this,-and may be useful. [*Aside.*
Knew you my father, the old Chamont?

Chap. I did, and was most sorry when we lost him.

Cha. Why, didst thou love him?

Chap. Ev'ry body lov'd him; besides he was my master's friend.

Cha. I could embrace thee for that very notion.
If thou didst love my father, I could think
Thou wouldst not be an enemy to me.

Chap. I can be no man's foe.

Cha. Then pr'ythee tell me,
Think'st thou the lord Castalio loves my sister?
" Nay, never start. Come, come, I know thy office
" Opens thee all the secrets of the family.
" Then if thou'rt honest, use this freedom kindly."

Chap. Love your sister! 201

Cha. Ay, love her.

" *Chap.* Sir, I never ask'd him,
" And wonder you should ask it me.

" *Cha.* Nay, but thou'rt an hypocrite; is there not
" one
" Of all thy tribe that's honest? In your schools
" The pride of your superiors make ye slaves;
" Ye all live loathsome, sneaking, servile lives;

" Not free enough to practice gen'rous truth,
" Though ye pretend to teach it to the world.
" *Chap.* I would deserve a better thought from you.
" *Cha.* If thou wouldst have me not contemn thy
" office
" And character, think all thy brethren knaves,
" Thy trade a cheat, and thou its worst professor,
" Inform me; for I tell thee, priest, I'll know."
Chap. Either he loves her, or he much has wrong'd her.
Cha. How! wrong'd her? Have a care, for this may lay
A scene of mischief to undo us all.
But tell me, wrong'd her, saidst thou?
Chap. Ay, sir, wrong'd her.
Cha. This is a secret worth a monarch's fortune:
What shall I give thee for't? Thou dear physician
Of sickly souls, unfold this riddle to me,
And comfort mine———
Chap. I would hide nothing from you willingly.
" *Cha.* Nay, then again thou'rt honest. Would'st
" thou tell me?
" *Chap.* Yes, if I durst.
" *Cha.* Why, what affrights thee?
" *Chap.* You do.
" Who are not to be trusted with the secret.
" *Cha.* Why, I am no fool.
" *Chap.* So indeed you say.
" *Cha.* Pr'ythee be serious then.
" *Chap.* You see I am so,

" And hardly shall be mad enough to-night
" To trust you with my ruin.
" *Cha.* Art thou then
" So far concern'd in't? What has been thy office?
" Curse on that formal steady villain's face!
" Just so do all bawds look: nay, bawds, they say,
" Can pray upon occasion, talk of heav'n,
" Turn up their goggling eye-balls, rail at vice,
" Dissemble, lie, and preach like any priest.
" Art thou a bawd?
" *Chap.* Sir, I'm not often us'd thus.
" *Cha.* Be just then.
" *Cha.* So I shall be to the trust
" That's laid upon me."
Cha. By the reverenced soul
Of that great honest man, that gave me being,
Tell me but what thou know'st concerns my honour,
And if I e'er reveal it to thy wrong,
May this good sword ne'er do me right in battle!
May I ne'er know that blessed peace of mind,
That dwells in good and pious men like thee!
Chap. I see your temper's mov'd, and I will trust you.
Cha. Wilt thou?
Chap. I will; but if it ever 'scape you———
Cha. It never shall.
" *Chap.* Swear then.
" *Cha.* I do, by all
" That's dear to me, by th' honour of my name,
" And by that power I serve, it never shall."

Chap. Then this good day, when all the house wa
busy.
When mirth and kind rejoicing fill'd each room,
As I was walking in the grove I met them.
Cha. What! met them in the grove together
Tell me
How, walking, standing, sitting, lying, hah!
Chap. I, by their own appointment, met them there
Receiv'd their marriage-vows, and join'd their hands
Cha. How! marry'd!
Chap. Yes, sir.
Cha. Then my soul's at peace.
But why would you so long delay to give it?
Chap. Not knowing what reception it may find
With old Acasto; may be I was too cautious
To trust the secret from me.
Cha. What's the cause
I cannot guess, though it is my sister's honour,
I do not like this marriage, as
Huddled i'th'dark, and done at too much venture;
The business looks with an unlucky face.
Keep still the secret; for it ne'er shall 'scape me,
Not ev'n to them, the new matched pair. Farewel.
Believe my truth, and know me for thy friend. [*Exit*

Enter CASTALIO *and* MONIMIA.

Cast. Young Chamont and the Chaplain? sure 't
they!
No matter what's contrived, or who consulted,
Since my Monimia's mine; though this sad look

Seems no good boding omen to her bliss;
Else pr'ythee tell me why that look cast down?
Why that sad sigh as if thy heart was breaking?
Mon. Castalio, I am thinking what we've done.
The heavenly powers were sure displeas'd to-day;
For at the ceremony as we stood,
And as your hand was kindly join'd with mine;
As the good priest pronounc'd the sacred words,
Passion grew big, and I could not forbear,
Tears drown'd my eyes, and trembling seiz'd my soul.
What should that mean?
Cast. Oh, thou art tender all! 300
Gentle and kind as sympathising nature!
"When a sad story has been told, I've seen
"Thy little breasts, with soft compassion swell'd,
"Shove up and down, and heave like dying birds;
"But now let fear be banish'd, think no more
"Of danger; for there's safety in my arms;
"Let them receive thee. Heav'n grows jealous now;
"Sure she's too good for any mortal creature!
"I could grow wild, and praise thee ev'n to madness."
But wherefore do I dally with my bliss?
The night's far spent, and day draws on apace;
To bed, my love, and wake till I come thither.
Pol. So hot, my brother! [Polydore *at the door.*
Mon. 'Twill be impossible;
You know your father's chamber's next to mine,
And the least noise will certainly alarm him.
Cast. Impossible! impossible! alas!
Is't possible to live one hour without thee?

" Let me behold those eyes; they'll tell me truth.
" Hast thou no longing? art thou still the same
" Cold, icy virgin? No; thou'rt alter'd quite:
" Haste, haste to bed, and let loose all thy wishes."
Mon. 'Tis but one night, my lord; I pray be rul'd.
Cast. Try if thou'st power to stop a flowing tide,
Or in a tempest make the seas be calm;
And when that's done, I'll conquer my desires.
No more, my blessing. What shall be the sign?
When shall I come? for to my joys I'll steal,
As if I ne'er had paid my freedom for them.
Mon. Just three soft strokes upon the chamber door;
And at that signal you shall gain admittance:
But speak not the least word; for if you shou'd,
'Tis surely heard, and all will be betray'd.
Cast. Oh! doubt it not, Monimia; our joys
Shall be as silent as the ecstatic bliss
Of souls, that by intelligence converse.
Immortal pleasures shall our senses drown,
Thought shall be lost, and ev'ry power dissolv'd.
Away, my love; " first take this kiss. Now haste."
I long for that to come, yet grudge each minute past.
[*Exit* Mon.
My brother wand'ring too so late this way!
Pol. Castalio!
Cast. My Polydore, how dost thou?
How does our father? Is he well recover'd?
Pol. I left him happily repos'd to rest;
He's still as gay as if his life were young.
But how does fair Monimia?

Cast. Doubtless, well:
A cruel beauty, with her conquest pleas'd,
Is always joyful, and her mind in health.
Pol. Is she the same Monimia still she was?
May we not hope she's made of mortal mold?
Cast. She's not woman else:
Though I'm grown weary of this tedious hoping;
We've in a barren desert stray'd too long.
Pol. Yet may relief be unexpected found,
And love's sweet manna cover all the field.
Met ye to-day?
Cast. No; she has still avoided me:
Her brother too is jealous of her grown.
And has been hinting something to my father.
I wish I'd never meddled with the matter:
And would enjoin thee, Polydore———
Pol. To what?
Cast. To leave this peevish beauty to herself.
Pol. What, quit my love? As soon I'd quit my post
In fight, and, like a coward, run away.
No, by my stars I'll chase her till she yields
To me, or meets her rescue in another.
Cast. Nay, she has beauty that might shake the leagues
Of mighty kings, and set the world at odds:
But I have wond'rous reasons on my side,
That wou'd persuade thee, were they known.
Pol. Then speak 'em:
What are they? Came ye to her window here,
To learn 'em now? Castalio, have a care;

Use honest dealing with a friend and brother.
Believe me, I'm not with my love so blinded,
But can discern your purpose to abuse me.
Quit your pretences to her.
Cast. Grant I do;
You love capitulations, Polydore,
And but upon conditions would oblige me.
Pol. You say you've reasons; why are they conceal'd?
Cast. To-morrow I may tell you.
Pol. Why not now?
Cast. It is a matter of such consequence,
As I must well consult ere I reveal.
But pr'ythee cease to think I would abuse thee,
'Till more be known.
Pol. When you, Castalio, cease,
To meet Monimia unknown to me,
And then deny it slavishly, I'll cease
To think Castalio faithless to his friend.
Did not I see you part this very moment?
Cast. It seems you've watch'd me, then?
Pol. I scorn the office.
Cast. Pr'ythee avoid a thing thou may'st repent.
Pol. That is henceforward making leagues with you.
Cast. Nay, if ye're angry, Polydore, good night.
[*Exit.*
Pol. Good night, Castalio, if ye're in such haste.
He little thinks I've overheard th' appointment;
But to his chamber's gone to wait a while,
Then come and take possession of my love.

This is the utmost point of all my hopes;
Or now she must, or never can be mine.
O, for a means now, how to counterplot,
And disappoint this happy elder brother:
In every thing we do or undertake
He soars above me, mount what height I can,
And keeps the start he got of me in birth.
Cordelio!

Enter Page.

Page. My Lord!

Pol. Come hither, boy.
Thou hast a pretty, forward, lying face,
And may'st in time expect preferment. Canst thou
Pretend to secrecy, cajole and flatter
Thy master's follies, and assist his pleasures?

Page. My Lord, I could do any thing for you,
And ever be a very faithful boy.
Command, whate'er's your pleasure I'll observe;
Be it to run, or watch, or to convey
A letter to a beauteous lady's bosom;
At least, I am not dull, and soon should learn.

Pol. 'Tis pity, then, thou should'st not be employ'd.
Go to my brother, he's in his chamber now,
Undressing, and preparing for his rest:
Find out some means to keep him up awhile;
Tell him a pretty story, that may please
His ear; invent a tale, no matter what:
If he should ask of me, tell him I'm gone
To bed, and sent you there to know his pleasure,

Whether he'll hunt to-morrow. Well said, Polydore,
Dissemble with thy brother! that's one point. [*Aside.*
But do not leave him till he's in his bed,
Or if he chance to walk again this way,
Follow and do not quit him, but seem fond
To do him little offices of service.
Perhaps at last it may offend him; then
Retire, and wait till I come in. Away:
Succeed in this, and be employ'd again.

Page. Doubt not, my lord. He has been always kind
To me; would often set me on his knee,
Then give me sweetmeats, call me pretty boy,
And ask me what the maids talked of at nights.

Pol. Run quickly, then, and prosp'rous be thy wishes. [*Exit Page.*

Here I'm alone, and fit for mischief; now
To cheat this brother, will't be honest that?
I heard the sign she order'd him to give.
O, for the art of Proteus, but to change
Th' unhappy Polydore to blest Castalio!
She's not so well acquainted with him yet,
But I may fit her arms as well as he.
Then when I'm happily possess'd of more
Than sense can think, all loosen'd into joy,
To hear my disappointed brother come,
And give th' unregarded signal; Oh,
What a malicious pleasure will that be;
Just three soft strokes against the chamber door;
But speak not the least word, for if you should,

It's surely heard, and we are both betray'd.
How I adore a mistress that contrives
With care to lay the business of her joys;
One that has wit to charm the very soul,
And give a double relish to delight!
Blest heav'ns, assist me but in this dear hour,
And my kind stars be but propitious now,
Dispose of me hereafter as you please.
Monimia! Monimia! [*Gives the sign.*
[*Maid at the window.*] Who's there?
Pol. 'Tis I.
Maid. My lord Castalio?
Pol. The same.
How does my love, my dear Monimia?
Maid. Oh!
She wonders much at your unkind delay;
You've staid so long that at each little noise
The wind but makes, she asks if you are coming.
Pol. Tell her I'm here, and let the door be open'd.
[*Maid descends.*
Now boast, Castalio, triumph now, and tell
Thyself strange stories of a promis'd bliss.
[*The door unbolts.*
It opens! Hah! what means my trembling flesh?
Limbs, do your office, and support me well,
Bear me to her, then fail me if you can. [*Exit.*

Enter CASTALIO *and Page.*

Page. Indeed, my lord, 'twill be a lovely morning;
Pray let us hunt.

Cast. Go, you're an idle prattler.
I'll stay at home to-morrow; if your lord
Thinks fit, he may command my hounds. Go, leave me,
I must to bed.

Page. I'll wait upon your lordship,
If you think fit, and sing you to repose.

Cast. No, my kind boy, the night is too far wasted;
My senses too are quite disrob'd of thought,
And ready all with me to go to rest.
Good-night. Commend me to my brother.

Page. Oh!
You never heard the last new song I learn'd!
It is the finest, prettiest song indeed,
Of my lord and my lady, you know who, that were caught
Together, you know where. My lord, indeed it is.

Cast. You must be whipp'd, youngster, if you get such songs as those are.
What means this boy's impertinence to-night?

Page. Why, what must I sing, pray, my dear lord?

Cast. Psalms, child, psalms.

Page. Oh, dear me! boys that go to school learn psalms:
But pages, that are better bred, sing lampoons.

Cast. Well, leave me. I'm weary.

Page. Oh! but you promis'd me, the last time I told you what colour my lady Monimia's stockings were of, and that she garter'd them above knee, that you would give me a little horse to go a hunting

upon, so you did. I'll tell you no more stories, except you keep your word with me.

Cast. Well, go, you trifler, and to-morrow ask me.

Page. Indeed, my lord, I can't abide to leave you.

Cast. Why, wert thou instructed to attend me!

Page. No, no, indeed, my lord, I was not;
But I know what I know.

Cast. What dost thou know? Death! what can all this mean?

Page. Oh! I know who loves somebody.

Cast. What's that to me, boy?

Page. Nay, I know who loves you too.

Cast. That's a wonder! pr'ythee tell it me.

Page. 'Tis—'tis—I know who—but will
You give me the horse, then?

Cast. I will, my child.

Page. It is my lady Monimia, look you; but don't You tell her I told you; she'll give me no more play-things then. I heard her say so, as she lay a-bed, man.

Cast. Talk'd she of me when in her bed, Cordelio?

Page. Yes, and I sung her the song you made, too; and she did so sigh, and so look with her eyes; and her breasts did so lift up and down, I could have found in my heart to have beat 'em, for they made me asham'd.

Cast. Hark! what's that noise?
Take this, begone, and leave me.
You knave, you little flatterer, get you gone.

[*Exit Page.*

Surely it was a noise! hist—only fancy;
For all is hush'd, as nature were retir'd,
" And the perpetual motion standing still,"
So much she from her work appears to cease;
And ev'ry warring element's at peace:
All the wild herds are in the coverts couch'd;
The fishes to their banks or ouze repair'd,
And to the murmurs of the waters sleep;
The feeling air's at rest, and feels no noise,
Except of some soft breeze among the trees,
Rocking the harmless birds that rest upon 'em.
'Tis now, that, guided by my love, I go
To take possession of my Monimia's arms.
Sure Polydore's by this time gone to bed.
At midnight thus the us'rer steals untrack'd,
To make a visit to his hoarded gold,
And feasts his eyes upon the shining mammon. [*Knocks.*
She hears me not; sure she already sleeps,
Her wishes could not brook so long delay,
And her poor heart has beat itself to rest.
[*Knocks again.*
" Monimia! my angel—hah—not yet——
" How long's the shortest moment of delay,
" To a heart impatient of its pangs like mine,
" In sight of ease, and panting to the goal."
[*Knocks again.*
Once more——

Maid. [*At the window.*] Who's there?
That comes thus rudely to disturb our rest?

Cast. 'Tis I.

Maid. Who are you? What's your name?
Cast. Suppose the lord Castalio.
Maid. I know you not.
The lord Castalio has no business here.
Cast. Ha! have a care; what can this mean?
Whoe'er thou art, I charge thee to Monimia fly;
Tell her I'm here, and wait upon my doom.
Maid. Whoe'er you are, ye may repent this outrage.
My lady must not be disturbed. Good night.
Cast. She must; tell her she shall. Go, I'm in haste,
And bring her tidings from the state of love;
They're all in consultation met together,
How to reward my truth, and crown her vows.
Maid. Sure the man's mad!
Cast. Or this will make me so.
Obey me, or by all the wrongs I suffer,
I'll scale the window, and come in by force,
Let the sad consequence be what it will!
This creature's trifling folly makes me mad!
Maid. My lady's answer is, you may depart.
She says she knows you; you are Polydore,
Sent by Castalio, as you were to-day,
T'affront and do her violence again.
Cast. I'll not believe't.
Maid. You may, sir.
Cast. Curses blast thee!
Maid. Well, 'tis a fine cool ev'ning; and, I hope
May cure the raging fever in your blood.
Good-night.
Cast. And farewel all that's just in women!

This is contriv'd; a studied trick, to abuse
My easy nature, and torment my mind.
" Sure now she's bound me fast, and means to lord it,
" To rein me hard, and ride me at her will,
" 'Till by degrees she shape me into fool,
" For all her future uses. Death and torment!"
'Tis impudence to think my soul will bear it.
" Oh, I could grow ev'n wild, and tear my hair!"
'Tis well, Monimia, that thy empire's short;
Let but to-morrow, but to-morrow come,
And try if all thy arts appease my wrong;
'Till when, be this detested place my bed. [*Lies down.*
Where I will ruminate on woman's ills;
Laugh at myself, and curse th' inconstant sex:
Faithless Monimia! Oh, Monimia!

Enter ERNESTO.

Ern. Either
My sense has been deluded, or this way,
I heard the sound of sorrow; 'tis late night,
And none, whose mind's at peace, would wander now.
Cast. Who's there?
" *Ern.* A friend.
" *Cast.* If thou'rt so, retire,
" And leave this place; for I would be alone."
Ern. Castalio! my lord, why in this posture,
Stretch'd on the ground? Your honest, true old servant,
Your poor Ernesto, cannot see you thus.
Rise, I beseech you.
Cast. If thou art Ernesto,

thy honesty thou seem'st to be,
leave me to my folly.
n. I can't leave you,
not the reason know of your disorders.
member how, when young, I in my arms
e often borne you, pleas'd you in your pleasures,
d sought an early share in your affection:
not discard me now, but let me serve you.
Cast. Thou canst not serve me.
Ern. Why?
Cast. Because my thoughts
Are full of woman; thou, poor wretch, art past 'em.
Ern. I hate the sex.
Cast. Then I'm thy friend, Ernesto. [*Rises.*
I'd leave the world for him that hates a woman.
Woman, the fountain of all human frailty!
What mighty ills have not been done by woman?
Who was't betray'd the capitol? A woman.
Who lost Mark Anthony the world? A woman.
Who was the cause of a long ten years war,
And laid at last old Troy in ashes? Woman!
Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman!
Woman, to man first as a blessing giv'n;
When innocence and love were in their prime,
Happy a while in Paradise they lay,
But quickly woman long'd to go astray;
Some foolish, new adventure needs must prove,
And the first devil she saw, she chang'd her love;
To his temptations lewdly she inclin'd
Her soul, and for an apple damn'd mankind. [*Exeunt*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Saloon.

Acasto.

BLEST be the morning that has brought me health;
A happy rest has soften'd pain away,
And I'll forget it, though my mind's not well;
A heavy melancholy clogs my heart;
I droop and sigh, I know not why. Dark dreams,
Sick fancy's children, have been over-busy,
And all the night play'd farces in my brain.
Methought I heard the midnight raven cry;
Wak'd with th' imagin'd noise, my curtain seem'd
To start, and at my feet my sons appear'd,
Like ghosts, all pale and stiff; I strove to speak,
But could not: suddenly the forms were lost,
And seem'd to vanish in a bloody cloud.
'Twas odd, and for the present, shook my thoughts;
But 'twas th' effect of my distemper'd blood;
And when the health's disturb'd, the mind's unruly.

Enter POLYDORE.

Good-morning, Polydore.

Pol. Heav'n keep your Lordship.

Acast. Have you yet seen Castalio to-day?

Pol. My Lord, 'tis early day; he's hardly risen.

Acast. Go, call him up, and meet me in the chapel.

[*Exit* Polydore.

I cannot think all has gone well to-night;
For as I waking lay (and sure my sense
Was then my own) I thought I heard my son
Castalio's voice; but it seem'd low, and mournful;
Under my window, too, I thought I heard it.
M'untoward fancy could not be deceiv'd
In every thing, and I will search the truth out.

Enter MONIMIA.

Already up, Monimia! you rose
Thus early, sure, to outshine the day:
Or was there any thing that cross'd your rest?
They were naughty thoughts that would not let you sleep.

Mon. Whatever are my thoughts, my lord, I've learnt
By your example to correct their ills,
And morn and evening give up the account.

Acast. Your pardon, sweet one, I upbraid you not;
Or if I would, you are so good, I could not.
" Though I'm deceived, or you're more fair to-day;
" For beauty's heightened in your cheeks, and all
" Your charms seem up, and ready in your eyes.
" *Mon.* The little share I have's so very mean
" That it may easily admit addition;
" Though you, my lord, should most of all beware
" To give it too much praise, and make me proud.
" *Acast.* Proud of an old man's praises; no, Monimia!
" But if my prayers can work thee any good,

" Thou shalt not want the largest share of 'em."
Heard you no noise to-night?

Mon. Noise! my good lord!

Acast. About midnight.

Mon. Indeed, my lord, I don't remember any.

Acast. You must sure! went you early to your rest?

Mon. About the wonted hour. Why this enquiry?
[*Aside.*

Acast. And went your maid to bed, too!

Mon. My Lord, I guess so;
I've seldom known her disobey my orders.

Acast. Sure, goblins then, or fairies haunt the dwelling;
I'll have enquiry made through all the house,
But I'll find out the cause of these disorders.
Good-day to thee, Monimia—I'll to chapel.
[*Exit* Acasto.

Mon. I'll but dispatch some orders to my woman,

Enter FLORELLA.

And wait upon your lordship there.
I fear the priest has play'd us false; if so,
My poor Castalio loses all for me;
I wonder though he made such haste to leave me;
Was't not unkind, Florella? Surely 'twas!
He scarce afforded one kind parting word,
But went away so cold; the kiss he gave me,
Seem'd the forc'd compliment of sated love.
Would I had never marry'd!

Maid. Why?

Mon. Methinks
The scene's quite alter'd; I am not the same;
I've bound up for myself a weight of cares,
And how the burden will be borne, none knows.
A husband may be jealous, rigid, false!
And should Castalio e'er prove so to me,
So tender is my heart, so nice my love,
'Twould ruin and distract my rest for ever.
Maid. Madam, he's coming.
Mon. Where, Florella? where?
Is he returning? To my chamber lead;
I'll meet him there, the mysteries of our love
Should be kept private as religious rites,
From the unhallow'd view of common eyes.
[*Exit* Mon. *and Maid.*

SCENE II.

A Chamber. Enter CASTALIO.

Cast. Wish'd morning's come! And now upon the plains
And distant mountains, where they feed their flocks,
The happy shepherds leave their homely huts,
And with their pipes proclaim the new-born day.
" The lusty swain comes with his well-fill'd scrip
" Of healthful viands, which, when hunger calls,
" With much content and appetite he eats,
" To follow in the fields his daily toil,
" And dress the grateful glebe, that yields him fruits.

" The beasts that under the warm hedges slept,
" And weather'd out the cold bleak night, are up,
" And looking tow'rds the neighb'ring pastures, rais
" Their voice, and bid their fellow brutes good
morrow;"
The cheerful birds too, on the tops of trees,
Assemble all in choirs, and with their notes
Salute and welcome up the rising sun.
There's no condition sure so curs'd as mine,
I'm marry'd! 'Sdeath! I'm sped. How like a dog
Look'd Hercules, thus to a distaff chain'd!
Monimia! Oh, Monimia!

Enter MONIMIA *and* MAID.

Mon. I come,
I fly to my ador'd Castalio's arms,
My wishes, lord. May ev'ry morn begin
Like this; and with our days our loves renew.
Now I may hope ye're satisfy'd———
[*Looking languishingly on him*

Cast. I am
Well satisfy'd, that thou art———Oh———

Mon. What? speak:
Art thou not well, Castalio? Come, lean
Upon my breast, and tell me where's thy pain.

Cast. 'Tis here; 'tis in my head; 'tis in my heart
'Tis every where: it rages like a madness;
And I most wonder how my reason holds.
" Nay, wonder not, Monimia: the slave
" You thought you had secur'd within my breast,

" Is grown a rebel, and has broke his chain,
" And now he walks there like a lord at large.
" *Mon.* Am I not then your wife, your lov'd Monimia?
" I once was so, or I've most strangely dream'd.
" What ails my love?
" *Cast.* Whate'er thy dreams have been,
" Thy waking thoughts ne'er meant Castalio well."
No more, Monimia, of your sex's arts,
They're useless all. I'm not that pliant tool,
That necessary utensil you'd make me;
I know my charter better——I am man,
Obstinate man; and will not be enslav'd.
Mon. You shall not fear't: indeed my nature's easy;
I'll ever live your most obedient wife!
Nor ever any privilege pretend
Beyond your will: for that shall be my law:
Indeed I will not.
Cast. Nay, you shall not, madam;
By yon bright heav'n you shall not. All the day
I'll play the tyrant, and at night forsake thee;
'Till by afflictions, and continued cares,
I've worn thee to a homely household drudge.
Nay, if I've any too, thou shalt be made
Subservient to my looser pleasures,
For thou hast wrong'd Castalio.
Mon. No more;
Oh, kill me here, or tell me my offence,
I'll never quit you else; but on these knees,
Thus follow you all day, 'till they're worn bare,

And hang upon you like a drowning creature.
Castalio.———

Cast. Away! last night, last night——

Mon. It was our wedding night.

Cast. No more; forget it.

Mon. Why, do you then repent?

Cast. I do.

Mon. O, Heaven!

And will you leave me thus? help, help, Florella!

[*He drags her to the door, breaks from her, and exit.*

Help me to hold this yet lov'd cruel man.
Oh, my heart breaks—I'm dying. Oh—" stand off;
" I'll not indulge this woman's weakness; still
" Chaf'd and fomented let my heart swell on,
" 'Till with its injuries it burst, and shake
" With the dire blow this prison to the earth.

" *Maid.* What sad mistake has been the cause of this?"

Mon. Castalio! Oh! how often has he swore,
Nature should change, the sun and stars grow dark,
Ere he would falsify his vows to me!
Make haste, confusion, then; sun, lose thy light,
And stars drop dead with sorrow to the earth;
For my Castalio's false.

" *Maid.* Unhappy day!"

Mon. False as the wind, the waters, or the weather;
Cruel as tigers o'er their trembling prey:
I feel him in my breast, he tears my heart,
And at each sigh he drinks the gushing blood;
Must I be long in pain? [*Sits down.*] [*Exit* Florella.

Enter CHAMONT.

Cha. In tears, Monimia!
Mon. Whoe'er thou art,
Leave me alone to my belov'd despair.
Cha. Lift up thy eyes, and see who comes to cheer thee.
Tell me the story of thy wrongs, and then
See if my soul has rest, 'till thou hast justice.
Mon. My brother!
Cha. Yes, Monimia, if thou think'st
That I deserve the name, I am thy brother.
Mon. Oh, Castalio!
Cha. Hah!
Name me that name again! my soul's on fire
'Till I know all. There's meaning in that name,
I know he is thy husband: therefore trust me
With all the following truth——
Mon. Indeed, Chamont,
There's nothing in it but the fault of nature;
I'm often thus seiz'd suddenly with grief,
I know not why.
Cha. You use me ill, Monimia;
And I might think, with justice, most severely
Of this unfaithful dealing with your brother.
Mon. Truly, I'm not to blame. Suppose I'm fond,
And grieve for what as much may please another?
Should I upbraid the dearest friend on earth
For the first fault? You would not do so; would ye?
Cha. Not, if I'd cause to think it was a friend.

Mon. Why do you then call this unfaithful dealing!
I ne'er conceal'd my soul from you before:
Bear with me now, and search my wounds no farther;
For every probing pains me to the heart.

Cha. 'Tis sign there's danger in't, and must be probed.
Where's your new husband? Still that thought disturbs you?
What! only answer me with tears? Castalio!
Nay, now they stream;
Cruel, unkind Castalio! Is't not so?

Mon. I cannot speak? "grief flows so fast upon me,
"It choaks, and will not let me tell the cause."
Oh!

Cha. My Monimia, to my soul thou'rt dear
As honour to my name. Dear as the light
"To eyes but just restor'd, and heal'd of blindness."
Why wilt thou not repose within my breast
The anguish that torments thee?

Mon. Oh! I dare not.

Cha. I have no friend but thee. We must confide
In one another. Two unhappy orphans,
Alas, we are, and when I see thee grieve,
Methinks, it is a part of me that suffers.

"*Mon.* Oh, shouldst thou know the cause of my lamenting,
"Thou wouldst despise the abject, lost Monimia,
"I am satisfy'd, Chamont, that thou wouldst scorn me;
"No more would praise this hated beauty: but

" When in some cell distracted, as I shall be,
" Thou seest me lie; these unregarded locks
" Matted like furies tresses; my poor limbs
" Chain'd to the ground, and, 'stead of the delights
" Which happy lovers taste, my keeper's stripes,
" A bed of straw, and a coarse wooden dish
" Of wretched sustenance; when thus thou seest me,
" Pr'ythee have charity and pity for me:
" Let me enjoy this thought.
" *Cha.* Why wilt thou rack
" My soul so long, Monimia? Ease me quickly;
" Or thou wilt run me into madness first."

Mon. Could you be secret?

Cha. Secret as the grave.

Mon. But when I've told you, will you keep your fury
Within its bonds? Will you not do some rash
And horrid mischief? For indeed, Chamont,
You would not think how hardly I've been us'd
From a near friend, from one that has my soul
A slave, and therefore treats it like a tyrant.

Cha. I will be calm, but has Castalio wrong'd thee?
Has he already wasted all his love?
What has he done? Quickly, for I'm all trembling
With expectation of a horrid tale.

Mon. Oh! could you think it!

Cha. What?

Mon. I fear he'll kill me.

Cha. Hah!

Mon. Indeed I do; he's strangely cruel to me;

Which if it last, I'm sure must break my heart.
Cha. What has he done?
Mon. Most barbarously us'd me.
Nothing so kind as he when in my arms!
" In thousand kisses, tender sighs and joys,
" Not to be thought again, the night was wasted;"
At dawn of day he rose, and left his conquest.
But when we met, and I with open arms,
Ran to embrace the lord of all my wishes,
Oh, then!
Cha. Go on!
Mon. He threw me from his breast,
Like a detested sin.
Cha. How!
Mon. As I hung too
Upon his knees, and begg'd to know the cause,
He dragg'd me like a slave upon the earth,
And had no pity on my cries.
Cha. How! did he
Dash thee disdainfully away; with scorn?
Mon. He did! and more, I fear, will ne'er be friends,
Though I still love him with unabated passion.
Cha. What, throw thee from him!
Mon. Yes, indeed he did.
Cha. So may this arm
Throw him to th'earth, like a dead dog despis'd.
Lameness and leprosy, blindness and lunacy,
Poverty, shame, pride, and the name of villain,
Light on me, if, Castalio, I forgive thee.
Mon. Nay, now, Chamont, art thou unkind as he is!

Bell Wilkes del. et pinx.t Thornth.

Mr. HOLMAN as CHAMONT.

— curse on thy scandalous age,
Which hinders me to rush upon thy throat
And tear the root up of that cursed bramble.

London. Printed for J. Bell. British Library. Strand. June 25. 1785.

Didst thou not promise me thou wouldst be calm?
Keep my disgrace conceal'd? Why shouldst thou kill
him?
By all my love, this arm should do him vengeance.
Alas! I love him still, and though I ne'er
Clasp him again within these longing arms,
Yet bless him, bless him, gods! where'er he goes.

Enter ACASTO.

Acast. Sure some ill fate is tow'rds me; in my
house
I only meet with oddness and disorder;
"Each vassal has a wild distracted face,
"And looks as full of business as a blockhead
"In times of danger." Just this very moment
I met Castalio———

Cha. Then you met a villain.

Acast. Hah!

Cha. Yes, a villain.

Acast. Have a care, young soldier,
How thou'rt too busy with Acasto's fame.
I have a sword, my arm's good old acquaintance,
Villain to thee.

Cha. Curse on thy scandalous age,
Which hinders me to rush upon thy throat,
And tear the root up of that cursed bramble!

Acast. Ungrateful ruffian! sure my good old friend
Was ne'er thy father; nothing of him's in thee;
What have I done in my unhappy age,
To be thus us'd? I scorn t'upbraid thee, boy.

But I could put thee in remembrance——

Cha. Do.

Acast. I scorn it——

Cha. No, I'll calmly hear the story,
For I would fain know all, to see which scale
Weighs most——Hah! is not that good old Acasto?
What have I done? Can you forgive this folly?

Acast. Why dost thou ask it?

Cha. 'Twas the rude overflowing
Of too much passion. Pray, my lord, forgive me.
[*Kneels.*

Acast. Mock me not, youth, I can revenge a wrong.

Cha. I know it well; but for this thought of mine
Pity a madman's frenzy, and forget it.

Acast. I will; but henceforth pr'ythee be more kind. [*Raises him.*
Whence came the cause?

Cha. Indeed I've been to blame;
"But I'll learn better;" for you've been my father.
You've been her father too— [*Takes* Mon. *by the hand.*

Acast. Forbear the prologue——
And let me know the substance of thy tale.

Cha. You took her up, a little tender flower,
Just sprouted on a bank, which the next frost
Had nipp'd; and with a careful loving hand,
Transplanted her into your own fair garden,
Where the sun always shines. There long she flourish'd,
Grew sweet to sense, and lovely to the eye,
'Till at the last a cruel spoiler came,

Cropt this fair rose, and rifled all its sweetness,
Then cast it like a loathsome weed away.

Acast. You talk to me in parables, Chamont,
You may have known that I'm no wordy man;
Fine speeches are the instruments of knaves,
Of fools, that use 'em when they want good sense;
But honesty
Needs no disguise nor ornament. Be plain.

Cha. Your son———

Acast. I've two; and both, I hope, have honour.

Cha. I hope so too——but———

Acast. Speak.

Cha. I must inform you,
Once more, Castalio!

Acast. Still Castalio!

Cha. Yes.
Your son Castalio has wrong'd Monimia.

Acast. Hah! wrong'd her? 360

Cha. Marry'd her.

Acast. I'm sorry for't.

Cha. Why sorry?
By yon blest heav'n, there's not a lord
But might be proud to take her to his heart.

Acast. I'll not deny't.

Cha. You dare not, by the gods
You dare not; all your family combin'd
In one damn'd falsehood to outdo Castalio,
Dare not deny't.

Acast. How has Castalio wrong'd her?

Cha. Ask that of him. I say, my sister's wrong'd:

Monimia, my sister, born as high
And noble as Castalio——Do her justice,
Or, by the gods, I'll lay a scene of blood
Shall make this dwelling horrible to nature.
I'll do't. Hark you, my lord, your son Castalio,
Take him to your closet, and there teach him manners.

Acast. You shall have justice.

Cha. Nay, I will have justice.
Who'll sleep in safety that has done me wrong?
My lord, I'll not disturb you to repeat
The cause of this; I beg you (to preserve
Your house's honour) ask it of Castalio.

Acast. I will.

Cha. 'Till then, farewel—— [*Exit.*

Acast. Farewel, proud boy.
Monimia!

Mon. My lord.

Acast. You are my daughter.

Mon. I am, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe to own me.

Acast. When you'll complain to me, I'll prove a father. [*Exit.*

Mon. Now I'm undone for ever. Who on earth
Is there so wretched as Monimia?
First by Castalio cruelly forsaken;
I've lost Acasto now: his parting frowns
May well instruct me, rage is in his heart:
"I shall be next abandon'd to my fortune,
"Thrust out a naked wand'rer to the world,
"And branded for the mischievous Monimia!
"What will become of me?" My cruel brother

Is framing mischiefs too, for ought I know,
That may produce bloodshed and horrid murder.
I would not be the cause of one man's death
To reign the empress of the earth; nay, more,
I'd rather lose for ever my Castalio,
My dear unkind Castalio!

Enter POLYDORE.

Pol. Monimia weeping!
"So morning dews on new-blown roses lodge,
"By the sun's am'rous heat to be exhal'd."
I come, my love, to kiss all sorrow from thee,
What mean these sighs? And why thus beats thy heart?

Mon. Let me alone to sorrow. 'Tis a cause
None e'er shall know: but it shall with me die.

Pol. Happy, Monimia, he to whom these sighs,
These tears, and all these languishings, are paid!
I am no stranger to your dearest secret:
I know your heart was never meant for me,
That jewel's for an elder brother's price.

Mon. My Lord! 420

Pol. Nay, wonder not; last night I heard
His oaths, your vows, and to my torment saw
Your wild embraces; heard the appointment made,
I did, Monimia, and I curs'd the sound.
Wilt thou be sworn, my love? wilt thou be ne'er
Unkind again?

Mon. Banish such fruitless hopes!

Have you swore constancy to my undoing?
Will you be ne'er my friend again?
Pol. What means my love?
Mon. Away; what meant my lord
Last night?
Pol. Is that a question now to be demanded?
I hope Monimia was not much displeas'd.
Mon. Was it well done to treat me like a prostitute?
T'assault my lodging at the dead of night,
And threaten me if I deny'd admittance———
You said you were Castalio———
Pol. By those eyes
It was the same: I spent my time much better;
I tell thee, ill-natur'd fair-one, I was posted
To more advantage, on a pleasant hill
Of springing joy, and everlasting sweetness.
Mon. Hah—have a care———
Pol. Where is the danger near me?
Mon. I fear you're on a rock will wreck your quiet,
And drown your soul in wretchedness for ever;
A thousand horrid thoughts crowd on my memory.
Will you be kind, and answer me one question?
Pol. I'll trust thee with my life; on those soft breasts
Breathe out the choicest secrets of my heart,
Till I had nothing in it left but love.
Mon. Nay, I'll conjure you by the gods and angels,
By th' honour of your name, that's most concern'd,
To tell me, Polydore, and tell me truly,
Where did you rest last night?

The ORPHAN.

Pol. Within thy arms
I triumph'd: rest had been my foe.
Mon. 'Tis done——— [*She faints.*
Pol. She faints! No help! who waits? A curse
Upon my vanity, that could not keep
The secret of my happiness in silence.
Confusion! we shall be surpris'd anon,
And consequently all must be betray'd.
Monimia! She breathes—Monimia——
Mon. Well———
Let mischiefs multiply! Let ev'ry hour
Of my loath'd life yield me increase of horror!
Oh, let the sun to these unhappy eyes
Ne'er shine again, but be eclips'd for ever;
May every thing I look on seem a prodigy,
To fill my soul with terrors, till I quite
Forget I ever had humanity,
And grow a curser of the works of nature!
Pol. What means all this?
Mon. Oh, Polydore, if all
The friendship e'er you vow'd to good Castalio
Be not a falsehood; if you ever lov'd
Your brother, you've undone yourself and me.
Pol. Which way can ruin reach the man that's rich,
As I am, in possession of thy sweetness?
Mon. Oh! I'm his wife.
Pol. What says Monimia! hah!
"Speak that again."
Mon. I am Castalio's wife.
Pol. His marry'd, wedded wife?

Mon. Yesterday's sun
Saw it perform'd.
Pol. And then, have I enjoy'd
My brother's wife?
Mon. As surely as we both
Must taste of misery, that guilt is thine.
" *Pol.* Must we be miserable then?
" *Mon.* Oh!"
Pol. Oh! thou mayst yet be happy.
Mon. Couldst thou be
Happy, with such a weight upon thy soul?
Pol. It may be yet a secret; I'll go try
To reconcile and bring Castalio to thee;
Whilst from the world I take myself away,
And waste my life in penance for my sin.
Mon. Then thou wouldst more undo me; heap a load
Of added sins upon my wretched head.
Wouldst thou again have me betray thy brother,
And bring pollution to his arms? Curst thought!
Oh, when shall I be mad indeed! [*Ex.* Mon.
" *Pol.* Nay, then
" Let us embrace, and from this very moment
" Vow an eternal misery together.
" *Mon.* And wilt thou be a very faithful wretch?
" Never grow fond of cheerful peace again?
" Wilt thou with me study to be unhappy,
" And find out ways how to increase affliction?
" *Pol.* We'll institute new arts unknown before,
" To vary plagues, and make 'em look like new ones.

" First, if the fruit of our detested joy
" A child be born, it shall be murder'd——
" *Mon.* No;
" Sure that may live.
" *Pol.* Why?
" *Mon.* To become a thing
" More wretched than its parents, to be branded
" With all our infamy, and curse its birth."
Pol. " That's well contriv'd."
Then thus I'll go,
Full of my guilt, distracted where to roam,
" Like the first wretched pair expell'd their Paradise,"
I'll find some place where adders nest in winter,
Loathsome and venomous: where poisons hang
Like gums against the walls: where witches meet
by night, and feed upon some pamper'd imp,
Fat with the blood of babes: There I'll inhabit,
And live up to the height of desperation;
Desire shall languish like a withering flow'r,
" And no distinction of the sex be thought of."
Horrors shall freight me from those pleasing harms,
And I'll no more be caught with beauty's charms,
" But when I'm dying take me in thy arms." [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Garden. CASTALIO *lying on the Ground. Soft Music.*

"SONG.

" *COME, all ye youths, whose hearts e'er bled*
" *By cruel beauty's pride;*
" *Bring each a garland on his head,*
" *Let none his sorrows hide:*
" *But hand in hand around me move,*
" *Singing the saddest tales of love;*
" *And see, when your complaints ye join,*
" *If all your wrongs can equal mine.*

" *The happiest mortal once was I;*
" *My heart no sorrows knew,*
" *Pity the pain with which I die;*
" *But ask not whence it grew.*
" *Yet if a tempting fair you find,*
" *That's very lovely, very kind,*
" *Though bright as heav'n, whose stamp she bears,*
" *Think of my fate, and shun her snares.*"

See where the deer trot after one another,
Male, female, father, daughter, mother, son,
Brother and sister, mingled all together.
No discontent they know; but in delightful
Wildness and freedom, pleasant springs, fresh herbage,

Calm arbours, lusty health and innocence,
Enjoy their portion; if they see a man,
How will they turn together all, and gaze
Upon the monster———
Once in a season too they taste of love:
Only the beast of reason is its slave:
And in that folly drudges all the year.

Enter ACASTO.

Acast. Castalio! Castalio!
Cast. Who's there
So wretched but to name Castalio?
Acast. I hope my message may succeed!
Cast. My father!
'Tis joy to see you, though where sorrow's nourish'd.
" *Acast.* I'm come in beauty's cause; you'll guess
" the rest.
" *Cast.* A woman! If you love my peace of mind,
" Name not a woman to me; but to think
" Of woman, were enough to taint my brains
" 'Till they ferment to madness. Oh, my father!
" *Acast.* What ails my boy?
" *Cast.* A woman is the thing
" I would forget, and blot from my remembrance.
" *Acast.* Forget Monimia!
" *Cast.* She, to choose: Monimia!
" The very sound's ungrateful to my sense.
" *Acast.* This might seem strange, but you, I've
" found, will hide

" Your heart from me; you dare not trust your fa
" ther.
" *Cast.* No more Monimia.
" *Acast.* Is she not your wife?
" *Cast.* So much the worse; who loves to hear
" wife?
" When you would give all worldly plagues a nam
" Worse than they have already, call 'em wife:
" But a new-marry'd wife's a teeming mischief,
" Full of herself! Why; what a deal of horror
" Has that poor wretch to come, that wedded yeste
" day!"
Acast. Castalio, you must go along with me,
And see Monimia.
Cast. Sure my lord but mocks me.
Go see Monimia! " Pray, my lord, excuse me,
" And leave the conduct of this part of life
" To my own choice."
Acast. I say, no more dispute.
Complaints are made to me, that you have wrong'd he
Cast. Who has complain'd?
Acast. Her brother, to my face, proclaim'd h
wrong'd,
And in such terms they've warm'd me.
Cast. What terms? Her brother! Heav'n!
Where learn'd she that?
What! does she send her hero with defiance?
He durst not sure affront you!
Acast. No, not much.
But———

Cast. Speak, what said he?

Acast. That thou wert a villain;
Methinks I would not have thee thought a villain.

Cast. Shame on th' ill-manner'd brute!
Your age secur'd him; he durst not else have said so.

Acast. By my sword,
I would not see thee wrong'd, and bear it vilely:
Though I have pass'd my word she shall have justice.

Cast. Justice! to give her justice would undo her.
Think you this solitude I now have chosen,
Left joys, just op'ning to my sense, sought here
A place to curse my fate in, measur'd out
My grave at length, wish'd to have grown one piece
With this cold clay, and all without a cause?

Enter CHAMONT.

Cha. Where is the hero, famous and renown'd
For wronging innocence and breaking vows,
Whose mighty spirit, and whose stubborn heart,
No woman can appease, nor man provoke?

Acast. I guess, Chamont, you come to seek Castalio.

Cha. I come to seek the husband of Monimia.

Cast. The slave is here.

Cha. I thought e'er now to've found you
Atoning for the ills you've done Chamont;
For you have wrong'd the dearest part of him.
Monimia, young lord, weeps in this heart;
And all the tears thy injuries have drawn
From her poor eyes, are drops of blood from hence.

Cast. Then you are Chamont?

Cha. Yes, and I hope no stranger
To great Castalio.
Cast. I've heard of such a man
That has been very busy with my honour.
I own, I'm much indebted to you, sir,
And here return the villain back again
You sent me by my father.
Cha. Thus I'll thank you. [*Draws.*
Acast. By this good sword, who first presumes to violence,
Makes me his foe—— [*Draws and interposes.*
"Young man, it once was thought [*To* Cast.
"I was fit guardian of my house's honour;
"And you might trust your share with me——For "you, [*To* Cha.
"Young soldier, I must tell you, you have wrong'd me.
"I promis'd you to do Monimia right,
"And thought my word a pledge, I would not forfeit:
"But you, I find, would fright us to performance."
Cast. Sir, in my younger years, with care you taught me
That brave revenge was due to injur'd honour;
Oppose not then the justice of my sword,
Lest you should make me jealous of your love.
Cha. Into thy father's arms thou fly'st for safety,
Because thou know'st that place is sanctify'd
With the remembrance of an ancient friendship.
Cast. I am a villain, if I will not seek thee,
Till I may be reveng'd for all the wrongs
Done me by that ungrateful fair thou plead'st for.

Cha. She wrong'd thee! by the fury in my heart,
Thy father's honour's not above Monimia's;
Nor was thy mother's truth and virtue fairer.
Acast. Boy, don't disturb the ashes of the dead
With thy capricious follies. The remembrance
Of the lov'd creature that once fill'd these arms——
Cha. Has not been wrong'd.
Cast. It shall not.
Cha. No, nor shall
Monimia, though a helpless orphan, destitute
Of friends and fortune, though th' unhappy sister
Of poor Chamont, whose sword is all his portion,
B'opprest by thee, thou proud imperious traitor.
Cast. Hah! set me free.
Cha. Come both.

Enter SERINA.

Ser. Alas! alas!
The cause of these disorders; my Chamont,
Who is't has wrong'd thee?
Cast. Now, where art thou fled
For shelter?
Cha. Come from thine, and see what safeguard
Shall then betray my fears.
Ser. Cruel Castalio,
Sheath up thy angry sword, and don't affright me.
Chamont, let once Serina calm thy breast:
If any of my friends have done thee injuries,
I'll be reveng'd, and love thee better for't.
Cast. Sir, if you'd have me think you did not take

This opportunity to shew your vanity,
Let's meet some other time, when by ourselves
We fairly may dispute our wrongs together.
Cha. Till then, I am Castalio's friend.
Cast. Serina,
Farewel, I wish much happiness attend you.
Ser. Chamont's the dearest thing I have on earth;
Give me Chamont, and let the world forsake me.
Cha. Witness the gods, how happy I'm in thee!
" No beauteous blossom of the fragrant spring
" Though the fair child of nature newly born,
" Can be so lovely." Angry, unkind Castalio,
Suppose I should a while lay by my passions,
And be a beggar in Monimia's cause,
Might I be heard?
Cast. Sir, 'twas my last request,
You would, though I find you will not be satisfy'd;
So, in a word, Monimia is my scorn;
She basely sent you here to try my fears;
That was your business;
" No artful prostitute, in falsehoods practis'd,
" To make advantage of her coxcomb's follies,
" Could have done more."——Disquiet vex her for't.
Cha. Farewel. [*Exit* Cha. *and* Ser.
Cast. Farewel—My father, you seem troubled.
Acast. Would I'd been absent when this boisterous brave
Came to disturb thee thus. I'm griev'd I hinder'd
Thy just resentment———But Monimia———
Cast. Damn her.

Acast. Don't curse her.

Cast. Did I?

Acast. Yes.

Cast. I'm sorry for't.

Acast. Methinks, as if I guess, the fault's but small,
It might be pardon'd.

Cast. No.

Acast. What has she done?

Cast. That she's my wife, may Heav'n and you forgive me.

Acast. Be reconcil'd then.

Cast. No.

Acast. Go see her.

Cast. No.

Acast. I'll send and bring her hither.

Cast. No.

Acast. For my sake,
Castalio, and the quiet of my age.

Cast. Why will you urge a thing my nature starts at?

Acast. Pr'ythee forgive her.

Cast. Lightnings first shall blast me.
I tell you, were she prostrate at my feet,
Full of her sex's best dissembled sorrows,
And all that wond'rous beauty of her own,
My heart might break, but it should never soften.

Enter FLORELLA.

Flor. My lord, where are you? "Oh, Castalio!

"*Acast.* Hark.

"*Cast.* What's that?"

Flor. Oh, shew me quickly, where's Castalio.
Acast. Why, what's the business?
Flor. Oh, the poor Monimia!———
Cast. Hah!
Acast. What's the matter?
Flor. Hurry'd by despair,
She flies with fury over all the house,
Through every room of each apartment, crying,
Where's my Castalio? Give me my Castalio!
Except she see you, sure she'll grow distracted.
Cast. Hah! will she? Does she name Castalio?
And with such tenderness? Conduct me quickly
To the poor lovely mourner. "Oh, my father!"
Acast. Then wilt thou go? Blessings attend thy purpose.
Cast. I cannot hear Monimia's soul's in sadness,
And be a man; my heart will not forget her;
"But do not tell the world you saw this of me."
Acast. Delay not then, but haste and cheer thy love.
Cast. Oh! I will throw m' impatient arms about her,
In her soft bosom sigh my soul to peace,
Till through the panting breast she finds the way
To mould my heart, and make it what she will.
Monimia! oh! [*Exeunt* Acasto *and* Cast.

SCENE II.

A Chamber. Enter MONIMIA.

Mon. Stand off, and give me room,

I will not rest till I have found Castalio,
My wish's lord, comely as the rising day,
Amidst ten thousand eminently known!
Flowers spring up where-e'er he treads, his eyes
Fountains of brightness, cheering all about him!
When will they shine on me?—Oh, stay my soul!
I cannot die in peace till I have seen him.

CASTALIO *within.*

Cast. Who talks of dying with a voice so sweet,
That life's in love with it?

Mon. Hark! 'tis he that answers.
" So, in a camp, though at the dead of night,
" If but the trumpet's cheerful noise is heard,
" All at the signal leap from downy rest,
" And every heart awakes, as mine does now."
Where art thou?

Cast. [*Entering.*] Here, my love.

Mon. No nearer, lest I vanish.

Cast. Have I been in a dream, then, all this while?
And art thou but the shadow of Monimia?
Why dost thou fly me thus?

Mon. Oh, were it possible that we could drown
In dark oblivion but a few past hours,
We might be happy.

Cast. Is't then so hard, Monimia, to forgive
A fault, where humble love like mine, implores thee?
For I must love thee, though it prove my ruin.
Which way shall I court thee?
What shall I do to be enough thy slave,

And satisfy the lovely pride that's in thee?
I'll kneel to thee, and weep a flood before thee.
Yet pr'ythee, tyrant, break not quite my heart;
But when my task of penitence is done,
Heal it again, and comfort me with love.

Mon. If I am dumb, Castalio, and want words
To pay thee back this mighty tenderness;
It is because I look on thee with horror,
And cannot see the man I have wrong'd.

Cast. Thou hast not wrong'd me.

Mon. Ah! alas, thou talk'st
Just as thy poor heart thinks! Have not I wrong'd thee?

Cast. No.

Mon. Still thou wander'st in the dark, Castalio;
But wilt, ere long, stumble on horrid danger.

" *Cast.* What means my love?

" *Mon.* Could'st thou but forgive me——— 280

" *Cast.* What?

" *Mon.* For my fault last night: alas, thou can'st not!

" *Cast.* I can, and do.

" *Mon.* Thus crawling on the earth,
" Would I that pardon meet; the only thing
" Can make me view the face of Heav'n with hope.

" *Cast.* Then, let's draw near.

" *Mon.* Ah, me!

" *Cast.* So, in the fields,
" When the destroyer has been out for prey,
" The scatter'd lovers of the feather'd kind,

" Seeking, when danger's past, to meet again,
" Make moan, and call, by such degrees approach;
" 'Till joining thus, they bill, and spread their wings,
" Murmuring love, and joy their fears are over.
" *Mon.* Yet, have a care; be not too fond of peace,
" Lest, in pursuance of the goodly quarry,
" Thou meet a disappointment that distracts thee."
Cast. My better angel, then do thou inform me,
What danger threatens me, and where it lies:
Why didst thou (pr'ythee smile, and tell me why)
When I stood waiting underneath the window,
Quaking with fierce and violent desires;
The dropping dews fell cold upon my head,
Darkness inclos'd, and the winds whistled round me;
Which, with my mournful sighs, made such a music,
As might have mov'd the hardest heart; why wert thou
Deaf to my cries, and senseless of my pains?
Mon. Did I not beg thee to forbear inquiry?
Read'st thou not something in my face, that speaks
Wonderful change, and horror from within me?
Cast. Then there is something yet which I've not known:
What dost thou mean by horror and forbearance
Of more inquiry? Tell me, I beg thee, tell me;
And don't betray me to a second madness.
Mon. Must I?
Cast. If, lab'ring in the pangs of death,
Thou would'st do any thing to give me ease;

Unfold this riddle ere my thoughts grow wild,
And let in fears of ugly form upon me.
Mon. My heart won't let me speak it; but remember,
Monimia, poor Monimia, tells you this,
We ne'er must meet again———
Cast. "What means my destiny?
"For all my good or evil fate dwells in thee?"
Ne'er meet again!
Mon. No, never.
Cast. Where's the power
On earth, that dare not look like thee, and say so?
Thou art my heart's inheritance; I serv'd
A long and painful, faithful slav'ry for thee:
And who shall rob me of the dear-bought blessing?
Mon. Time will clear all; but now, let this content you.
Heav'n has decreed and therefore I'm resolv'd
(With torment I must tell it thee, Castalio)
Ever to be a stranger to thy love;
In some far distant country waste my life,
And from this day, to see thy face no more.
Cast. Where am I? Sure I wander 'midst enchantment,
And never more shall find the way to rest;
"But, oh, Monimia! art thou indeed resolv'd
"To punish me with everlasting absence?"
Why turn'st thou from me; I'm alone already;
Methinks I stand upon a naked beach,
Sighing to winds, and to the seas complaining,

Whilst afar off the vessel sails away,
Where all the treasure of my soul's embark'd,
Wilt thou not turn?—Oh! could those eyes but speak,
I should know all, for love is pregnant in 'em;
They swell, they press their beams upon me still:
Wilt thou not speak? If we must part for ever,
Give me but one kind word to think upon,
And please myself withal, whilst my heart's breaking.

Mon. Ah, poor Castalio! [*Exit* Monimia.

Cast. "Pity, by the gods,
"She pities me! then thou wilt go eternally."
What means all this? Why all this stir to plague
A single wretch? If but your word can shake
This world to atoms, why so much ado
With me? Think me but dead, and lay me so.

Enter POLYDORE.

Pol. To live, and live a torment to myself,
What dog would bear't, that knew but his condition?
We've little knowledge, and that makes us cowards,
Because it cannot tell us what's to come.

Cast. Who's there?———

Pol. Why, what art thou?

Cast. My brother Polydore?

Pol. My name is Polydore.

Cast. Canst thou inform me———

Pol. Of what!

Cast. Of my Monimia?

Pol. No. Good-day.

Cast. In haste.
Methinks my Polydore appears in sadness.
Pol. Indeed, and so to me does my Castalio.
Cast. Do I?
Pol. Thou dost.
Cast. Alas, I've wond'rous reason!
I'm strangely alter'd, brother, since I saw thee.
Pol. Why?
Cast. Oh! to tell thee, would but put thy heart
To pain. Let me embrace thee but a little,
And weep upon thy neck; I would repose
Within thy friendly bosom all my follies;
For thou wilt pardon 'em, because they're mine.
Pol. Be not too credulous; consider first;
Friends may be false. Is there no friendship false?
Cast. Why do'st thou ask me that? Does this appear
Like a false friendship, when with open arms
And streaming eyes, I run upon thy breast?
Oh, 'tis in thee alone I must have comfort!
Pol. I fear, Castalio, I have none to give thee.
Cast. Dost thou not love me, then?
Pol. Oh, more than life:
I never had a thought of my Castalio,
Might wrong the friendship we had vow'd together.
Hast thou dealt so by me?
Cast. I hope I have.
Pol. Then tell me why this mourning, this disorder?
Cast. Oh, Polydore, I know not how to tell thee;
Shame rises in my face, and interrupts
The story of my tongue.

Pol. I grieve, my friend
Knows any thing which he's asham'd to tell me;
Or didst thou e'er conceal thy thoughts from Polydore?
Cast. Oh, much too oft!
But let me here conjure thee,
By all the kind affection of a brother,
(For I'm asham'd to call myself thy friend)
Forgive me———
Pol. Well, go on.
Cast. Our destiny contriv'd
To plague us both with one unhappy love.
Thou, like a friend, a constant, gen'rous friend,
In its first pangs did trust me with thy passion,
Whilst I still smooth'd my pain with smiles before thee,
And made a contract I ne'er meant to keep.
Pol. How!
Cast. Still new ways I study'd to abuse thee,
And kept thee as a stranger to my passion,
'Till yesterday I wedded with Monimia.
Pol. Ah, Castalio, was that well done!
Cast. No; to conceal't from thee was much a fault.
Pol. A fault! when thou hast heard
The tale I tell, what wilt thou call it then?
Cast. How my heart throbs!
Pol. First, for thy friendship, traitor,
I cancel't thus; after this day, I'll ne'er
Hold trust or converse with the false Castalio:
This, witness Heav'n.
Cast. What will my fate do with me?

I've lost all happiness, and know not why.
What means this, brother?

Pol. Perjur'd, treach'rous wretch,
Farewel.

Cast. I'll be thy slave, and thou shalt use me
Just as thou wilt, do but forgive me.

Pol. Never.

Cast. Oh! think a little what thy heart is doing:
How, from our infancy, we, hand in hand,
Have trod the path of life in love together;
One bed hath held us, and the same desires,
The same aversions still employ'd our thoughts:
When e'er had I a friend that was not Polydore's?
Or Polydore a foe that was not mine!
Ev'n in the womb w'embrac'd, and wilt thou now,
For the first fault, abandon and forsake me,
Leave me, amidst afflictions, to myself,
Plung'd in the gulf of grief, and none to help me?

Pol. Go to Monimia, in her arms thou'lt find
Repose; she has the art of healing sorrows.

Cast. What arts?

Pol. Blind wretch! thou husband! there's a question!

" Go to her fulsome bed, and wallow there:
" 'Till some hot ruffian, full of lust and wine,
" Come storm thee out, and shew thee what's thy bargain.

" *Cast.* Hold there, I charge thee."

Pol. Is she not a———

Cast. Whore?

Pol. Ay, whore; I think that word needs no explaining.

Cast. Alas! I can forgive ev'n this, to thee!
But let me tell thee, Polydore, I'm griev'd
To find thee guilty of such low revenge,
To wrong that virtue which thou couldst not ruin.

Pol. It seems I lie, then?

Cast. Should the bravest man
That e'er wore conquering sword, but dare to whisper
What thou proclaim'st, he were the worst of liars:
My friend may be mistaken.

Pol. Damn th' evasion;
Thou mean'st the worst; and he's a base-born villain
That said I lied.

Cast. Do, draw thy sword, and thrust it through my heart;
There is no joy in life, if thou art lost.
A base-born villain!

Pol. Yes; thou never cam'st
From old Acasto's loins; the midwife put
A cheat upon my mother, and instead
Of a true brother, in the cradle by me,
Plac'd some coarse peasant's cub, and thou art he.

Cast. Thou art my brother still.

Pol. Thou liest.

Cast. Nay then—— [*He draws.*
Yet I am calm.

Pol. A coward's always so.

Cast. Ah!—ah—that stings home——Coward!

Pol. Ay, base-born coward! villain!

Cast. This to thy heart, then, tho' my mother bore thee.

[*Fight*; Polydore *drops his sword, and runs on* Castalio's.]

Pol. Now my Castalio is again my friend.

Cast. What have I done? my sword is in thy breast.

Pol. So I would have it be, thou best of men,
Thou kindest brother, and thou truest friend.

Cast. Ye gods, we're taught that all your works are justice,
Ye're painted merciful, and friends to innocence:
If so, then why these plagues upon my head?

Pol. Blame not the heav'ns; here lies thy fate, Castalio;
Th' are not the gods, 'tis Polydore has wrong'd thee;
I've stain'd thy bed; thy spotless marriage joys
Have been polluted by thy brother's lust.

Cast. By thee!

Pol. By me, last night, the horrid deed
Was done, when all things slept but rage and incest.

Cast. Now where's Monimia? Oh!

Enter MONIMIA.

Mon. I'm here, who calls me?
Methought I heard a voice
Sweet as the shepherd's pipe upon the mountains,
When all his little flock's at feed before him.
But what means this? Here's blood.

Cast. Ay, brother's blood.
Art thou prepar'd for everlasting pains?

Pol. Oh, let me charge thee, by th' eternal justice,
Hurt not her tender life!

Cast. Not kill her? "Rack me
"Ye pow'rs above, with all your choicest torments,
"Horror of mind, and pains yet uninvented,
"If I not practise cruelty upon her,
"And wreak revenge some way yet never known."

Mon. That task myself have finish'd, I shall die
Before we part; I've drank a healing draught
For all my cares, and never more shall wrong thee.

Pol. O she's innocent!

Cast. Tell me that story,
And thou wilt make a wretch of me indeed.

Pol. Hadst thou, Castalio, us'd me like a friend,
This ne'er had happen'd; hadst thou let me know
Thy marriage, we had all now met in joy;
But ignorant of that,
Hearing th' appointment made, enrag'd to think
Thou hadst outdone me in successful love,
I, in the dark, went and supply'd thy place;
Whilst, all the night, 'midst our triumphant joys,
The trembling, tender, kind, deceiv'd Monimia,
Embrac'd, caress'd, and call'd me her Castalio.

Cast. And all this is the work of my own fortune;
None but myself could e'er have been so curs'd!
My fatal love, alas! has ruin'd thee,
Thou fairest, goodliest frame the gods e'er made,
Or ever human eyes and hearts ador'd.
I've murder'd too my brother.

Why wouldst thou study ways to damn me farther?
And force the sin of parricide upon me?
Pol. 'Twas my own fault, and thou art innocent;
Forgive the barbarous trespass of my tongue;
'Twas a hard violence: I could have died
With love of thee, e'en when I us'd thee worst;
Nay, at each word that my distraction utter'd,
My heart recoil'd, and 'twas half death to speak 'em.
Mon. Now, my Castalio, the most dear of men,
Wilt thou receive pollution to thy bosom,
And close the eyes of one that has betray'd thee?
Cast. Oh, I'm th' unhappy wretch, whose curséd fate
Has weigh'd thee down into destruction with him.
Why then, thus kind to me?
Mon. When I am laid low i'th'grave, and quite forgotten,
Mayst thou be happy in a fairer bride;
But none can ever love thee like Monimia.
When I am dead, as presently I shall be,
(For the grim tyrant grasps my heart already)
Speak well of me; and if thou find ill tongues,
Too busy with my fame, don't hear me wrong'd;
'Twill be a noble justice to the memory
Of a poor wretch, once honour'd with thy love.
How my head swims! 'tis very dark. Good night.
[*Dies.*
Cast. If I survive thee—what a thought was that?
Thank Heav'n, I go prepar'd against that curse.

Enter CHAMONT, *disarmed and seiz'd by Acasto and servants.*

Cha. Gape earth, and swallow me to quick destruction,
If I forgive your house! if I not live
An everlasting plague to thee, Acasto,
And all thy race. Ye've o'erpower'd me now;
But hear me, Heav'n!—Ah, here's a scene of death!
My sister, my Monimia breathless!——Now,
Ye pow'rs above, if ye have justice, strike
Strike bolts thro' me, and through the curs'd Castalio.

" *Acast.* My Polydore!

" *Pol.* Who calls?

" *Acast.* How cam'st thou wounded?"

Cast. Stand off, thou hot-brain'd, boist'rous, noisy ruffian,
And leave me to my sorrows.

Cha. By the love
I bore her living, I will ne'er forsake her;
But here remain, 'till my heart burst with sobbing.

Cast. Vanish, I charge thee, or— [*Draws a dagger.*

Cha. Thou canst not kill me;
That would be kindness, and against thy nature.

Acast. What means Castalio? Sure thou wilt not pull
More sorrows on thy aged father's head.
Tell me, I beg you, tell me the sad cause
Of all this ruin.

Pol. That must be my task:
But 'tis too long for one in pains to tell;

You'll in my closet find the story written
Of all our woes. Castalio's innocent,
And so's Monimia; only I'm to blame.
Enquire no farther.

Cast. Thou, unkind Chamont,
Unjustly hast pursu'd me with thy hate,
And sought the life of him that never wrong'd thee:
Now, if thou wilt embrace a noble vengeance,
Come, join with me, and curse——

Cha. What?

Cast. First, thyself,
As I do, and the hour that gave thee birth:
Confusion and disorder seize the world,
To spoil all trust and converse amongst men,
'Twixt families engender endless feuds,
In countries needless fears, in cities factions,
In states rebellion, and in churches schism:
'Till all things move against the course of nature:
'Till form's dissolv'd, the chain of causes broken,
And the original of being lost.

Acast. Have patience.

Cast. Patience! preach it to the winds,
The roaring seas, or raging fires! the knaves
That teach it, laugh at ye when ye believe 'em,
Strip me of all the common needs of life,
Scald me with leprosy, let friends forsake me,
I'll bear it all; but curs'd to the degree
That I am now, 'tis this must give me patience:
Thus I find rest, and shall complain no more.

[*Stabs himself.*

" *Pol.* Castalio! oh! 620
Cast. " I come."
Chamont, to thee my birth-right I bequeath;
Comfort my mourning father, heal his griefs,
[Acasto *faints into the arms of a servant.*
For I perceive they fall with weight upon him.
And, for Monimia's sake, whom thou wilt find
I never wrong'd, be kind to poor Serina.
Now, all I beg, is, lay me in one grave
Thus with my love. Farewel. I now am—nothing.
[*Dies.*

Cha. Take care of good Acasto, whilst I go
To search the means by which the fates have plagu'd us.
'Tis thus that Heav'n its empire does maintain;
It may afflict, but man must not complain.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE END.

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY SERINA.

YOU'VE seen one orphan ruin'd here; and I
May be the next, if old Acasto die:
Should it prove so, I'd fain amongst you find,
Who 'tis would to the fatherless be kind.
To whose protection might I safely go?
Is there among you no good-nature? No.
What shall I do? Should I the godly seek,
And go a conventicling twice a week?
Quit the lewd stage, and its profane pollution,
Affect each form and saint-like institution;
So draw the brethren all to contribution?
Or shall I, (as I guess the poet may
Within these three days) fairly run away?
No; to some city-lodgings I'll retire;
Seem very grave, and privacy desire;
Till I am thought some heiress, rich in lands,
Fled to escape a cruel guardian's hands:
Which may produce a story worth the telling,
Of the next sparks that go a fortune-stealing.

THE

COUNTRY LASSES;

OR,

THE CUSTOM OF THE MANOR.

A

COMEDY,

BY MR. CHARLES JOHNSON.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, IN COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,

By Permission of the Managers.

"The lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation."

LONDON:

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MDCC XCI.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE

EARL OF CLARE.

MY LORD,

I Humbly desire your protection for the following scenes, from the rage of a despairing faction, who are now become so tender as to take offence at metaphors, and are unable to endure the touch even of a poetical figure. The epilogue, designed to send our friends in good humour from the play, disobliged some people extremely; and they attempted to damn the comedy for an innocent allegory, as if it were presumptuous to imagine there had been a separate peace: but every honest Briton was warmed in the cause of truth, and defended it with uncommon ardour.

Your lordship has bravely entered the lists against the enemies of our constitution. You have, with the warmest heart and the most steady courage, laboured in the cause of liberty, and are at length gloriously rewarded in the happiness of your country; all that your generous spirit proposed for the most unwearied diligence, at the expence of your health and fortune.

And now, my Lord, I humbly beg leave to congratulate your Lordship upon the success of your endeavours.

Who is not filled with joy, when he sees those names again in Parliament who have constantly defended the liberties not only of Britain, but of all Europe, against the malice and ambition of some men, who prevailed upon the people to contend for slavery? But their attempts have proved ineffectual; and now, if they will not vouchsafe to be free, we thank Providence, they must serve abroad.

May your Lordship still continue to be, as you have begun, a shining ornament to your noble name and country; and may all our young nobility be animated, by your great example, with the same honest public zeal for the common good; so shall our thrice happy constitution be preserved on the present establishment to all posterity; so shall Britain recover, and for ever hold the balance of the western world, so shall it for ever be her glorious task to defend herself, and the nations around her, from tyranny and oppression.

I am, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient

And most humble servant,

CHARLES JOHNSON.

CHARLES JOHNSON

WAS originally intended for the law, but that regulating the Drama was the only one he practised—He was however entered of the Middle Temple, and as the reputation of a WIT in his day was conferred by a Coffee-House, so he never by a day's absence from Button's forfeited his pretensions.

WILKS, by some means or other, he made his friend, and thus secured an easy reception to his productions—he accordingly availed himself of this advantage, and in thirty years produced nineteen Plays, Tragedies and Comedies.—Of the first I know nothing; the latter are neither at the top nor the bottom of the list—One DRAMA alone comes within the present selection, and that has long been upon the shelf.

JOHNSON was little formed to struggle with active life—he loved the tavern comforts, and accordingly became the master of one in Bow-street, which at the demise of his wife he quitted for competence and

retirement.—Poor Johnson had none of Cæsar's dangerous marks about him—he was

"Sleekheaded, fat, and slept in peace o' nights."

Pope, as was his wont, for something or for nothing, dishonoured *himself* by abusing him—but the man was beloved by those of *better nature*, and the satire is forgotten.

COUNTRY LASSES.

THIS Comedy is busy, sprightly, and of course entertaining; its incidents however are borrowed palpably from MIDDLETON and FLETCHER.

There are two plots; one stolen from Aphra Behn, who had herself plundered "A Mad World my Masters;" the other was from "The Custom of the Country:" but it deserves infinitely more notice than the strange stuff by which Bickerstaff keeps possession of the stage; for it has character, incident, and in truth dialogue, extremely smart and whimsical.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by a CHILD.

MAKE me to speak a prologue! Is he wild?
A prologue? Lord! are prologues for a child?
Such heathen words! so hard to bring 'em pat in!
The drama—Athens—God knows how much Latin!
Then if I should mistake a word, you know,
There's Mr. Wilks within would snub one so—
But I must do't.

Plays, like ambassadors, in form are shewn,
When first they've public audience of the town;
The prologue ceremoniously harangues,
And moves your pity for the author's pangs;
Acquaints you that he stands behind the scenes,
And trembles for the fondling of his brains.
Or with—Nay, if the poet peeps, I vow
He puts me clearly out—Or with a bow,
(I mean a curtsey) [Curtseying] *beg the ladies' pity;*
Or else in thread-bare jests affront the city;
Or gravely tell you what you knew before,
How Ben and Shakspere wrote in days of yore:
Then damn the critics first, that envious train,
Who, right or wrong, resolve to damn again.
Our author seeks, like bards of—of—Oh! Greece,
To make his play and prologue of a piece;

He leads you to the rural scenes to prove
The country bargain still is love for love.
Oh, Covent-Garden! nursery of ills!
Fam'd for consumption both of wit—and pills:
Who would not quit thy walks, and vice in fashion,
The doubts and fears of mercenary passion,
For safe complying nymphs, unknowing sinners,
A feast of unbought love in cleanly pinners!
Hold——what comes next? [Looking on a paper.] *I'll never say't, in short———*
We've bigger actresses are fitter for't——
Lord, how you laugh! as 'twere some naughty joke.
Sure there's no wickedness in what I spoke.
How should I say such things, who never knew
What kissing meant, before I play'd Miss Prue?

Dramatis Personae.

COVENT-GARDEN.

	Men.
HEARTWELL, *in love with* Flora, -	Mr. Hull.
MODELY, - - - - - -	Mr. Dyer.
FREEHOLD, - - - - -	Mr. Gibson,
Sir JOHN ENGLISH, - - -	Mr. Shuter.
LURCHER, *nephew to* Sir John, -	Mr. Davis.
SNEAK, *a taylor*, - - -	Mr. Holtom.
LONGBOTTOM, - - - - -	Mr. Perry.
CARBUNCLE, *a vintner*, - -	Mr. Morris.
TIM. SHACKLEFIGURE, - -	Mr. Hamilton.
DOUBLEJUGG, - - - -	Mr. Dunstall.
VULTUR, - - - - - -	Mr. Cushing.
	Women.
FLORA, - - - - - -	Mrs. Lessingham.
AURA, - - - - - -	Miss Macklin.

Countrymen, Maids, &c.

SCENE, A Country Village, about forty Miles from London.

THE COUNTRY LASSES; OR, THE CUSTOM OF THE MANOR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An open country in perspective, with a gentleman's seat on a hill, at the foot of which is seen a farm-house. Enter MODELY *and* HEARTWELL, *in riding habits, a Footman appearing,* &c.

Heartwell.

LEAD our horses round to the farm-house which stands yonder at the foot of the hill.

Mode. We'll walk cross the fields, and meet you there.

Heart. You heard the country fellows say we were seven miles from any town; you know our horses are so lame, it will be impossible to travel on; you see the sun is sinking from the top of yonder hill. Be content, George; to-night thou shalt have thy be-

loved mistress, Variety, and lie in a barn, in a warm barn, upon a truss of clean straw—

Mode. With a wholesome country girl, whose breath is sweeter than the bloom of violets, in a straw hat, a kersey gown, and a white dimity waistcoat; with natural red and white that innocently flushes over her face, and shews every emotion of her heart.

Heart. Thus thy imaginations always cheat thee of thy joys.. No, no: if we get credit for a barn, 'tis all I expect. This is a change of life, however.

Mode. True; we tread no more the same insipid circle; our pains quicken our pleasures, and disappointments give spirit to our joys.

Heart. Ha! then a man should be sick to relish health.

" *Mode.* Therefore I hate London, where their " pleasures, like their Hyde-Park circle, move al- " ways in one round; where yesterday, to-day, and " to-morrow, are eternally the same; to the choco- " late-house, to dinner, the coffee-house, the play- " house, a bottle, or a wench; 'tis the journey of a " dog in a wheel, the music of a country fiddle, eter- " nally vexing the strings to thrum the same weary " notes.

" *Heart.* Pr'ythee, no more; thy raillery, too, is " the same dull dish served over and over. Thou " hast no appetite, and railest at a feast."

Mode. Wherefore has nature opened this wild irregular scene of various pleasures! why given us appetites, passions, limbs, but to possess, desire, enjoy

her beautiful creation? I'll travel over, and taste every blessing; nor wait till the tired sense palls with possession, but fly from joy to joy, unsated, fresh for new delights.

Heart. Do so, make yourself as good an entertainment as you can possibly form in imagination; while I walk forward, and endeavour to get a real supper and a bed. [*Going.*

Mode. Nay, I'll go with you. You know I am no Platonic; in love or mutton, I always fall to without ceremony. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

FLORA, AURA, *and some country Maids and Men dancing, with a fiddle before them, singing, the burden of the ballad:* The lads and the lasses a sheep-sheering go.

Aura. In short, my feet are out o' measure; I am tired with the mirth of the day, "and my weary "limbs hobble after the crowd, like a tired pack-"horse to the lamentable music of his own heavy "bells."

Flora. You have won the garland of the green; the sheep-sheerers have given you the honours of their feast; you must pay the fees, and dance out of their debt.

" *Aura.* Strike up then, thou torturer of cat-guts,

" clap thy ear and thy hands to the fiddle, and awake
" the drowsy strings."

Flora. First we'll have the sheep-sheering song.

THE SHEEP-SHEERING,

A BALLAD.

When the rose is in bud, and blue violets blow;
When the birds sing us love-songs on every bough,
When cowslips, and daisies, and daffodils spread,
And adorn and perfume the green flowery mead;
When without the plough
Fat oxen low,
The lads and the lasses a sheep-sheering go.

The cleanly milk-pail
Is fill'd with brown ale;
Our table's the grass;
Where we kiss and we sing,
And we dance in a ring,
And every lad has his lass.

The shepherd sheers his jolly fleece,
How much richer than that which they say was in Greece!
'Tis our cloth and our food,
And our politic blood;
'Tis the seat which our nobles all sit on:
'Tis a mine above ground,
Where our treasure is found;
'Tis the gold and the silver of Britain.

Aura. Now, Clodden, once more thy hand, if thou durst venture t'other trip.

" *Clod.* Ay, with all my heart, fair maiden; I'll " stand by you, to be sure, as long as 'tone foot will " stand by t'other.

" *Aura.* Away, then. [*A dance.*

" 1 *Count.* Odsnigs, she dances featly! Ha, Mall, " didst thou ever see the peer o'en?

" 2 *Count.* Pray ye, now, who be thick maidens, " who have been so merry at our feast to-day?

" 1 *Count.* Nay, nay, I know 'em not. Neighbour " Clodden brought 'em; they been his guests, to be " sure.

" *Clod.* Now, look ye, d'ye see, to be sure we will " have the Sheep-sheering once again, and then it " will be time to go home. The sun is going to bed " already. Come, neighbour, dust it away."

[*Dance, and exeunt* omnes, *except* Aura *and* Flora.

Aura. Cousin, I'll go to London.

Flora. What new lure has Satan employed to tempt you thither?

Aura. Only to see some of my own species, a few men and women; for I cannot look on the things we talk'd to just now, but as beings between men and beasts, and of an inferior nature to the people who grow in cities. If I stay longer among these savages, I shall not have vanity enough to keep myself clean. I must go to London to recover my pride; 'tis starving here.

Flora. And yet, how often have I heard thee rail at

London, and call it an infectious congregation of vapours, an assemblage of falsehood and hypocrisy?

Aura. 'Tis true; but my affections have taken another turn. The heart of a woman, girl, like a bowl down a hill, continually changes as it rolls; "'tis a glass "that receives every image, but retains none; the "next new idea wholly effaces the former." I declare seriously, I never knew my own mind two hours together in my life.

"*Flora.* 'Tis a blank sheet, and yet will receive no "impression. How often have I endeavoured to en-"grave there an aversion to that abominable town, "where credit is the pawn of knaves, and fattens "upon the avarice of fools. Religion has been made "the politician's bubble, and honour's public mer-"chandise; and what ought to be the distinction of "virtue, has been there made the price of sin. The "tyrant, money, governs all: there every thing is "venal; faith, fame, friendship, reason, and reli-"gion; nay, love, my dear, love, is bought and "sold there too.

"*Aura.* O' my word, you declaim, child, like a "country schoolmaster. Yet, after all, people bred "in society, who can talk, and look, and lie, and "bow a little, are as much superior to these clowns, "as angels are to them.

"*Flora.* Have you courage enough to go barefaced "into a crowd, where every body wears a mask?

"*Aura.* No, I'll be in the mode, and wear one "too.

" *Flora.* What, at the price of truth? With us " now every thing is unadorn'd by art, and looks so " beautiful in the dress of nature, so innocent, sim- " ple, and undisguised—

" *Aura.* Ay; but there is a sort of wearisome dul- " ness that waits upon our simplicity. Now here we " must travel seven miles, seven long miles at least, " to a beggarly country village, which you pom- " pously stile our market town, where we may by " chance see two things like intelligent beings, the " parson and the attorney, or it may be some younger " brother of some neighbouring lord of the manor, " whose face carries the colour of the October, and " his shape of the hogshead he feeds on, who drinks " so constantly and so much, as if all the religion he " had ever been taught was, that man was created to " swallow a prodigious quantity of stale beer."

Flora. Cousin, thou art a very wild fop.

Aura. We are all so in our hearts. What girl, whose whole composition is not dough and phlegm, would quit the management of her fan for a shepherdess's crook, or gather daisies in the meads, and make garlands for lambs, when she may pick up hearts in the ring, and make conquests of men, or be content to behold the muddy reflection of her own face in a pond, when she may glide through a crowd of living mirrors in the drawing-room, and be flattered by the whole *beau monde*—But, o' my conscience, here they are!

Flora. What?

Aura. Men, my dear, men—human creatures; look yonder, they move towards us; my heart beats quick at the uncommon sight; does not thine too? Be honest, and tell truth.

Flora. Remember your character, compose yourself, put your manners in your pocket, and be a clown for a moment.

" *Aura.* My hands are set, my eyes are fix'd, I " have a blush at command, I'll bite the fingers of " my cotton gloves, and be as very a She-Cudden as " ever hopped round a may-pole.

Enter MODELY *and* HEARTWELL *as* FLORA *and* AURA *are going off.*

Mode. Pretty maidens, stay one moment; turn again and give your assistance to two honest fellows in distress—our horses are lame, 'tis late, we have lost our way—

Heart. And we wou'd know where—(She is intolerably handsome!) [*Aside of* Flora.

Mode. We shall lie to-night?—(She is a sweet girl.) [*Aside of* Aura.

Flora. Sir, we buy, we don't sell fortune; two gypsies just now offered us a penny-worth, they passed by those elms, I believe you may o'ertake 'em.

Aura. Yes, Sir, they will tell you what will happen to you exactly—good evening. [*Going.*

Mode. Nay, if I part with you thus.

" *Heart.* I am surpris'd—such dialect. So much

" beauty here, too, in a wild country hamlet—'tis " wonderful.

" *Mode.* They have the perfect mien of fine ladies " at St. James's in their air.

" *Heart.* Ay, and their habits are genteel tho' ru- " ral. Don't let 'em go yet, Modely.

Mode. " No, no—you must not stir."

[*Holding her.*

Aura. Pray, Sir, as you are a gentleman—

Mode. Why, you wou'd not leave us in a strange place, child?

Aura. We have no title at all to you; if you are a couple of stray cattle, all we can do is, to bring you to the constable.

Mode. And what then?

Aura. Why then he must cry you three market-days, and if no body owns you, you fall to the lord o' the manor.

Heart. [*To* Flora, *to whom he has been talking.*] Stay one moment, dear creature, vanish not immediately, if you wou'd not have me believe myself in a vision, and go raving up and down, talking of angels in country habits.

Flora. You have been talking all this while out o' my compass: pray, Sir, come down to my understanding; mine, you see, is as plain as my dress— " 'Tis downright popery, to say your prayers in an " unknown tongue.

" *Heart.* I'll turn catholic, any thing, say you'll be " my saint.

" *Flora.* But can I grant your prayer, if I don't " understand your petition?

" *Heart.* Your understanding is equal to your " form, for to say which excels is impossible, where " both are perfect.

" *Flora.* If I have any understanding, don't batter " it with hard words. I know no woman who is " proof against flattery; that Will-with-a-whisp " leads us all astray; but I'll shut my ears and take " myself away from it instantly.

" *Heart.* 'Tis impossible to see thee and not talk in " rapture.—Thou beautiful robber, won't you gagg " me, too?

" *Flora.* It grows late: pray give me my hand: let " me go."

Heart. In one word then; who is the inhabitant of that farm-house in the bottom?

Aura. A sour old man, Sir, who, when he is in a very good humour, vouchsafes to call me daughter.

Flora. And me cousin: there we live, gentlemen, and are like to live, fretting one another like silk and worsted wove together, 'till we quite wear out.

Heart. You have none of the rust of the country upon you—'tis wonderful; you live polish'd among savages. Neither your words, your mien, your manners, nor any thing but your habits, speak you what you wou'd appear.

Aura. My father and the vicar of our parish taught us both to read and write; but indeed, Sir, my father was born a gentleman, and is by accident only a clown,

for having in his youth profusely squander'd a great estate in London among common friends and mistresses, he took an aversion to the town, and turn'd his sword into a ploughshare.

" *Flora.* 'Tis so, gentlemen: in him you may see " a thoughtless rake, degenerated into a plodding far- " mer—only a few books scatter'd carelessly about, " keep alive the memory of the gentleman; and when " a recess from his daily labour gives him leave, he " will read a page or two in a Latin satirist, and as " he smokes his pipe in our broad chimney-corner, " explains to us all the ill-natur'd things they say of " cities, courts, and polite pleasures, as we call 'em; " he declares he chose this solitude to soften himself, " and file off that barbarity he had contracted by con- " versing with mankind."

Heart. Is it impossible to see this sour Cynic?—I persuade myself we might revive those seeds of humanity that once liv'd within him, and get entertainment in his farm for one night only: especially if you wou'd be so good to use your power too, and venture to intercede for a stranger.

Flora. Sir, 'tis impossible! if you wore any form but what you do.

Heart. Ask him only; try a little; use the influence of your eyes——Ask him with a look of pity, and 'tis impossible he should deny you.

" *Flora.* Ay; but I myself am not rightly satisfied; " I fear———

" *Heart.* Away with fear, 'tis an enemy to all that

" is brave or generous. Can we offend against all " the laws of humanity, honour, hospitality? I swear " there's an awful charm in your eyes, wou'd stop " the burning rage of a drunken libertine.

" *Flora.* Ah! no more o' that, I beg you. Shall we ask?" [*To* Aura.

Aura. Will you venture?

Flora. I am half afraid! if you wou'd second me.

Aura. Never fear, my girl: I'll stand bravely by thee—Gentlemen, we'll endeavour to prevail, and you shall have an answer in the turn of a second.

[*Exeunt* Flora *and* Aura.

Heart. What a couple of jewels are here in rustic work!

Mode. I never beheld any thing so charming!

Heart. What a shape, a neck, a chest!

Mode. An air, a mien, an instep, a foot!

Heart. Why, you don't mean my girl?

Mode. Nor you mine, I hope?

Heart. Mine is the most beautiful piece of flesh and blood———

Mode. Mine the sweetest, most angelical little rogue——

Heart. Her hair is dark brown, her eyes are two black globes of living light——Diamonds of the first water———

Mode. Her breath is sweeter than the new-made haycock. I had rather look upon her than enjoy a toast———

Heart. I never saw any thing in a brocade so genteel.

Mode. I am stark mad for a dimity petticoat.

" *Heart.* Ten thousand—

" *Mode.* Pray give me leave, Sir; her—

" *Heart.* I tell you, Sir; ten thousand thousand " Cupids play in every ringlet of her hair, millions " of little loves wanton in her eyes, myriads of graces " sip nectar from her lips; infinite, nameless, be- " witching beauties revel in every feature of her trans- " porting face; 'tis extreme pleasure to see her, 'tis " rapture to hear; when she smiles I am in ecstasy, " and all beyond, George, all beyond are unutterable " joys.

" *Mode.* Unspeakable pleasures."

Heart. Ah, rogue, rogue! what a lucky night is this!

Mode. If we get in. [*Embracing one another.*

Heart. If we have entrance—Hold, here they come, and old Crabtree with 'em.

Enter FREEHOLD, FLORA, *and* AURA.

Free. Oh, hoh—perhaps these are some of my Co- vent-Garden acquaintance.

Flora. I can't tell; but they have waited a great while for an answer.

Free. Let 'em wait, with a murrain.

Aura. Please, Sir, to say aye or no.

Free. No, then, no——Burn my house and barns, send the murrain among my cattle, the mildew in my corn, and the blight in my fruit—but let no London

plagues come within my doors—What has bewitch'd you to ask such a question?

Flora. They desire in common humanity, as they are gentlemen——

Free. Gentlemen—Hah! why they are the bane of your sex. The devil did less mischief in the form of the serpent to Eve, than in that to her daughters—— A woman's reputation is always lost when 'tis ventur'd——but these are profess'd sharpers, who never play upon the square for beauty, and are worse enemies to it than old age or the small-pox.

Aura. We are guarded, Sir, by you—by your instructions.

Free. Hah! true daughter of the first woman. Well! I'll talk with 'em, to oblige you. Where are they?

Flora. There they are, Sir: they look like sober, civil, honest gentlemen, and not as if they came from London.

Free. Now I think they look like a deputation from the cuckold-makers of the corporation.

Mode. Sir, the unexpected occasion of this trouble—— [*To* Freehold.

Free. Oons, Sir, speak truth; I know what you are pumping for, a pretty excuse for an unseasonable visit; I have not told one lie in compliment these thirty years.

Heart. Nor heard one neither?

Free. No, Sir, nor heard one; here we only make up a few necessary lies for a market-day, or so.

Mode. But we wou'd only say in plain words——

Free. I'll tell you what honourable design you two have clubb'd for in plain words; your horses were to fall lame, you were to be benighted, and making use of my humanity for entrance into my house, you very honestly hope for an opportunity to ruin my family. Ask your conscience, is it not so? hah!

Heart. We confess the charge is too generally true; but we beg leave to be excepted, and declare such practices, whatever habits men wear, call 'em villains—However, if 'tis impossible to gain credit with you——

Free. Whence came you?

Heart. From London.

Free. From London? so I thought again; the mart of iniquity, Satan's chief residence; he picks up a vagabond soul or two now and then with us, but he monopolizes there.

" *Heart.* What drove you first from London?

" *Free.* Millions of impertinents. I could not bear " to dance attendance in the antichambers, and catch " cold on the stair-cases of false tricking courtiers; " nor endure to be bespattered by the chariot of an " upstart, a mushroom, who finds himself, he does " not know how, by a figure in a lottery, a turn of a " die, or the folly of a woman, metamorphosed into " a gentleman, and lolling in the chariot that his fa- " ther drove. I could not pay my court to a quality " idiot of the last edition, I had not patience to attend " the burlesque rhodomontades of a liar in red, nor " the nauseous flattery of an atheist in black.

" *Heart.* Ah, Sir, London is changed since your " pious days; then indeed, there was too great an " indulgence given to libertines.

" *Free.* Ay, 'tis changed, truly; I hear what your " modern London is; we were lewd, indeed, in our " days, but then, even lewdness had propriety; but " of late they say your fools set up for rakes, and " rakes for politicians; nay, even now you may see " there sharpers in brushed beavers and bobs, and " cullies in long wigs and swords; and instead of " changing honest staple for gold and silver, you deal " in bears and bulls only; you have women who are " chaste, and would yet appear lewd; and you have " saints that are sinners; in short, 'tis a very wicked " town, your parsons stock-job, and your wenches " pray.

" *Mode.* But what is all this to the world of love, and " wit, and gallantry, old Diogenes?

" *Free.* Your very beaus, they say, now give way " to your witlings; and you may hear your fops in un- " derstanding rail at those in dress. Who can with " patience bear a coxcomb that supports the credit of " his parts by retailing of wit, who makes a feast in " the city, with the good things, as he calls 'em, the " scraps that he steals from court, and insults his in- " timates with a stolen understanding, who really be- " lieves himself a useful creature for keeping up the " circulation of wit.

" *Heart.* Those gentlemen have breviates for wits; " and while they attend a vacancy serve as cadets."

Mode. But, Sir, to our purpose; is there no security to be taken for one night only?

Free. There is; but 'tis in my own hands, if you'll accept the terms; look ye, gentlemen, I have one faithful friend in the world, 'tis honest Towser, a true-bred mastiff, one who never scrapes nor kisses my hand, but in honest truth; who will stand by me with his best blood. Now he does me the favour to lie every night at my bed's foot; I am likewise master of a brace of large-boned threshers; and these three have been the guardians of my farm these ten years; they have no more respect than I for a laced coat: you know the rest; if I hear the conies squeak, I'll send the hunt abroad; I'll ha' no poaching, no tunneling, no driving in the dark.

Heart. Sir, we accept your terms; he that intends no wrong, fears none.

Free. There then, enter. There lies your way.

[*Exeunt* Freehold, Modely *and* Heartwell, *into the Farm.*

Flora. Laud, cousin, he has taken 'em both in.

Aura. I tremble so, I don't know what to do.

Flora. It was your fault.

Aura. You were bewitched to ask him.

Flora. Why did not you advise me to the contrary?

Aura. O dear, my heart beats.

Flora. Ay, it beats to arms, child, the garrison is besieged.

Aura. Come, let's in; courage.

Flora. These are your doings, you wild little colt.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Inside of a Farm. *Enter* FREEHOLD, MODELY, *and* HEARTWELL.

Free. Forget you have been within the walls of a city, and we shall agree well enough.

Heart. But, Sir, do you never, never intend to see London again?

Free. Never, never, I tell you.

Heart. Why so, Sir?

Free. "I gave you my reasons: but I'll repeat 'em to "please you, I am unqualified for conversation there; "I have not slavish complaisance enough to work up "every muscle to a forced smile, and court the no- "jests of a wealthy fool, in hopes to see my name in "the codicil of his will. I cannot be ravished with "the young graces of a superannuated beauty, who "forgets she has not one tooth in her head, for which "she is not in debt; in short," there is not a creatur among you wears his natural shape; your cullies wou be thought sharpers, and your sharpers cullies; yo noisy roaring boys are cowards, and your brave n silent; ugliness is exactly dressed, and beauty in habille. The few virtues you have, you hide, an fect crimes to be agreeable. In a word, you a false, double-fac'd, execrable hypocrites. Come you drink a cup of brown ale before you eat?

Heart. I thank you, Sir, but I am not thirst

Free. Oons, do you never drink but when

dry? We have none o' your lemonade or sherbet here, man; no, nor your t'other washy thin potation, called French wine, that brewer of false love and politics: we live upon English beef and beer, the staple of our own country.

Heart. And every honest Briton ought to encourage it.

Free. Right, boy: come, will you smoke a pipe before supper: a pipe is the best whet in the world.

Mode. No, by no means.

Free. Oh, hoh, it will spoil your kissing.

Mode. Pray, Sir, who is the lord of your manor here?

Free. We have no lord, Sir, we have a lady.

Mode. A lady?

Free. Ay, Sir, she lives at the great house on the hill, above, with an old knight her kinsman, whose estate joins to hers; one Sir John English, a gentleman of right old-fashioned hospitality: he has only one fault, he is a little too fond of your quality: he was at court in his youth, where he had a superficial view of the glare and gaiety of the place; and now he doats upon every thing that comes from thence; he is particularly civil to a page; he has a wonderful veneration for a squire o' the body; a knight gives him great joy; and he is ravished with a lord.

Mode. A very odd humour: but as to the lady of your manor?

Free. Ay, there's a lady, a miracle! she has youth and beauty, and two thousand pounds a year, and yet

has the use of all her limbs; she will walk you four miles before the sun is up, and come home with natural colours on her face, got by wholesome exercise. She uses no face physic; she is none o' your town daubers, that are in danger of losing their complexions for a kiss! no, she looks like the blooming rose, and is as sweet as the breath of the morning.

Mode. Was she never married, Sir?

Free. No, the old colonel, her father, Sir Frederick Beauville (a worthy man he was) left her and her estate free; and she says she will keep 'em both so: she hates London, your men and your manners.

Mode. And so she is settled, as the timber upon her estate, for life, with her old kinsman!

Free. Yes, there they live together; and let me tell you, the old hospitable genius of England seems revived in them; they are of almost as much benefit to their neighbours as the sun and rain, a general good. Well! but come into this room and drink a cup of ale; nay, I will have it so.

Mode. We'll follow you.

Free. What, you see the wenches coming; remember our articles, or Towser's the word. [*Exit.*

Enter FLORA *and* AURA.

Mode. Hah, my Mademoiselle once again! I'll kill thee, my dear little thief, with kisses.

Aura. Then I shall be the first maid that ever died that death, and deserve to be buried with my face downwards; though I have known many a big fellow

brag of his victories, who durst never draw his sword.

Mode. But I have fought many a duel.

Aura. And did you always conquer?

Mode. No, sometimes it has been a drawn battle: but now I'll be victorious or die. [*Kisses and hugs her.*

Aura. Laud, lud, you do so touzle and rumple one's clothes: you men are the strangest creatures.

Mode. You women have the most whimsical fancies! Whither do you run? What, must I follow you?

Aura. If you have courage, the old dragon is in the next room.

Mode. Pox o' the dragon; I am a knight-errant, and 'tis my business to conquer dragons.

Aura. Come on, then, Hercules the second.

[*Exeunt* Modely *and* Aura.

Heart. Hear me! let me swear to you, fair maid.

Flora. What is it you would swear; that you love me?

Heart. More than life, joy, health, or liberty; "my whole soul darts through my eyes in transport "to behold you, every atom is in arms, my blood "gallops through my veins;" I am all air while I talk to you.

"*Flora.* I am afraid your zeal is not of the right "sort, but like the agitation of those false prophets, "who fancy themselves inspired from above, when "they are only actuated below; this is not warmth, "but wind; all bubble, vapour.

" *Heart.* You should forgive a small delirium to a " wretch in a fever.

" *Flora.* I can forgive a madman, but I won't re- " gard him.

" *Heart.* Would you not pity, and cure him if you " could?

" *Flora.* Then you would be cured of love.

" *Heart.* By possession of what I die for.

" *Flora.* True, possession cures love, as death " does diseases.

" *Heart.* By those immortal eyes, 'twill make mine " live for ever.

" *Flora.* No, no, 'twill die suddenly. Love's an " ague, and the cold fit certainly succeeds the hot.

" *Heart.* Do you believe no man is constant?

" *Flora.* I dont know, if one were to mould you; " make you as one does one's clothes, or so.

" *Heart.* Make me, mould me as you please; fancy " the man you would have in idea.

" *Flora.* I believe indeed I shall never have a man " any otherwise than in idea—But no more flourish- " es, I pray you, Sir; we have conversed in figure " ever since we saw one another: and you know, " though one might like to smell to a rose nosegay " now and then——

" *Heart.* One does not care to feed upon a rose."

Flora. Come, then, let us clear up at once, and talk common sense to one another.

Heart. Agreed!

Flora. So be it!

Heart. Why then really I never liked a woman better in my life.

Flora. I think you are something more than tolerable; I was going to say an agreeable fellow.

Heart. Do you like me?

Flora. As I might a picture.

Heart. Do you take me only for the shadow of a man?

Flora. To me no more, for I look on this accident only as the idle delusion of a morning's dream.

Heart. Then let me wake thee into real happiness; the little god of love shall wanton in thy heart, as he now plays and revels in thy eyes.

Flora. Hold! hold! you are running back into metaphor; why this is downright poetry. Pray come to common sense again.

Heart. That is very true; to be short, then, whereabouts is your bed-chamber?

Flora. Pho, now you talk idly.

Heart. Do you lie alone, child? [*Kissing her.*

Flora. Why are you so impertinent?

Heart. Why are you so coy?

Flora. What, then, it seems, you do certainly assure yourself, that, having kissed me, squeezed my hand, and sighed out a few unnecessary fine things, I shall fall plum into your arms, as cats get birds by gazing at 'em?

Heart. Come, my love, this dialect is as affected as t'other; take this jewel, accept it, wear it as a token of the most pure affection; you shall live with me,

command me and my fortune. I'll take you from this cottage, and this odd old man, and you shall live as your beauty and your wit demand you should, in all the various pleasures this gay world can give you. [*Embracing her.*

Flora. Here, Sir, take your toy again; I thank you humbly for the mighty favour; I sell no beauty. What, would you barter with me for myself? Bribe me out of my person? 'Tis poorly done; but know, Sir, I have a heart within, that proudly tells me no price shall ever buy it: but is it honest in you to tempt that innocence you should protect? Reason distinguishes men from beasts, and virtue, men from men: now, as you boast of birth and virtuous ancestors, and would wear those honours as your lawful merit; think, reflect; are your intentions agreeable to justice, honour, gratitude? You wrong yourself as well as me; farewell. [*Exit.*

Heart. She has stung me to the soul with her too just reproaches; I am conscious and ashamed of my crime: "her virtues, like her beauties, stood at first "so silently within her, so unstirred by the least air "of vanity, she looked as if she knew 'em not; and "yet, when the last injury provoked 'em, they "flushed and swelled her heightened features with "such pointed indignation—It is not to be borne— "My heart burns within me—She sinks into my "mind." I must have her, though at the price of liberty. I'll marry her; but what will the world say —I'll renounce it; I'll abjure it:

I'll give her all my future life, and prove,
Like Antony, the world well lost for love. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter LURCHER, VULTUR, CARBUNCLE *a Vintner*, LONGBOTTOM *a Peruke-maker, and* SNEAK *a Taylor.*

Lurcher.

AH, Vultur! love and the dice have undone me. I have pursu'd Angelica, and my bad fortune, to the last farthing. What must I do? dishonour waits upon necessity; and he that keeps his virtue when he is poor, is a hero indeed.—Yet I'll endeavour, struggle hard, and not part with the gentleman while 'tis possible to preserve him.

Vult. What do you mean to do with these hungry rascals, who follow you thus for their debts?

Lurch. To pay 'em.

Vult. When?

Lurch. To-morrow.

Vult. Which way?

Lurch. My uncle shall lend me the money.

Vult. Good!

Lurch. Ay, my uncle, Sir John English, who inhabits the great house with the turret o' top there. He shall lend me the money, then will I discharge

these clamorous thieves, and be saucy to them in my turn.

Vult. You rave; why your uncle has not seen you these ten years, nor can be prevailed upon to trust you even with subsistence. What do you mean?

Lurch. Why, he shall lend me the money, and not know he lends it me: I'll extort it from him by the violence of stratagem; I'll stare him full in the face, and make him believe I oblige him when I receive the money.—

Vult. Riddles! riddles!

Sneak. I pray you, Master Lurcher, indeed now, you know I have waited a long time, a most scandalous long time, for my money, and your bill lengthens and lengthens every day; upon my word, I shall not be able to hold out.---Besides, here you have draggled me a long way, and told me I should be paid by your uncle; and alas-a-day, 'tis an idle tale, a flim-flam, for you dare not so much as look towards the gates of his house—No, he won't see you, it seems; I wish I were at home again.——Here have you brought us into a cursed country, where we can neither get victuals, nor sleep.

Carb. Pho, pox, this is very silly; is this your land of Canaan that you talk'd of, that flowed with strong beer and chines of beef?

Lurch. Have patience, old fiery face, thy nose shall have comfort presently——

Carb. Patience! demme, Dick, which way now shall I come by my money?—You know I love you,

you roaring young dog, you know I do;—but here, now, here's a hundred pounds due for clean claret, besides money lent, hard neat money——Reckonings paid, coach hire, suppers at your lodging, and ladies fees.—How the devil do you imagine, now, Dick Lurcher, that I shall pay the merchant—Why, you will force me to break and turn gentleman—It will never do.

Long. Sir, I would in the most submissive manner imaginable——

Lurch. So, so, what! all upon the hunt at once—One word, gentlemen.

Long. You know very well the last tye-up I sold you was as light and bright as silver, and as strong as wire, with a fine flowing, large open curl; I reckon you but twelve pieces for it; and upon my soul, my lord Lanthorn Joul would have paid me as much for it in ready gold.

Lurch. And why wou'd you not take his money?

Long. Because it did not suit his complexion.

Lurch. Why what was that to thee, puppy?

Long. Ah, Sir, his dark olive face would have thrown a shade upon the brightness of the hair; I should have lost all my credit. Now, Sir, if a gentleman does but wear one's work well, and become it—I must needs say that for your worship.

Lurch. Well, gentlemen, here you are, and I thank you for your attendance to my uncle's. I wish I had interest enough in my own person to desire you to walk in and refresh: but that is impossible.

"*Carb.* Why, what do you think I'll lie in the "fields, Dick? No, no, I'll have a dram, and a jug "of his stingo too: what, I'll try the interest of my "own face rather than fail.

"*Lurch.* Thy face! nay, 'tis time indeed: the "lights in thy face, Carbuncle, begin to burn blue; "and if thou dost not get some fuel for them, they "will go out in utter darkness—look ye, gentlemen, "my fellow travellers and friends," if you will agree to a project I have, and be content to act your parts in it, I will engage you all a lodging, and the best entertainment in the house: nay, perhaps your money too.

Sneak. I pray you, what is your project, Mr. Lurcher? tho' I own I have no great opinion of projects, or projectors.

Carb. Demme, Dick, what is it? I love projects and whims wonderfully.

Long. I always said, upon my soul I did always affirm, that he was a very fine gentleman; tho' really I hope this project will produce a bed and a supper, "for "I am somewhat hungry."

Lurch. Doubt it not, gentlemen: you and all the world know the character of Sir John English: he is excessively fond of quality, and piques himself upon being the most hospitable man in the county.

Carb. And what then?

Lurch. Why then I have a mind to put the change upon him.

Carb. Change upon him! how?

Lurch. Why, I will be a man of quality; I'll clap a blue ribbon across my shoulders, "and a patch upon "my face;" and if you will assist me so far, if you will condescend so low as to be thought part of my equipage, why we will come rattling to his gates, and be received with as much joy and ceremony as if we were really what we appeared.

Carb. Egad, I approve it wonderfully—We'll revel in October and roast beef.

Long. Upon my soul, a very elegant design—You'll wear your best bag?

Sneak. But how will this help us to our money, Mr. Lurcher?

Carb. Why, his lordship will take the knight to picquet after supper, and bite him.

Lurch. No, no, Sir John never plays; I have a more honourable design than that, I assure you.

Carb. What is it? Out with it, my little bully boy.

Lurch. Why, when all the family are fast asleep, we will clap on our masking suits and vizors——

Carb. And rob the house; very good.

Sneak. Oh, laud! rob the house; why, what do you think I'd be hang'd for your projects?

Lurch. No, my hogshead of iniquity, no: we will bind them in their beds, and one another afterwards, and yet not rob the house of a shilling.

Carb. To what purpose should you bind them, then?

Lurch. Don't enquire further beforehand—I beg you only to trust me with the conduct of this affair—

I'll venture my life I shall bring you all off safe: I have in our coach, which stands by the road-side, every thing that can be necessary for the execution of our design—Nay, nay,—don't let your courage sink, now we are upon action, lads——

Sneak. I desire to be excus'd; I will not engage in it.

Carb. I'll slice you if you mutter, I'll demolish—What! do you mutiny? Go on, Dick, we'll follow you to the end of the world.

Lurch. Along, then, my lads of mettle; be firm and united, and I will be answerable for the success.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Court-yard to Sir JOHN ENGLISH'*s House*; *Sir* JOHN, *unbutton'd, without his Hat, and* TIMOTHY SHACKLEFIGURE, *his Steward.*

Sir John. Good now! good now, Timothy! have you enquired what is become of cousin Betty all this day—and her companion, her little gossiping tittle-tattle friend——Hah, Timothy?

Shackle. An' it shall please your worship's worship, after the most painful inquisition in pursuance of your worship's commands, I am not able to discover what your worship might——

Sir John. Pr'ythee don't worship me so much, but

for form sake, Timothy, tell me whither they are gone.

Shackle. Really that I cannot say, but the two young ladies were seen to walk forth early this morning with our very wise neighbour, farmer Freehold.

Sir John. So! but they left word they would return.

Shackle. I am not able particularly to affirm so much.

Sir John. Now the pox take thee, for a formal Anno Domini blockhead.

Tim. Give me leave to assure your worship, that without form or order———

Sir John. Tell me where they are gone, or I'll break thy strange pate.

Tim. Really, if your worship bruises me to death, I shall most willingly perish for the truth, nor will I discover more unto your worship than I know.

Sir John. Get out o' my sight, you confounded multiplication puppy; yet stay a little; this fellow ruffles me so every day with his most abominable *circumbendibus* phrases—Well, cousin Betty is a fine girl, she has two thousand pounds a year.—Ah, if my nephew Dick were not the most profligate rogue—But he may reform one time or other; she will never marry without my advice, that is certain.—Hark thee, thou numerical coxcomb; enquire if they expect the girls home at supper; I'll take a turn or two in the hall. [*Exeunt.*

Enter LURCHER *and four of his creditors as the equipage of a Nobleman, and* VULTUR *as his running footman.*

Sneak. Laud, my heart sinks: I sweat and tremble already; I shall never hold out.

Carb. You pin-hearted puppy, recall your courage, or I'll demolish you. What, wou'd you ruin our whole affair?

Sneak. Well, dear Carbuncle, be peaceable, I will strive.

Lurch. Tom Vultur, how does his grace become me? does the man of quality sit easy on the rake?

Vult. Admirably! you look as if you were made for a blue ribbon.

Lurch. And you flatter me as if I wore one—To business, lads, to business—Do you, Tom Vultur, you who represent my running footman, trot before and prepare the old knight to receive us. If I can carry my design in this habit and equipage—— [*Exit* Vult.

Carb. We'll drink, and wench, and roar eternally; our whole lives shall run round in a circle of mirth.

Lurch. Joy shall be the jack, pleasure the bias, and we'll roll after happiness to the last moment of life.

Carb. Without one rub in the carpet, boys.

Long. With your favour, 'squire, how comes this Sir John English, who treats and entertains all, and is so very proud of being hospitable, to take no care of you? You say, you never personally offended him.

Lurch. Never; but I'll tell you: my father, his sis-

ter's husband, died two thousand pounds in his debt, for which he religiously determined to punish me his heir. At my father's death I was ten years old, but from that time no intercession could prevail with this most obstinate mule so much as to see me. But we have no time to lose in words—Come on, my boys, now let us give order for the coach to drive gently up the hill—By this time Sir John, I hope, is ready to receive us. [*Exeunt.*

Sir JOHN ENGLISH *walking in his hall:* VULTUR *comes blowing in as a running footman.*

Vult. Hoh—Phu! phu! with your pardon, Sir, with your pardon; phu! phu!

Sir John. How now, pumps, dimity, and sixty miles a day, whose greyhound are you?

Vult. Phu! phu! do you know, or can you give me any information? phu!

Sir John. Stand still and breathe, puppy; I'll walk a turn or two till your bellows are in order.

Vult. Can you tell me, I say, if my lord duke be come in yet?

Sir John. Thy lord duke! pr'ythee who is thy Lord Duke, friend?

Vult. I thought every body knew my Lord: his Grace the Duke of Gasconade; his youngest son bears the title of Lord Bite, and his eldest is Marquis of Bamington by the courtesy of England.

Sir John. Art sure he will alight here? I shou'd be

proud to entertain his grace; but I fear thou art mistaken.

Vult. Do you think so, Sir? By your leave, Sir. [*Going.*

Sir John. Passion o' my fellow; why Pumps, I say, come back.

Vult. What is your pleasure, Sir?

Sir John. How happy should I be to entertain his grace. Did not his grace name the house with the great turret o' top?

Vult. No, Sir, no!

Sir John. Nor did not you hear him mention the velvet cushions in my little parlour?—Nor my large gilt candlesticks?

Vult. Upon my honour, no.

Sir John. Your honour, scab!—Nor no word dropt about the hangings in the great chamber?

Vult. Not a word. [*Running off, Sir* John *holds him.*

Sir John. A pox confine thee! This fellow was born with a whirligig in his heels. Stand still, you lousy seven miles an hour rascal.

Vult. If you stop me a second longer you ruin me.

Sir John. Was there no talk of a plentiful board, open house-keeping, and the good old English hospitality reviv'd somewhere hereabout?—hah!

Vult. Now you come a little nearer the matter.

Sir John. But now in one word—and indeed a question I should have ask'd before—Whom did he send you to?

Vult. To Sir John English, Sir.

Sir John. I am he, you round-about knave, you skip-ditch, I am Sir John English—Well, and will his grace be here?—I am overjoy'd—nobody; no, nobody of any degree or quality, that is to say—passes by the house——Nobody entertains like me—Well; well; well;—there is a kind of a grace, an art, a manner in these things, which so naturally slips from me—Godso, I forget myself—Where are my servants? John Pippin, John!

Serv. Did your worship call?

Sir John. Bid that figurative fool Timothy Shacklefigure, Robin Marrowbone the cook, and Doublejugg the butler, and Dorothy and Cicely, and all my servants, come hither instantly, I must speak with them all—Here, give this fustian rascal a horn o' beer and a crust—Well, and how does his grace, good now? I never saw him in my life.

Vult. My lord has travell'd these five years, an' it please your good worship.

Sir John. Travell'd! good now!---A cup o' beer and a crust, there. The fellow's a fool, I think.

Enter Steward, Cook, Butler, CICELY *and* DOROTHY.

Sir John. Here Marrowbone, Robin, Robin, some tame ducks, a virgin pullet, a few pigeons, a bit of mutton, or something or other---Dorothy, air the great chamber, Dorothy, the fine sheets for his grace's bed: you understand me? The Holland curtains for the damask bed, edg'd with point: up with 'em; up

with 'em :—unpaper the screens, the sconces, and the andirons.

[*As Sir* John *gives orders to his Servants,* Vultur *and another Servant are drinking and complimenting on one side.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. An' it please your worship, there's a nobleman and all his servants just alighted at the great gate.

Sir John. Codso; codso; we shall be in a fearful hurry—" set my band, Dorothy"—quickly, quickly——So, there, there—— His grace, I profess, has surprised me, taken me so unprepared.

Enter LURCHER *as a Duke, with his equipage; runs up to Sir* JOHN, *and salutes him.*

Lurch. Sir John English, I am your most faithful and obedient servant: I could by no means have excused myself, if I had passed by, and not paid my respects here.

Sir John. A dog-hole, may it please your grace, a mere dog-hole; I have a clean bed or so, a bottle or two of good wine for a particular; I brew with the best malt, and can pretend to a bit of good mutton, or so——We shall starve your grace—but your grace's goodness——

Lurch. Ever hearty Sir John, the happiest creature breathing (that is your character) when your friends are round you.

Sir John. Good now! good now! your grace is

pleasant----Will your grace taste a glass of old hock---with a little, little dash of palm, before you eat?

Lurch. By no means, Sir John. Upon my word, you have a fine country round you, a noble estate.

Sir John. No, no, no, my Lord; what with taxes, repairs, bad tenants, parish charges, and so forth; a poor pittance---a poor pittance!---Will your grace have a Seville orange squeez'd into a glass of noble racy old canary? What does your grace think of that? Aye, I believe that---or a glass of your right Southam cyder, sweetened with a little old mead, and a hard toast?

Lurch. Not one drop before I eat, tho' you could treat me with liquid gold. Why you live here as if all things were in common without labour or money, like Adam in Paradise.

Sir John. Yes, an it please your grace, with all my beasts about me. I have a heart, that is all I can boast; I have a heart. Well, well—what news? What news at London? I have a nephew there—I have not seen the profligate these ten years. I beg your grace not to intreat for him, his father served me scurvily; no, no; what o' that? what o' that?

Enter a Servant with sack and toast on a salver.

Your grace must taste one glass of sack, 'tis the custom o' the place; it will warm your stomach. Come, come——Ah, this nephew of mine has been a wild lad, very wild.

" *Lurch.* So I have heard."

Sir John. Belike your grace might know him, for he kept company o' the best. Ah, who but Dick Lurcher! Well, he has, tho' he be but my sister's son, much of my blood in him, that he has. " Does " your grace understand music?

" *Lurch.* I have but a bad ear."

Sir John. " This nephew o' mine has been in comic " pranks—Oh, very wild, very wild—but" he is like to have all when I die. The whoreson shall have all ---I love him—but he shall never find it while I live.

" *Lurch.* What a temptation is here to poison him! " How he draws his own picture. [*Aside.*

" *Sir John.* He is, yet, my Lord, but as I may " say *imberbis juvenis*, no more hair on his chin than a " midwife. Will your grace eat an oyster or two be- " fore supper?

" *Lurch.* I never do eat oysters.

" *Sir John.* Never eat oysters! Good now! good " now! That is wonderful!"

Lurch. 'Tis something " more" wonderful, that you can dote upon this nephew of yours, and make no provision for him. Has he any fortune of his own?

Sir John. Not a shilling, Sir. All spent. Do you mark me? Laud! he, Sir! why he is a wit, and a rake, and a gamester; he has twenty trades besides women. O' my conscience he lives upon women. The boy has a fine eye; *he has my eye.* He shall not have a groat while I live —but when I die———

Lurch. I must have a small matter while you live, dear uncle. [*Aside.*

Sir John. What's your grace's pleasure? My ears did not rightly lay hold on your last words.

Lurch. I say, you should allow him a small matter while you live.

Sir John. No, no; let him look out sharp; sharp; he will know better how to manage when I am laid.

" *Lurch.* Do you never steal up to court, Sir John?

" *Sir John.* Ah, my Lord Duke, I was very fond " of it once—I have danced a hornpipe in the draw- " ing-room before now, I have.

" *Lurch.* Have you no inclination to a little snug " place, or so?

" *Sir John.* Ay, my good Lord, if it might be done " without much trouble——hunting of places is too " much fatigue; 'tis fit for young people. I can't " play at puss in the corner now; no, no.

" *Lurch.* Ay, but a teller, a commissioner in the " customs, or so, would do you no harm.

" *Sir John.* No, no; if I might be but deputy-lieu- " tenant; that indeed, I———

" *Lurch.* I'll speak to the king, it shall be done— " you are so reasonable——"

Sir John. Come, come, good now, I see supper is going thro' the hall. Will your grace give me leave? Do you hear, take care his grace's equipage want nothing. I will shew your grace the way. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter LURCHER *and his Equipage.*

Lurcher.

So, now to our business, friends. "Come, come, "the vizards." Where are the masking suits?

"*Carb.* Here, here in the portmanteau, my boy "of mettle."

Lurch. Well, gentlemen, I beg leave only to repeat what I said before, be honest and you shall all be safe, have every penny that I owe, and a present into the bargain; but you'll hang yourselves and me too if you purloin a sixpence. I have a particular reason for this sham robbery, which will help me to execute my design with honour and safety.

Carb. Oh, I'll be very honest; don't suspect me, my little bully.

Long. Indeed, 'Squire, this way of robbing is quite out of our way.

Sneak. I do not like it, 'tis so like robbing. Dear Squire, turn me out of the house—We shall certainly be taken and hanged.

Lurch. Carbuncle, bind all fast: terrify much and hurt little, that's your way.

Carb. Well, well, we'll do our best.

Lurch. Now, ceremonious uncle, with your good worship's leave, I hope to borrow from your awkward generosity a little ready money, however.

" 'Tis strange this old man would upon no account " lend to supply the necessities of his nephew—nay, " of a nephew he seems to love too---he will readily " pay down to the glare of his grace." But to business, my friends, to business; you all know your several appointments; away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes. *Enter* VULTUR *with a pistol, thrusting in* SHACKLEFIGURE *in his shirt and breeches.*

Vult. Your money, your money, dog-bolt.

Tim. Really I never part with money without a receipt.

Vult. You rascal, a receipt! when did you ever hear of a receipt given by a gentleman of our profession?

Tim. Dear Sir, only let it be then by way of memorandum, that it may appear in my accounts, and that his worship may be satisfied what you shall receive of me in a violent manner.

Vult. Villain, mention one word more of your memorandums and accounts, and I'll shoot you thro' the head for understanding arithmetic. Oons, Sir, the nine figures are all authorised thieves.

Tim. No, Sir, with all submission, they are not thieves, but guardians of estates.

Vult. Dog-bolt! must I drive a pellet through your scull to confound your figures?

Tim. Ah, Sir, I do not insist upon it——Ah, spare my life, and I'll confess all the money and the plate.

Vult. In, in then, dismal, and I'll give you bond for the money. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CARBUNCLE, *haling* DOUBLEJUGG *after him, very drunk, and* SNEAK *and* LONGBOTTOM *at a distance.*

Doub. Are you not ashamed to bind an honest man hand and foot, who can neither stand nor go?

Carb. Rot you, do you prate?

Doub. Yes, Sir, I'm given to talk in my cups.

Carb. Where's your plate, you drunken sot, your plate?

Doub. My plate, Sir, why, [*Hiccups*] why it is, it is——

Carb. Where is it?

Doub. Why it is—to tell you the truth it is locked up.

Carb. Demme, the keys, or I'll slice October.

Sneak. I beg you, Sir, to make no resistance, I entreat you.

Long. Upon my soul, Sir, if you don't comply with our request, you will be very roughly treated.

Doub. I thank you very kindly, but I don't care for drinking a drop more.

Carb. Give me the keys of the cellar, or by Gogmagog I'll slice you, hash you, carbonade you, pickle you, pepper you, salt you, broil you, and eat you.

Doub. Keep your temper, friend; there they are.

I suppose you have a mind to draw your own liquor——Let me recommend the third hogshead on the right——Ay, that was the hogshead that John and I stuck to to-night; 'tis fine, smooth, mellow, stinging liquor.

Carb. Here, lace the sot's arms, and turn him into the buttery again. [*Exit* Carbuncle.

Doub. Do your pleasures with me, honest gentlemen; tho' it runs strangely in my head that I shall dream of thieves. [*Exit* Doub. *led by* Sneak *and* Long.

Enter LURCHER *and* CARBUNCLE, *with Sir* JOHN *bound in an old fashioned night-gown and cap, and the rest of the equipage of* LURCHER.

Sir John. Gentlemen——for heaven's sake, gentlemen——'tis very well; I am bound hard enough.

Lurch. Death, Sir, your money. We come for money.

Sir John. Is that all you come for? Why what a beast was I to unfurnish myself, to put out my money but yesterday? Alas, poor gentlemen! What shift shall I make for you? Pray call again some other time when I may be better provided.

Lurch. Oons, Sir, don't trifle——your money.

Carb. Brimstone and fire---What do you bam us?

Sir John. No, Sir, pardon me, I don't bam you. If you had come, as they say, in a civil way---Fie upon't, a gentleman would scorn to rob a house in such a manner.

Lurch. Clap a gag in his mouth there——What do

you suffer the old dog to chatter for?---Pluck out his tongue——or knock his teeth down his throat with an ounce of lead.

Carb. Furies and firebrands---what do you bam us, you old prig?

Sir John. I don't, dear Sir: Ah dear, sweet Sir, I do not, I do not bam you---only---and if it were your honours' good pleasures, I would intreat you for some small civility---I have a man of quality in my house, and I would not for the world that his grace should be disturbed.

Lurch. Thunder and lightning, Sir---Do you imagine we have any respect for a lord---no, no, we have secured his grace, he and all his equipage are bound to their good behaviour, I can tell you that.

Sir John. Who? my Lord! What have you bound his grace?---Irreparably lost, ruined, undone---I'll have you all hanged---I'll never forgive you. What! bound his grace! Ill-mannered brutes, to "misuse and" disturb a man of quality; and in my house, too!

Lurch. Carry him in, bind him to the couch in the bed-chamber, and if he is noisy gag him.

[*Exit Sir* John, *guarded by* Carbuncle

So, this is virtue indeed; virtue deserving a reward to have power to do wrong and not use it; "'tis be "ing chaste under temptation, that gives merit ev "to saints."——Well, gentlemen, preserve your h nours as you have begun, and you'll all deserve t tues. Now to our business; let one of us bind all rest; do you mind me, about it then---for, har

'tis absolutely necessary that this nobleman and all his followers should be found bound in their beds.

Vult. Admirable! that will secure us from all suspicion; but if we bind one another, how will the last man be bound?

Lurch. Why you, Vultur, shall escape; you may be supposed well enough, like a drowsy footman, to be forgot in your litter; there's your excuse---but so soon as ever you have bound us, whip off your mask and your mantle, and unbind the knight. Let me see, 'tis now break of day; to business, to business, lads.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Sir JOHN*'s Bed-chamber. Sir* JOHN *bound to a couch.*

Sir John. What---help---help---Thieves! Murder! Will nobody come near me? Well, well, if there's any virtue in hemp I'll have these rogues hanged. At such a time as this to disturb the tranquillity of his grace's slumbers, as I may so say. Ay, ay, I am bound fast enough. The condition of this obligation———

Enter VULTUR.

Odso, Pumps——how comest thou to escape, Pumps? I am heartily glad to see thee in troth.

Vult. They left me snoaring in the garret, and ei-

ther they did not see or regard me——Pray let me assist your worship.

Sir John. Would I had lain in the garret too---But nothing afflicts me so much, honest Geometrical, as the affront in binding his grace. Ah, that cuts my heart. [Vultur *loosing Sir* John.] So, so; very well, very well. How shall I approach my Lord? I am not able to look him in the face.

Enter LURCHER, *with his hands bound, as from his chamber.*

Lurch. Who's there?

Sir John. Good-morrow to your grace.

Lurch. Good-morrow, Sir John; I would give you my hand, but I can't command it. I suppose, Sir, this is the courtesy of the country.

[*Sir* John *unbinds him.*

Sir John. Alas, alas, this grieves me more than all, to see your grace thus uncourteously used.

Lurch. Can you guess who they may be, Sir John?

Sir John. I don't know, an' it please your grace---but sure they were the most ungentleman-like thieves——

Lurch. These fellows were some who know and use your house, I warrant.

Sir John. Very like, very like! Well, well, this comes of keeping open house.

Lurch. I made myself known to one of them, and gave him my honour I would not discover him.

Sir John. You did, my Lord?

Lurch. Yes; and do you think the insolent slave would trust me upon my word?

Sir John. He would not?

Lurch. No, faith, he asked my pardon; he told me lords' promises were mortal, and commonly died in the birth, or soon after.

Sir John. Insupportable villains! "How terribly "they belched out oaths, my Lord! Did you observe "the whiskers of the red-nosed fellow?

"*Lurch.* Ay, very well; they were loaded with "gunpowder instead of snuff; I expected every mo- "ment to see them take fire at his red nose, and blow "his head off his shoulders.

"*Sir John.* Ha, ha! your grace is pleasant.

"*Lurch.* To be plain, I fear you fared the worse "for me; they had certainly some notice of my be- "ing here.

"*Sir John.* Ah, my good Lord Duke! I am sure "your grace fared the worse. Does not your "grace feel a little oddly about the brawn of your "wrist?

"*Lurch.* Yes, Sir, a sort of numbness——the li- "gament, Sir John, stopped the circulation.

"*Sir John.* Confound them! if I meet with the "rascals, it will be my turn, my lord, to stop the "circulation."

Vult. I am sorry your grace has lost—

[*To* Lurcher.

Sir John. Hush, hush. [*To* Vult. *aside.*

Lurch. What have I lost? Speak!

Sir John. A good night's rest, say. [*To* Vult.

Vult. Your rest, my lord, this troublesome night.

Lurch. That's true; no matter. My clothes there. I'll into my chamber and dress, and wait on you immediately, Sir John. [*Exit.*

[*Sir* John *stops* Vultur *as he is following him.*

Sir John. Harkee, friend, what has thy lord duke lost? Speak softly.

Vult. No more than his grace may easily spare.

Sir John. That is not the thing. Pray tell me.

Vult. Since your worship will needs know, they took about three hundred pieces of gold, and one hundred pounds in silver, or thereabouts, out of his Grace's strong box.

Sir John. Codso—Codso——"What! How! there "is but one way—it must be done."——Ay, ay—my honour is concerned.———I charge you, I command you don't let his grace know it—Pray bid my steward Timothy come to me; 'tis fit I repair him. What! in my house!

Enter TIMOTHY.

Tim. So please your worship, Thomas Maund hath sent your worship the two hundred pounds f the renewing of his lease.

Sir John. Villains! traitors——

Tim. And John Budge hath paid his Martle rent in arrear, and sent your worship the turkies.

Sir John. Coxcomb, to trouble me with busi now. Come hither, Timothy, what have I lo this scurvy affair here?

Tim. Really, upon the strictest inquisition I ca

find that your worship has lost the value of one single sixpence in the whole affair.

Sir John. What dost thou say? I am amazed.

Tim. 'Tis truth---upon a second casting I find all my cash is numerically the same as it was last night---and Doublejugg hath all his plate I can assure your worship; there is not a tea-spoon missing---I believe their design was wholly upon his grace.

Sir John. Poltroons! ragamuffins! as if their whole scheme was purposely to affront him, and him only ——" My house too! Codso, I am so perplexed I " know not what to do." Why it looks, Timothy, as if I were in the plot. Harkee, Timothy, what ready money is there in the house?

Tim. Three hundred pounds in silver, and two hundred pounds in gold.

Sir John. I could wish you had three hundred pounds in gold---Well, well, we must make shift. Do you hear, take the two hundred pieces of gold and two hundred pounds in silver presently, and watch carefully--carefully, I say, for an opportunity to slip it into his grace's strong box privately; tho', Timothy, you must do it privately.

Tim. What would your worship slip it into his Grace's strong box did you say? What must I slip?

Sir John. The money, oaf, the money, I say; the same sum to a farthing. I charge you let no creature see you.

Tim. Give me leave, in the shortest method imaginable, to reason this affair.

Sir John. Codso! let me have you do it instantly ——What the good year——

Tim. I say only that your worship has lost something that I did not apprehend before, and that is your senses.

Sir John. Impudent varlet; do it, or I'll turn your mathematical countenance out of my doors this moment——[*Exit* Timothy.] "In truth, in very truth, "it must be done, and it shall be done, though I sell "my whole estate---'tis fit he should be repaired "———This is the most happy opportunity." What, in my house!

Enter LURCHER *and* VULTUR.

Lurch. I overheard him just now; he ordered his steward to place that sum in my strong box, in the room of what he supposed I had lost.

Vult. He did so, the same exactly, only more silver than gold.

Lurch. He prevents my wishes; anticipates my designs. This old gentleman has a generous mind, and however he is disposed to me, there's something great and open in his character. This manner of treatment makes me even disrelish the success of my enterprise---Ha, here he comes, I tremble at the sight of him now.

Vult. "Collect yourself, man, remember your "character, harden your face in the fire of your im-"pudence: let not a muscle start, nor a drop of "blood steal from your heart to tell tales in your

" face. Look as if your power gave authority to " your actions, and you were really what you appear " only."---See, see, Sir John moves towards you.

Lurch. Sir John, your most obedient; I am infinitely obliged to you for the favours I have received ---I am sorry my affairs oblige me to leave you so soon.

Sir John. You cover me with blushes---Yet your grace will, you must do me the honour to take a short homely meal before you travel.

Lurch. I roll away thirty miles before dinner, Sir.

Sir John. Just snatch a bit, as they say---What, Robin! Tim!

Lurch. I shall run away abruptly, if you press me.

Sir John. If your grace will have it so---Yet let me perish, my lord, if I know how to look your grace in the face about the business of last night--- 'Tis presumption in me to ask forgiveness.

Lurch. I forgive you from my soul, Sir John: upon my honour I do; I am sensible how much you suffer every way.

Sir John. Then I remain to the extremest moment of this frail life your grace's humble debtor.

Lurch. I fear, Sir John, I shall be obliged to trespass upon your faith for the credit of some ready money to carry me home; this accident has quite unfurnished me, it seems.

[*Enter* Longbottom, *who whispers* Vultur.

Sir John. Your grace may command me entirely, and I am proud———

Vult. My lord, John came in just now to tell me, that as they were about to pack up the strong box they found all your grace's money within it. [*To* Lurcher.

Lurch. How! I am surprised; indeed! the money within it!

Vult. Only the species changed, and one hundred pounds in silver more instead of gold.

Lurch. How! I can hardly believe it! what, are we in fairy land here, Sir John?

[Vultur *whispers* Lurcher.

Sir John. I am afraid Timothy did not take due care. [*Aside.*

Lurch. I suspected it, truly---Sir John, this is unkind---my servant tells me your steward was observed to place the money there, and when he was examined, said he did it by your order---You see I would make use of my credit with you: I should not have been put to any inconvenience by my lodging here---generous Sir John——Well, since it is so, give me leave, however, to give you security for the money, and three months hence, when I return from the north, I'll call and repay you.

Sir John. By no means, you confound me, you kill me with confusion; what, is not your grace's honour sufficient?

Lurch. But we are all mortal, you know.

Sir John. Dear your grace, excuse me—— Do your grace, spare me.

Lurch. Well, Sir, I am your humble debtor; if you come to court again————

Sir John. Ah, my lord!

Lurch. Is the coach ready?

Vult. 'Tis at the gate, my lord.

Lurch. Sir John, yours——Pray take particular care next time a man of quality lies in your house, that no thieves disturb him.

Sir John. Ah, my good lord!

Lurch. Not a step further.

Sir John. Pray give me the honour to attend your grace to your coach.

Lurch. No, no, by no means.

Sir John. 'Tis my duty---Good your grace.

Lurch. You will be obeyed---Remember only when I see you at Bamington---I shall command in my turn.

Sir John. Your grace overwhelms me with your goodness. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter MODELY *and* HEARTWELL.

Modely.

WAS ever any thing so agreeable?

Heart. What palace could have entertained us like this cottage?

Mode. The blunt old man gave us a meal, plain and undisguised.

Heart. Artless and honest, like himself. Did you

observe the sweetness and purity of this little dwelling?——The linen smelt of lavender and roses---The honey-suckles hid the light of our small casement———

Mode. And mix'd their odours with the sharp morning air, and waked me early.

Heart. Why, did you sleep?

Mode. Like a whipt top. Did not you?

Heart. Ah, no; my heart was dancing the galloping nag; my spirits were in arms, and all the mobility of my blood roared out incessantly, Flora, Flora.

Mode. What! then you are really in love; that is, à la Romanski.

Heart. So much in love, "Modely, as any of "those old-fashioned heroes were ever feigned to be, "whose names stand in blank verse upon record, and "sigh by their representatives from generation to ge-"neration.

"*Mode.* How do you know?

"*Heart.* Oh, by a thousand symptoms;" my heart beats quick at her name; I have her constantly before my eyes; "fortune, fame, friendship, honour, wo-"men, are in less value with me, when compared "with her; all the faculties of my soul and body are "her slaves; I could live in a cave everlastingly "with her alone;" I could fight for her, I could die for her, I could marry her.

Mode. What, you have a mind to put your passion

to a violent death. Marry her!—Do so, do so; 'tis a certain cure.

Heart. Be not so severe; her beauty, George, will make my joys immortal.

Mode. I can't believe either in the immortality of her beauty or your passion.

Heart. Look on her then, and be converted.

Mode. Convert thyself, lad, and don't look so like the picture of heigh-ho! "in the frontispiece of Cupid's kalendar. Adieu." [*Exit.*

Enter FLORA.

Flora. My uncle, Sir, would speak with you—— Nay, no more love, I intreat, I petition. I know by your looks what you mean. Come, leave this whimsical dumb cant of sighing and ogling, and tell me, in plain English, what you'd have.

Heart. Could not you help one to a little ready beauty?

Flora. What would you give for a small purchase that way?

Heart. Heart for heart, my dear.

Flora. That was the old way, they say. Before money was in fashion, they used to barter in kind.

Heart. Let us renew that honest custom in the age of innocence and love.

Flora. Have you a clear title to the thing you would sell? That heart of yours, I warrant, has been mortgaged over and over.

Heart. Humph! It has been a little dipped; but I have always honourably redeemed it, child.

Flora. Have you a lawful assignment from your last mistress?

Heart. I was as free as air till I beheld those eyes. [*Bowing very low.*

Flora. Ah, that humble, killing bow!---Go on. Now I know you are to talk of chains, and daggers, and flames, and dying, and darts.

Heart. Is it possible to hide a passion, which, tho' my tongue is silent, breaks out in every look and motion?

Flora. Wonderful pretty this! But, Sir, I know the natural whirl of the mind of man; 'tis as inconstant as a turn-stile, his heart's a tennis-ball, his inclination's the racket, and his passions drive it round the world.

Heart. Dare only to try me, and if you like me not, discharge me.

Flora. She deserves to be robbed, who takes a servant that brings a certificate of his being a thief.

Heart. 'Tis not engraven here, I hope.

Flora. Yes, truly, there is a sort of faithless, loving, London, lying air, that hangs upon your features, and frightens me terribly.

Heart. Then propose your own security; bind me as you please.

Flora. Agreed. Suppose then I liked you well enough to make a husband of you; would you marry *me*?—Look ye there———confounded—astonished at

once—Mentioning the word only, has put the man into a cold sweat, I profess.

Heart. People who marry for love, my dear, are like those who give bonds with interest for large sums of ready money, and squander the principal; so in a little time are both beggars and prisoners.

Flora. I had rather be a beggar afterwards, than a bubble beforehand. But go on to your purpose, Sir.

Heart. I would have you leave this sour old man, and this rustic cot, and take your flight with me and love---Love shall conduct us with his purple wings, joys shall meet joys in circles, and new pleasures chase the swift hours away. Thou shalt be dearer to me than any wife can be; "every moment of our lives shall be "beyond the wedding-nights of the dull vulgar."

Flora. So, 'tis out at last. What, then I am to be your mistress only, your pretty bella favorita, your little private hunting-seat; have every inconvenience of a wife, with the scandal of a wench, and perhaps be forced to cluck a brood of illegal chickens after me, and peck about the parish for my subsistence?

Heart. What horrible ideas dost thou form! No, my dear, it shall not be within my power to wrong you; I will settle two hundred pounds a year upon you for life, and provide for all our children.

Flora. With a sham lawyer, and a counterfeit settlement.

Heart. Choose your own lawyer, take your own security, make your own trustees; you shall have an

inheritance in my heart, and my land as firm as if you were born to it.

Flora. To be serious, then, since you are so, I'll tell you, all the inheritance I boast or wish for, is this low, humble cottage, and a mind, I hope a virtuous mind, that cannot, even in this situation, bear dishonour. Take back your worthless trifle of a heart, and your more worthless promises, and know, I scorn as much to yield to the mean bargain of your hireling passion, as you do to submit to honourable love.

[*Going.*

Heart. Stay, you shall stay---Let me but think a moment——

Flora. Think then, ungrateful man, what 'tis you do. My father, whose prop I am, the stay of his old age, taught me, with pious care, to tread the paths of virtue: how would it tear the strings of his old heart to see me fallen at once to shame and infamy! You call yourself a gentleman, and say, the laws of faith and honour, when they're broken, ask life for recompence: the lie is death; yet you would falsify your trust to him, defraud him of his treasure in his child, inhospitably murder your good host, the man whose house you entered with a trust that would to common thieves, under these limitations, be sacred and inviolable.

Heart. Oh, thou hast touch'd my soul! I feel thy words; a conscious pang stabs thro' my heart, and covers me with shame. Yet, Flora, yet I hope you will forgive me, when you think how strongly we are bias-

ed to what is wrong. Custom, family, fortune, I know not what terrible words, make me fear to suffer in opinion only.

Flora. I know the disparity of our fortunes; I know you fear your family and name should suffer. Believe me, Sir, they suffer more when you but tempt an honest mind from virtue.

Heart. Oh, Flora, Flora, thou hast conquered! I own my crime, and humbly beg you will forgive it. Thy words, bright excellence, charm like thy beauty; thy soul's refined without society or courts; nature has form'd thee fair as her own humble lilies; no family can mend, no education teach, no habit improve your manners.

Flora. "Oh, man, for flatt'ry and deceit re-"nown'd!"

Heart. In you I see the most perfect virtue clothed in all the charms of the most elegant form; in you I see all that we know of heaven, of those celestial lights that move for ever, virtue and beauty joined. Thus let me kneel, thus lowly at your feet, and ask your hand, your hand and heart in marriage; let the priest now join us. Will you, dare you trust your convert?

Flora. Away with this! Think seriously, seriously, Sir. Can you for ever love me, for your life? A poor country girl, without a portion, without one penny for posterity? Take time, and think on't.

Heart. I would marry thee, tho' I wrought with my

hands for thy daily support. My whole soul, all my wishes, are centered in thee.

Flora. Ay, but when we are married they'll move eccentrically again. Marriage is a tedious journey in a heavy road; many an honest fellow, who set out briskly at first, has been heartily tired before he reached his inn at night.

Heart. I must not, cannot, will not live without thee. "No hero in romance, no shepherd in pasto-"ral, no poet's imagination, was ever more in love. "Can you deny me?" Give me your hand; let me be yours for ever.

Flora. Come, Sir, I see you're a man of courage, and if my uncle consents———

Heart. I'll go in, and ask it without ceasing——But shall I then be sure of yours?

Flora. I don't know——But I think you do what you will with me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MODELY.

Mode. I can't imagine where Heartwell is gone, nor can I find the girls. I have hunted every—— Ha, Miss! have I caught you.

Enter AURA.

Aura. Sir, the tea is ready.

Mode. Tea! Why, you live within doors as politely as the people of our world, as elegantly. This cottage is like a diamond in the quarry, all rough with-

out, within all light and beauty. Does your father drink tea too?

Aura. No, Sir, his constant breakfast is a pipe and a pot of October. "He hates your soup-maigre of "element and herbs; he rails at the women for send-"ing to t'other world for their cups and their break-"fasts; and says more reputations have been broke "over our tea-tables than China dishes. In short, "that our sex is all China ware, fair and frail, and "never flaw'd till used.

"*Mode.* This severity in old age is not disagreea-"ble; it becomes him, and is, like his own October, "sharp and sound.

"*Aura.*" But he expects us all this while. [*Going.*

Mode. Hold, hold! Why, do you think I'll be served in this manner?

Aura. What manner?

Mode. How well you kept your appointment last night, gipsy!

Aura. What appointment?

Mode. To meet me in the arbor at the lower end of the orchard, alone.

Aura. Pleasant! I meet a man at night in an arbor alone! Oh, hideous! What should I do there?

Mode. Do! Why, I was to have made love to you in soft nonsense, you were to have been very angry and very kind, and so I was to have ravished you with your own consent, that's all. Ah! a blush upon a half consent looks so sweetly by moon-light.

Aura. How came this wicked imagination into
head?

Mode. In a dream, deary; 'tis pity it was not
Aura. Go, you're a devil.

Mode. You're an angel.

Aura. Begone—I fly thee, Satan— [*Exit runn*

Mode. I'll follow thee to the world's end, t
temptation for a saint. [*E*

SCENE II.

The Green before the Cottage. Enter HEARTWE
FLORA, *and several Countrymen and Women,* " *dre*
" *as from a wedding, a blind old fidler before th*
" *one of the country fellows singing the following cat*

" *He that marries a lass*
" *For love and a face,*
" *Without money, is still in a pitiful case:*
" *Or he that for money alone*
" *Puts a wedding ring*
" *On an ugly rich thing,*
" *Does but tie himself scurvily down:*
" *But he that has money and love in good store,*
" *Has all the world in a string.*

" 1 *Count.* Come, neighbours, we'll dance at t
" 'squire's wedding, as they say'n, till the sun ri
" upon us, and stare us out o' countenance.

Pu

by price.

London Printed for John Bell Britifh Library Strand Jan.y 7.1790.

" 2 *Count.* Ah, how she do look, Dick! there will be merry work anon, i' fackins.

" 1 *Count.* Come, lead up, Clody; thou art so full " of prate and waggery, as they sayn. [*A dance.*"

Heart. My good neighbours, I thank you all for these favours. I hope you'll dine with me to-morrow. I beg you'll excuse me now. In the mean time, here is something to drink this lady's health.

[*Exeunt all but* Heartwell *and* Flora.

My wife!——my dear!——I am now richer than the sea; I have a treasure in thee more valuable than what the earth contains. " Oh, my love! my heart " at thy sight feels an ecstatic gaiety, a joy that en- " larges and opens my mind, and throws a prospect " before me of lasting happiness.

" *Flora.* To keep alive this passion will be now all " my ambition, the very extent of my best hopes. I " blush to say, my only fears were lest I should have " lost you. But my uncle will impatiently expect " us; he will hardly believe we are married, till he " sees the voucher, the certificate, or the parson."

Enter SHACKLEFIGURE.

" *Heart.*" How now! what solemn piece of formality, what man of wires is this, that moves towards us? He stirs by clock-work, like St. Dunstan's giants; he prepares to open his mouth, as if he could not speak without an order of court.

Shack. Save you, right worshipful Sir.

Heart. And you eke also, "and send you salt "enough with your tears to scour away your sins."

Shack. Sir John English, my most bountiful lord and master, hearing by the mouth of common fame—

Heart. Common fame is a common liar, friend; you have your news from the worst hands.

Shack. Sir, you break the thread of my discourse.

Heart. Well, join it again, and go on.

Shack. Sir John English, my most bountiful lord and master, hearing by the mouth of common fame, that you were joined in holy wedlock to the niece of his good tenant, Solomon Freehold, sends his wishes ambassadors by me, the humblest of his vassals, that you and your fair bride will be pleased to sup and consummate your marriage at his house.

Heart. Verily, thou hast well unfolded thy message; now plait it up carefully again, friend, and give my service to thy master Sir John, and say, that my wishes are to be private for a night or two.

Shack. Sir, I shall report---or carry back your answer accordingly.

Flora. Stay, friend, stay a moment---[*To* Heart.] If I could prevail upon you, you should grant Sir John's request.

Heart. 'Twill interrupt our happiness. Noise is an enemy to transport. I am so covetous, I would have thee for ever alone.

Flora. But Sir John has always been to me the most obliging, kindest, best-natured man; at this time it would look like ingratitude to refuse him. Give me *my request*; 'tis the first I ever made. I'll go before,

and prepare the old gentleman to receive you, and prevent all ceremonious trouble. You'll be there in an hour.

Heart. I can deny thee nothing. Tell your master I'll wait on him. [*Exeunt* Shack. *and* Flora.

Enter MODELY.

Ha, George! I was looking for you. What shall I do? You shall advise me. Shall I marry my dear little girl, or no?

Mode. To marry for love, my friend, is confining your whole body for the error of your eyes only.

Heart. Ay, but where one loves, one would keep a woman to one's self.

Mode. Ha, ha! keep a woman to one's self. He that purchases an estate where all the world take a right of common, may build churches for atheists, and alms-houses for misers.

Heart. But a little legal inclosure is for the comfort of our lives, when the land has been carefully and virtuously cultivated.

Mode. Why, you don't really intend to marry this girl?

Heart. Really, I believe I shall.

Mode. Indeed! Ah, pretty!—Do'e, do'e, fling two thousand pounds a year away upon a cottage, Marian—take the refuse of a bumpkin to your marriage-bed, and after that be the cuckold of the plowman.

Heart. How! What?

Mode. Ay, ten to one but some sinewy thresher, who has warmed her brisk blood at a hop or a wake,

steps into your place, and delivers down a posterity of young flail-drivers known by the name of Heartwell——

Heart. Fie, Modely! no more of this. You know her virtue is unsullied as her beauty; besides, her education has been above these clods.

Mode. Her education has been among them. But why should you marry her? Shew her some gold, man; promise her mountains, bargain for her, purchase her, run away with her, keep her two or three years, breed out of her—Why should you buy the whole piece, when you may have a suit for a sample? Wear her a little, and then——

Heart. Sir, I bore your base reflections with temper, while I believed your meaning was friendly; but now I find you indulge your ill-nature at the expence of a virtuous woman——

Mode. Oh, oh! you are grave—that is, you are growing mad indeed, and begin to rattle your matrimonial chain.

Heart. I am talking of religion to a heretic, of morals to a libertine.

Mode. Well, well, then it shall have its toy. Did it cry for a wife? It shall be tied to it, if nothing else will do; like an idiot with a horn book at his girdle. It shall have a gingerbread wife too, but without any gilding.

Heart. Pr'ythee, George, don't make me angry with thee in earnest.

Mode. What is the matter with the man? Art thou

mad? Thou art as uneasy as if thou wert already married, and had found the corn in the field, when you did not know the grain was sowed.

Heart. Why, then, to confess the honest truth, I am married.

Mode. Married! When?

Heart. Just now.

Mode. To whom?

Heart. To Flora.

Mode. Very good! And so you come to know, it seems, whether you shall give bond for the debt, when there's an execution upon the goods.

Heart. Well, George, but now you know my case, tell me, as a friend, only your opinion of what I have done.

Mode. Done! Pox, you have done a very silly thing; sold yourself for a waxen baby, a painted moppet, a gay, prating, party-coloured paraquito, which little master will play with till he is sick of it, and then in a gloomy mood be ready to twist its neck off. Ha, ha! a very pretty fellow, to make a vow to be always in the same mind. Oons! you look as if you walked upon your head, with your brains in your breeches.

Heart. Thou art so loose, thy imagination wonders what virtue is. There is no talking with thee. Come, go with me to Sir John's to supper, and be as much a wag there as you please.

Mode. No, I have other game in view—Farewell —Yonder she starts. Ay, there's a mademoiselle

I'll have cheaper; she is not wicked enough yet to ask such an unconscionable price as matrimony. [*Exeunt.*

MODELY *re-enters with* AURA.

Aura. Oh, lud! you have brought all the blood in my body into my face.

Mode. Colour is the life of beauty. Can you be angry with me for making you more handsome? I swear I will be ever faithful. Come, you little dear rogue; you shall trust me.

Aura. Never, never. Oh, lud! don't ask me. My heart beats as if it would break a way thro' my breast.

Mode. What, won't you trust me with a kiss?

Aura. That's a trifle. [*Kissing her.*] You're impudent.

Mode. You're idle.

Aura. I swear I'll cry out.

Mode. You'll expose yourself.

Aura. Lud, Sir! what do you mean?

Mode. To wrestle for a fall only. There's a couch in the next room will tell no tales. This way, my dear--- [*Struggling.*] Nay, now you are a little fool.

Aura. [*Getting one hand loose, strikes him.*] I'll tear your eyes out.

" *Mode.* I shall find the way blindfold, thou dear, " dear, ill-natured devil---She is confounded strong, [*Pulling her.*

" *Aura.*" Help, help, for Heaven's sake! murder, murder.

Enter FREEHOLD, *and two Threshers, who run up to* MODELY, *disarm and seize him.*

Free. Ah, ware haunches, ware haunches !--- There---So, so; the hunt is safe. [*Exit* Aura.] What vicious cur is this, poaching by himself? What, my good friend, Mr. Modely? Why, thou art a very impudent fellow. What canst thou say for thyself now, ha?

Mode. Say! why, I say your kinswoman here was very uncivil, and all that.

Free. You would have been too civil, and all that. Come, bring him along; he shall have a fair race for it. Our moat, Sir, is somewhat wide, but not very clear; now, if you can out-run, and out-swim Towser, I believe you'll not make a hunting-seat of my house again in haste.

" *Mode.* Consider, Sir, you were once a gentleman " yourself.

" *Free.* Sentence is passed; don't trouble the " court; I'll hear nothing. You're an idle fellow, " that stroll about the country pilfering of maiden- " heads. What, did I not catch you in the fact, " ha? But that I have a decent regard for posterity, " I would have cut away the only credentials you " have of humanity, and made a walking sign of " you."

Mode. Sir, I am a gentleman, and expect to be so used.

Free. How?

Mode. Take off your bull-dogs; let me speak one word with you alone, and I'll tell you.

Free. Come on, Sir; I'll trust you; I'll give *you* more credit than you deserve. Do you hear, stay without, that you may be ready when I call. [*Exeunt country fellows.*] Well, Sir, what have you to say now, why sentence should not pass?

Mode. Say! why, I say, Sir, that what I did was according to the common law; that the common law is custom, and that it has been the custom, time out mind, for us young fellows, whose blood flows briskly, to use no ceremony with a wholesome cherry-cheek, whether on haycock, meadow, barn, or bed.

Free. Extremely well! and so you would have knocked her down, and ravished her.

Mode. A little agreeable force is absolutely necessary; it saves the woman's honour, and gives such an edge to the appetite——

Free. Ay. And so, having finished this honourable affair, that is, having robbed the poor girl of all that could be dear or valuable, having dishonoured her, disgraced yourself, and done an irreparable wrong; why, you could have hummed a tune, taken a pinch of snuff, sat down perfectly satisfied in the probity of the action, and have reconciled yourself to your own reflections with as much ease as you drink a dish of tea. What provokes you to this injustice?

Mode. Love, love and joy, old wormwood. I have made a league with my youth, to get the better of

time; I have fast hold of his forelock, and won't let a moment pass without enjoyment.

Impatient sense, and nature dies,
And love a second life supplies.
Gentle boy, then fill my cup,
A bumper, Cupid, fill it up
With youth, and wit, and noble fires,
Vigorous health, and young desires.

" *Free.* Humph!---a poetical fop too. But let me " tell you, friend, you mistake your passion; 'tis " not love, but lust. Love is a generous volunteer, " lust a mercenary slave; love is a court of honour " in the heart, but what you call love is only a scan- " dalous itching, a rebellion in the blood.

" *Mode.* I don't know what you would have by " love and desire; I think they are only different " words for the same meaning. Liking begets love, " love desire, desire rage, and rage rapture."

Free. This fellow's in a blaze; his blood has set him all on fire.

Mode. I love the whole sex, Sir; the beautiful I adore as angels; the ugly, as Indians do the devil, for fear; the witty persuade me, the innocent allure me, the proud raise my ambition, and the humble my charity; the coquette shews me a pleasing chase, the false virtue of the prude gives oil to my flame, and the good-natured girl quenches it. There's a pleasure in pursuing those that fly, and 'tis cowardly not to meet the fair one that advances. Say what you will, I am in love, in love, old boy, from head to

foot; I am Cupid's butt, and stand ready to receive his whole quiver.

Free. I'll tell thee what thou art; thou art a romance finely bound and gilt, and thy inside is full of silly love and lies, senseless and showish.

Mode. And thou art a satire, as the title says, against vice and immorality; "but thy inside contains a weak indulgence only to the overflowings of a rank gall, full of ill-nature and pride. Yet art thou silly enough to think virtue consists in railing against vice, like those jilts, who think they cover their own infamy, by abusing other women.

"*Free.* Well said! now, thou aimest at truth, I like thee.

"*Mode.* Good-nature only ought to be the test of good sense, as a man proves his faith by his charity.

"*Free.* Well, then, my faith is, that thou art a modern whoremaster, that is, a villain; and I have charity enough to tell thee so.

"*Mode.* You mistake your humour for your virtue, and fancy, because you are a cynic, you're a philosopher too. Pr'ythee, polish thyself, my dear rough diamond." What, I think thou art the sourest old fellow that ever I met with. You invite a man to your house here, and then deny him the only tit-bit he has a mind to.

Free. You have broke every social virtue, and

impudently imagine you are in the character of a gentleman.

Mode. How, Sir! you grow scurrilous. [*Going.*

Free. Nay, you shall hear me, or I'll recall my myrmidons; they wait my word, you know. A gentleman ought not to dare to think of doing wrong to any. His love, his friendship, his courage, his generosity, his religion, his word and his honour, should be inviolably bound to the strict laws of virtue.

Mode. This may be the picture of a saint; but for the character of a fine gentleman, 'tis as unlike it, my dear———

Free. As you are. Your love is lust, your friendship interest, your courage brutal butchery, your bounty usury, your religion hypocrisy, your word a lie, and your honour a jest.

Mode. Ha, ha! very concise and smart; but I take nothing ill of thee. Thou art like a frosty morning, sharp and wholesome. Dear Sir, your most obedient servant; you see I have stood your Jobation very patiently. And so, compliments being passed on both sides, I humbly take my leave.

Free. Hold, Sir, I demand satisfaction for the wrong you have done my family.

Mode. With all my heart, old boy; your time, place, and weapons. Will you use seconds?

Free. Ay, and thirds too, if you provoke me. Look ye, friend, according to the justest sentiments I can form of this affair, you ought to be knocked o' the head, extinguished for the good of society, as

I would one o' my cattle that had got a distemper in his blood which made him run a muck at the herd. But custom, that invades the rights of nature, and makes us act by senseless example, says you are a gentleman, and have a right to justify one wrong by committing another.

Mode. Pox o' your preamble! come to the point, Sir.

Free. The young woman you have wronged has a servant, Sir, a young Oxonian, a lover of hers, who at present lives with his kinsman, Sir John, above; he shall meet you, and bleed you for this fever. I know the young fellow loves her, and has spirit to do himself justice. I think that is the cant you have for it. He shall meet you half an hour hence in the meadow behind the farm alone.

Mode. Odso!—Your bullies about you too---Well, Sir, I'll meet him.

Free. If you fail, I'll stick your name upon every tree in the parish, for a coward, a poltroon, that dares not fight in a wrong cause; and that is a greater reproach to a man of modern honour, than a thief or a murderer. [*Exit* Freehold.

Mode. An ill-natured old puppy, to engage a man in a quarrel too—However, I think I am pretty well off; this is much better than the discipline of Towser and the ditch, or than my friend's matrimonial comfort; though 'tis very ugly, methinks, too, to fight upon an idle business here. But 'tis the fashion, the

mode, and, as old Crabtree says, right or wrong we are obliged to obey it.

" *Thus fashionable folly makes us stake*
" *The loss of virtue for our honour's sake:*
" *Stronger than nature tyrant custom grows;*
" *For what we venture life to keep, we lose.*" [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Close behind the Farm. Enter MODELY.

Modely.

A FINE evening, really, for a cool thrust or two—— Where is the warrior that is to entertain me here? 'Egad, I wish 'twas over; I don't like it; it sits but qualmishly upon my stomach. Oh! yonder he comes cross the stile—No, that's a boy, I think. I suppose he has sent some formal excuse; the women have locked him up, the country is raised, or the justices have sent their warrants forth to stop all military proceedings, and make up the matter over a cup of October.

Enter AURA, *in Boy's Clothes.*

Aura. Your servant, Sir.

Mode. Yours, Sir.

Aura. I am invited hither, Sir, to do justice to an injured beauty, whom I have the honour to be well with——and I suppose you are my man.

Mode. Thy man, lovey; and what then?

Aura. Why, then, Sir, on the behalf of that fair one, I demand the honourable amends, Sir. To use violence to a lady is an affront not to be put up; to tear the boughs and offer to hale down the fruit before it was consenting, kindly ripe—If you had climbed up the ladder of her affections, and gathered it regularly with the consent of the owner, there had been no harm done.

Mode. Ha! thou art a very pretty metaphorical prigster. Hark ye, child, go home presently, or I will gather a handful of nettles under that hedge, and whip thee most unmercifully.

Aura. Huh, huh! Goliah the second. How he struts and bounces! Sir, I shall whip you thro' the guts, "or "make a pair of bellows of your lungs, for this ar-"rogance. Know, Sir, that what I want in nerve "and bone, I make up in vigour and youth." What are your weapons?

Mode. Nettle-tops, infant, nettle-tops.

Aura. What, are you for your country diversions of this sort? Flails, cudgels, scythes, back-swords, oaken-towels, or wrestling?

"*Mode.* Wouldst thou have me wrestle with a bul-"rush?

"*Aura.* Ah!" I have brought many a stouter man than you down, before now, with my Cornish hug. Or are you for the town gallantries, single rapier, sword and dagger, sword and pistol, single pistol, blunderbuss, demi-cannon, culverin, howitzer, mor-

tar-piece, or barrel of gunpowder? I am ready, at any of these weapons, to wait your commands.

Mode. Look thee, thou impertinent insect, thou may'st be troublesome, tho' thou canst not be hurtful; therefore, if thou fliest about my face thus, I shall be forced to pat thee down with my hand, and tread thee out.

Aura. Humph!——You're very pert.

Mode. I am so. Pray, tell me, tho', what interest have you in this lady, that she has engaged your haughty littleness in her affairs?

Aura. Who, I, Sir? oh, I have been her premier minister a great while. "She is a fine woman really, "considering she has been rusticated from her birth "too; her only fault is, poor creature, she is doat-"ingly fond of me; I dress her; I undress her;" by her good will, she would not suffer any living thing to stick a pin about her besides me.

Mode. Indeed! and so thou art her play-fellow, her gentle refreshment, her pretty pillow-boy, her afternoon's cordial, and her tea at breakfast, her evening's slumber and her morning's indolence.

Aura. You are superlatively smart. Sir, I shall give you to understand instantly, that the reputation of a lady is not thus impiously to be sported with—Oons, eat your words; down with them again this moment, or I'll ram the insolent epithets back again with the hilt of my sword.

Mode. Cool thyself, Narcissus, cool thyself, child; relieve thy reason with a dram of reflection. 'Tis

the town-talk: the whole village, and all the parishes round ring of it. I am sure thou wouldst not die a martyr to falsehood. Why, thy engagements there are known to every body; 'tis no secret, my prettiness.

Aura. Ay, Sir, 'tis true; but 'tis not so gallant to enter into particularities of that sort. Tho', as you say, indeed, I am sensible 'tis no secret. The affair has made a noise; the fury of the poor creature's passion did now and then blind her discretion. I think this is the seventh duel I have engaged in for her and Flora——The seventh; no, the eighth—there were three justices, two excisemen, a parson, and yourself———

Mode. Thou art a terrible little squib. What had Flora to do in this quarrel? What! you have had her too, hah?

Aura. Ah, Sir, she; but she is married. I am glad of it, faith, very glad of it. Poor man! your friend, I mean. I hope he is not apt to be jealous? "In troth, I believe she is *enceint*." If his son and heir steps into the world a month or two before the usual time, I could wish he would rather impute it to the forwardness of his boy, than the ill conduct of his wife.

Mode. Thou art the most impudent, wicked, little, bragging, lying son of a whore that ever I met with.

Aura. Demme, Sir, son of a whore in your teeth!—What! because I have reprieved you, suffered you

THE COUNTRY LASSES.

De Wilde pinx.t

Lonsdy.

Mrs. MARTYR as AURA.

I think this is the seventh duel I have engaged in for her and Flora — no the eighth

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to breathe a minute or two longer, while I diverted you with my gallantries---you grow insolent.

Mode. Ha, ha! thou art a very potgun charged with air.

Aura. And thou art a wooden blunderbuss without any charge at all; "a mere pasteboard giant. What! "I am not such a pigeon neither, to be scared with "a goat's hair beard and a dagger of lath."

Mode. Thou most insignificant teasing terrier, thou ferret of a coney-warren---by heavens, if thou dost provoke me, I will cut thee into minced meat, and have thee dished up for thy mistress's wedding dinner.

[Modely *draws, and advances towards* Aura.

Aura. [*Advancing too, and presenting a pistol*] Put up your sword; put it up, I say—Death, Sir, this instant, or you die! [Modely *puts up his sword*] So, so—

Mode. Hah! What have you these tricks too, my little bully?

Aura. Very well; now you have obeyed me, I'll use you like a gentleman. You have a longer reach than I, and therefore it may not be so reasonable to engage with single sword. Here, take one of these; this, or this; which you please: [*Presenting pistols*] You may change it, or draw it and recharge it, if you suspect my honour.

Mode. How are they loaded?

Aura. Equally, Sir, with a brace of balls.

Mode. What can be the meaning of all this? Sure the young dog is not in earnest. [*Aside.*

Enter FREEHOLD.

Free. Hey, my brave boy! my cock o' the game! my lad of mettle! my Cupid in arms! there, he stands his ground to an inch. I told you he would find you sport, my Covent-Garden friend——All I can say is, he shoots flying finely.

Mode. Hah! I am glad you are come, farmer: we were just going to be serious here. This little huff-bluff Hector will let nobody lie with your family but himself, it seems: pr'ythee let us make up this affair, old gentleman. Egad, if I am in the wrong—why—methinks it might be better——I don't know———I can't fancy this cool way of murder, with a flash and a pop——

Free. Oh, Sir, he is a perfect Spaniard with an English heart. I know him——nothing will satisfy him but your blood.

Aura. No, Sir——nothing but your blood——your blood, Sir!

Mode. Say you so? Why then if nothing else will do, have at you, my boy——" I'll burn your fair per-" riwig, i'faith."

Free. Look at your flint and your prime: are they in right order?

Aura. I warrant you. Please to stand wide a little, Sir; a ball may graze. [*To* Freehold.] Now, come on, Sir. For want of a cloak let us retreat from each other five yards, then turn round upon our heels at one motion, and let fly. Are you ready?

[*They retire and turn round,* Modely *fires, and* Aura *drops as if shot.*

Free. Oh, he is shot! he is killed! my poor boy is murdered.

Mode. What have I done? Curse on my steady hand.

Free. Help! Murder! Murder! Help!

Enter Countrymen.

Mode. Say you so? Nay, then 'tis time to save one; by your leave, as fast as my feet or my fears can carry me. [*Exeunt all but* Freehold *and* Aura.

Aura. What are they gone? Is the stage clear?

Free. Hah, let me kiss thee, my dear little girl; this was admirably performed. I was afraid you durst not have stood the powder.

Aura. No, no—I put in but half a charge, and no wadding——I had really much ado to provoke him to fight: so, so, we'll shew him a little country-play now; we'll teach him to ravish, I warrant.

Free. Well, I must wait upon his companion, honest Heartwell. He expects me to attend him to Sir John's, according to his wife's request.

Aura. Do so; while I slip the back way through the orchard, into the hall-house, and undress, that I may be with you time enough to finish my part: this is a day of business, l'faith. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Hall of Sir JOHN*'s House. Enter* 'DOUBLEJUGG *and* 'SHACKLEFIGURE.

" *Shack.* Verily, Madam Betty hath invited every " creature in the parish to-morrow.

" *Doub.* And Sir John hath commanded me to " throw the cellar-doors open, and make the whole " country reel—Here will be brave randing, i'faith; " all the steeples in the country are to rock---and I " have summoned together all the bagpipes, tabors, " drums, trumpets, and the whole fraternity of cats- " guts within seven miles round.

" *Shack.* One would imagine Madam Betty stood " candidate for the county——

" *Doub.* And was to drink her way to Wetminster " thro' a sea of October.

" *Shack.* What are all these uncommon prepara- " tions designed for?

" *Doub.* Nay, I don't know; I don't inquire into " state affairs, but I shall know more on't when I am " drunk; for then I am very peery.

" *Shack.* In the mean time mind your affairs; we " have much business to do. [*Exit* Doub.] I must " wait here, to introduce the strange gentleman, " whom my master is so fond of."

Enter HEARTWELL *and* FREEHOLD.

Heart. How could you use a lover so roughly?

Free. A rough lover should be used so: why, he was just going to knock her down——I suppose that is his method.

Heart. And the little girl stood his fire gallantly?

Free. O, most heroically! O' my conscience, I believe she would have fought him in earnest.

Heart. Is he taken?

Free. Ay, ay, we have him fast.

Heart. Well, then let his fears pay the price of his sin: I think his punishment very just. But see where old Steady-muscle stands in form to introduce us.

Free. Ay, come on now; you shall see a worthy piece of antiquity, a right bred old English country gentleman; one who keeps open house all the whole year round, and yet never took or paid a penny for a vote in his life.

Shack. Sir, with the greatest submission, if it shall be your worship's good pleasure, I will wait on the company within, and know if it shall be their pleasure to receive you. [*Exit* Shack.

Free. Do so, old Stiff-rump, do. This fellow keeps himself as regular as his day-book.

Heart. Company! What company?

Free. A friend or two only, perhaps, that Sir John has invited to a dance, or so.

Heart. A dance---a friend---'Sdeath, you distract me! Excuse me to him, I beg you.

Free. No, no: what, you must bear with a little noise at first---A bridegroom, and afraid of a fiddle. But see the door opens, and the company are moving towards us.

SCENE III.

Opens. FLORA *and two Women Servants appear drest genteelly; they move down towards* HEARTWELL.

Heart. What's here? Ladies too! So, I find I must run thro' the impertinence of the night. I would give a little finger now to be in bed, the curtains drawn, and all quiet, with my dear girl by my side. So---it seems I must salute them——Hah!

Flora. Sir, you have stolen a wedding among us here, and we come time enough, I hope, to give you joy of it.

Heart. My love! my dear! I am surprised! Why hast thou changed thyself thus from what thou wert?

Flora. I hope my features are not altered with my dress.

Heart. I swear, my love, thou canst receive no addition by dress, but what will injure the simplicity of thy charms. But, pr'ythee, tell me why you have changed your dress? "Sure you must be sensible you "wanted nothing to make you victorious in your "other habit."

Flora. To tell you, Sir, the truth, then; I was obliged to change my dress; my landlord has obliged me to it, and you know we country-folk must obey our landlords.

Heart. Well, I am satisfied.——You have obeyed him then.

Flora. Yes, Sir; but he is a very obstinate, self-

willed man; and I think a little too barbarously insists—

Heart. Insists! Upon what?

Flora. Why, he insists upon my performance of the Custom of the Manor; and therefore, in order to make me more pleasing in his eyes, commanded me to dress thus.

Heart. Custom of the Manor—Dress yourself—Commanded you to be pleasing to his eye---What is all this heap of confusion and nonsense?

Free. Why, Sir, I'll tell you, in short; 'tis this—The lord of our manor has claimed by prescription, time out of mind, and still does claim, the first night's lodging of every tenant's daughter married here; therefore our maidens, when they marry, go out of this parish, unless they are willing to pay the forfeit in kind.

Heart. What! you are merry; very merry; so, go on: how!

Free. Yet when such an accident as this happened here, he generally used to take an equivalent in money or goods: but now he is resolved to be paid in kind; he will take no modus; and for that reason has sent for you hither, to let you know his claim.

Heart. Confound his claim——curse upon his manor, and his custom too: I'll shoot him through the head for having the insolence to think on't.

Free. Ay, but that is not the case; that is not the business, my friend.

Heart. What case! What business! Confound your impertinence: out with it.

Free. Why, then suppose your wife should—

Heart. Should what? I tread upon a razor's edge—Should what?

Free. Should like this landlord.

Heart. Like him!

Free. Ay, love him, love him to distraction, doat upon him; nay, more, be as willing to pay him down this custom in kind as he is to receive it.

Heart. Furies! damnation! What do you mean?—[*To his wife.*] Madam, what does all this tend to?

Free. [*Aside.*] So, so: his blood circulates finely!—Faith, I begin to pity him. What a confounded hurry his spirits are in!

Flora. Why, 'tis even so, husband. This landlord I am obliged to love, obliged to it by all the ties of faith, honour, and gratitude.

Heart. Oh, very well, very well! [*Walks about in disorder.*] Tell me, thou evil spirit in an angel's form ——Wherefore was I chosen out to be thus abused, ha?

Free. Because you are a man of fortune, Sir; because she hopes in a little time to break your heart, and enjoy the full third of two thousand pounds a year.

Heart. Pray, Madam, favour me—You see I bear this affair very calmly—Pray, tell me, tho' I suppose 'tis no unreasonable request—what particular obligations you have to this landlord?

Flora. Such, Sir, of such a nature—you force me to repeat them—as nothing can dissolve. I love him passionately, and I believe his affection for me is mutual; nay, I hope it will endure to the last moment of my life.

Heart. That it shall; for I'll put an end to it instantly. [*Offers to draw*, Freehold *holds him.*

Free. Hold, hold! Fie, Don Orlando! draw upon a woman. Look ye, Sir, erect your front, hold up your head, and learn to bear your fortune like a husband. I assure you, Sir, your lady has been at St. James's, she has, Sir; and she plays at piquet, ombre, basset; yes, and has her assemblies, tea-tables, visiting-days; together with a polite taste of every incidental pleasure thereunto belonging.

Heart. [*Singing.*] Tol, lol, tol!—Pray, Me'em, what's o'clock? I have been married but four hours, and I am breeding already. My wife, it seems, has antedated my commission. Get my horses ready. I'll ride post to Japan, but I'll be rid of this affair. But first I'll cut this toll-taking rascal's throat. A dog! Who shall drink his skim-milk?—"In what a "dream have I been? I'd give all my estate it were "one. Death! let me see him"——What's his name? Where is he? Who is this landlord?

Flora. Let your passion abate a little: let it ebb a while: recall your reason, and I'll tell you—Know then, you are this landlord, Sir, the sole lord of this demesne and me: this morning I was mistress of this house, these servants, and all the dirty acres within

three miles round us; now they are yours, you are their master now.

Free. What say you, Sir? Shall the landlord have his due, or no?

Heart. My heart, my tongue, my eyes, my soul o'erflow with joy, what shall I do to pay this unexampled goodness?

Flora. I was resolv'd, fully resolv'd, never to venture on a husband, till I was certainly convinc'd my person, and not my fortune, was his aim; that proof I think you have most generously given me, and I feel myself transported with joy, when I think I am capable of making you this grateful return.—I hope you will forgive the little deceits I have used to procure these assurances.

Heart. Give me thy hand, thy lips, thy heart; there let me dwell for ever, I cannot be more happy.

Flora. I thought our jest grew a little too severe at last. It gave me pain to see him suffer so for an imaginary evil.

Free. Oh, it was a proof of his passion; 'tis good to give nature a fillip now and then, 'tis like a race in a frosty morning, it sets the blood upon the flow most deliciously—But see your friend in bonds, Mr. Modely.

MODELY *brought in, guarded by two Country Fellows, a Constable,* &c.

Heart. What! in captivity, George!

Const. An' it please your worship, we have catch'd

a vagrom man here, who has committed a murder as I may say, in neighbour Freehold's Five-Acres; and so, Sir, an' like you, we bring him hither to take his exhibition upon the said burglary afore Sir Jann.

Heart. Murder'd! Who has he murder'd?

Const. Neà neà, I knaw nat.—The young fellow and he beliken ha' had some words abouten their sweethearts, and so he shot 'en—That's aw.

Heart. I always told you, George, what these wild ways would bring you to, but you would still run riot upon every thing; what could you expect?

Mode. Yes, faith, we have made a very pretty expedition—One of us is marry'd, and t'other may be hang'd. My—comfort is, I shall be out of my pain first.

Flora. Oh, my dear, that barbarous man, it seems, has kill'd one of the prettiest youths that ever liv'd the promise of the finest gentleman.

Mode. Hah!——A very fine gentleman, truly. Hark-ye, friend, you that are so happy in your chains, don't insult———The wasps have been at those sweetmeats——The little rascal bounc'd of favours from that very virtuous lady, your spouse——and therefore I kill'd him.

Heart. That does not relate to me, my dear George; her person was her own, you know, till within these few hours---Pr'ythee don't mind these things now, but turn all thy thoughts on another world——Think on thy past life, and tremble.

Mode. A contented one, too---Mighty good! I

don't doubt, as this was a gentleman's duel, I shall have gentleman's play for my life: keep my chamber a month or two, touch cold iron, and come out as free as liberty---While you, having beat your poor wings in vain against the bar of your conjugal cage, sit sullenly moulting the remainder of your feathers, and sicken to death o' the pip.

Free. I believe I shall secure that affair; I can prove premeditated malice; I can prove the challenge ——and you know very well I saw you shoot him before his pistol was cock'd.

Mode. So---so——Nay, then my business is done! ---Thou devil, what have I done to thee, that thou tormentest me thus?——If I could come at thee, I'd pawn my credit for one sin more, and send thee down to the father of falsehood, with a lie in thy mouth.

Heart. Don't vex the poor man so.

Flora. Consider him, I beseech you, as a dying man.

Heart. True! All his time will be little enough; don't put him into a passion now.

Mode. Fools and cuckolds——Your pity is as contemptible as your scorn———Sir, Sir, why do you treat me thus?

Flora. Shall I send for Mr. Puzzletext? He will give you some wholesome, ghostly advice. Poor creature, how he looks!

Mode. Insulting devil!

Flora. He will shew you, in a clear light, the folly

of wenching, "and running a muck after the exorbi-
"tant desires and lusts of the flesh."

Heart. Have you no feeling, George? no sense of your condition?

Mode. Faith, my friend, barbarous as thou art, I have a heart that yet relents for thee, tho' thou art thus unkind: I would not live, methinks, to see thee hen-peck'd round the parish, hunted like a craven by a pullet of thy own dunghill: No, free thyself like a man---Burn powder first, faith do; dispatch an ounce of lead thro' thy unthinking *pia mater*, and sleep quietly once for all.

Free. He raves, poor man, he raves.

Flora. Send for the parson quickly, before his reason fails. He looks very wildly.

Heart. Ay---he may try at least to make him feel.

Free. Ah——I am afraid his conscience is very callous.

Heart. Suppose we send for a doctor and a surgeon——

Free. And breathe a vein, and purge, and shave ——Where's Sir John?———

Mode. Pox o' the parson, the doctor, the surgeon, Sir John, and all of you. What, Mr. Constable, am I to be set up here, like a shrove-tide cock, to be pelted by every clown in the hundred?

Enter Sir JOHN.

Sir John. Give you joy, cousin Betty, give you joy: codso, you prog very well for yourself---I did not know you went a husband-hunting all this while

———Give you joy, Sir, give you joy! what, you have stolen a fortune and did not know it; very good, very good.

Heart. An accident only, Sir John; I was walking in the fields, when a star shot and took me up into its orb.

Sir John. That is nonsense---but 'tis pretty, very pretty. Come, gentlemen, what will you drink? What will you drink? Codso! Where is Tim? Where is Tim? Odd, we will be very merry; I am heartily glad of this affair; every man shall buy a pair of new lungs; we'll shut ourselves up, remove the cellar into the great hall, and make one continual roar that shall last a twelvemonth.

Heart. Sir, here's an angry person, an acquaintance of mine, who has committed a gentleman's murder, and is in great haste for his Mittimus; pray dispatch him.

Sir John. Codso, I am sorry for it; pray let me know the case.

Enter Constable with AURA *prisoner.*

Const. An' it please your worship, here's ano'her vagrom that we have taken upon disposition of his concerns in the said murder, and so having pistols in his pockets, we ha' brought him afore your worship.

Sir John. Bring him nearer; shew me his face. Codso, a pretty young fellow! let me look at him. What! how! Madam Aura, as I live! What whim, what chimera, what adventure put thee into this habit?

Mode. Ha!---Aura!---alive too, in my little Hector's clothes, I vow to gad---Tol, lol, dol, lol——— Hark'e, my little reprobate bully---I am surprisingly rejoiced to see thee; faith I am! Buss!——Gad, I never was so much in love with thee in my life.

Aura. Will you ravish me again, Mr. Modely?--- Huh. Odd if you do, I'll swinge you.

Mode. Heartwell, how dost? Madam Flora, your most obedient---Joy, Madam, joy! Freehold, faith, thou art a very clever old gentleman---Sir John, I rejoice to see you---I am prodigiously pleased, in troth; I was in a horrible cold sweat just now, tho' my proud heart would not own it.

Flora. Ah, if they could but frighten you into sobriety once.

Mode. I should sink into a husband; tho' faith, I find a strange stir within me about that whimsical girl there: hark'e, Madam, dare you venture upon a rake, in full assurance (as some ladies have) that your charms will reduce him?———

Aura. And so fall a martyr to my pride instead of my virtue.

Free. Hold, Sir, I have some interest here, and I don't think you tame enough yet to be marry'd—— But if the girl is foolish enough to venture, why let her own inclinations lead her: and then if she falls into a ditch, she can't complain of her guide.

Aura. Indeed I shall not give you that opportunity of being reveng'd.

Mode. Perhaps the punishment may be mine; try me, trust me, since I can have you no other way.

Aura. I tell you, Sir; you must, before I dare give credit to you, serve me faithfully at least two whole months together, and then if we like one another as well as we do now——Why, we'll settle our fortunes and our inclinations———

Mode. And jog on in the road of our fathers.

Aura. Amen.

Mode. So be it.

Flora. I am sorry to hear your misfortune; in our absence, it seems, the house was robbed. [*To* Sir John.

Sir John. Godso! Ay, ay, a villanous story, cousin. The Duke of Gasconade lay here last night; ay, his grace did me the honour---But he was most barbarously treated. I am in hopes of catching 'em: if I do——

Enter LURCHER *to Sir* JOHN.

Lurch. Sir, if you please, one word.

Sir John. Well, what have you to say? I am very busy. What would you have, friend?

Lurch. Had not you a man of quality lodg'd in your house last night?

Sir John. Yes, I had, Sir; and what then? what then?

Lurch. You have a nephew.

Sir John. Ha! what!

Lurch. That man of quality was your nephew.

Sir John. And you are he! Ay, 'tis so, 'tis so; why? I am struck dumb, ay, really, quite speechless—— Why, could a man who looked so like quality, d'ye see—Well, well, 'tis an impudent age, a very impudent age, and verily thou art the most impudent fel-

low in it—Codso, I'll have thee hanged in thy blue garter and Bristol stones for a theatrical peer as thou art.

Lurch. Please to hear me one word, Sir.

Sir John. Ay, ay,---I am your grace's most obedient humble servant, and return you my most hearty thanks for the particular favours you have bestowed on the most unworthy of your creatures: hark ye, poltroon, did you never hear of *Scandalum Magnatum*, and so forth? But what can you say for yourself now, hah?

Lurch. Sir, I say, that uncommon generosity with which you treated me, under that feigned character I bore, struck so warmly upon my mind, I could not bear the compunction I felt even from my success; and thus I throw myself upon your mercy, am ready to restore all I have wrong'd you of, and only beg your forgiveness.

Sir John. This is frankly done, very generously done, indeed——In troth, the rogue touches me, he has almost brought tears into my eyes; I profess he has——What shall I do? [*Aside.*

Lurch. Necessity drove hard---My creditors threatened me hourly with a gaol---Nature prompted me to struggle with every difficulty; if you can have a favourable thought of me———

Sir John. I profess the young knave has conquered ---I profess he has——[*Turning to* Lurcher.] Well, Dick, "well, if I should venture to restore you to "my family, what security shall I have you won't "return to these evil ways again, Dick?

" *Lurch.* I must repeat it, it was the most pressing " necessity only that reduced me to these extremes; " if you can forgive me, Sir, I will endeavour here- " after to deserve it.

" *Sir John.*" I do, I do forgive thee, Dick---I profess my heart is so full it runs over at my eyes.

Lurch. Your extreme goodness covers me with confusion.

Sir John. Well, will your grace dismiss the ragamuffins of your train, pay the rascals, and send 'em home to their wives? " Like Falstaff's followers, " they are safe by being in good company. Come, " come, all is made up; let us have one trip for it " now, I beseech you: what, a wedding without a " fiddle, man, is like a troop without a trumpet. " Codso, we will foot it till a good capermonger " shall be able to copy the figure of the dance from " our impressions on the pavement. [*A dance.*"

Heart. Let these accidents, George, hereafter, when you shall please to think, make you remember, that there is no real lasting good but in virtue, and that the greatest happiness below consists, however libertines and half-wits may affect to ridicule it, in honourable love.

When heaven conspicuous merit would regard,
A virtuous woman is the great reward:
This lovely blessing sweetens life alone,
Sooths all our ills, and keeps hard fortune down;
Gives us an antepast of joys above,
Beauty and virtue, harmony and love.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by AURA, in Boy's Clothes.

CRITICS, the poet's champion here I stand;
Lo! in his name, the combat I demand:
'Tis my opinion that the cause is good,
And I'll defend it with my heart's best blood;
I'll push you, my bold boys, the round parade,
Cart over arm, or terse, or flanconnade.
——Codso! these breeches have so fir'd my brain,
I shan't be easy till I've kill'd my man:
What! not one beau step forth to give me battle;
Where are those pretty things that used to tattle
Such tender nonsense?——But they're all so civil
They hate a naked weapon; 'tis the devil.
——Now let me die, my dear, Sir Coxcomb cries,
You want no other weapons, but your eyes.

I hate these fawning triflers, and declare
Against all smock-fac'd critics open war.

Know, gentlemen, the poet's my ally,
And I'll defend him to the last, or die;
My sword is out, I'll never basely sue,
Nor sheath it while the enemy's in view;
No bribes, no tricks, no wheedling of my face,
Include us both i'th' treaty, if you please;
But, faith, I'll never make a separate peace.

EPILOGUE.

No, ye French heroes, I'll not take your word,
You'll beat a man when you have got his sword;
Ay, that's your play——I know ye, Sirs, of old,
You bully like the devil——with your gold;
What must we do, then?——Settle plenipo's,
And bravely, sword in hand, treat with our foes.
To you we fly, ye charitable fair,
To put an end to this dramatic war;
Your smiles will cause all hostile acts to cease,
And make a lasting, honourable peace.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER;

OR,

THE MISTAKES OF A NIGHT.

A

COMEDY,

BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES-ROYAL,

DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,

By Permission of the Managers.

"The lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation."

LONDON:

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MDCC XCI.

TO

SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

BY inscribing this slight performance to you, I do not mean so much to compliment you as myself. It may do me some honour to inform the public, that I have lived many years in intimacy with you. It may serve the interests of mankind also to inform them, that the greatest wit may be found in a character, without impairing the most unaffected piety.

I have, particularly, reason to thank you for your partiality to this performance. The undertaking a Comedy, not merely sentimental, was very dangerous; and Mr. Colman, who saw this piece in its various stages, always thought it so. However I ventured to trust it to the public; and, though it was necessarily delayed till late in the season, I have every reason to be grateful.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most sincere friend
and admirer,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

THIS play is a paradox: its characters are all as natural as were ever drawn, and yet they do nothing probable nor possible from the beginning of the play to the end. No house of a gentleman was ever thus mistaken for an inn; nor did any change of dress ever disguise the acquaintance of the morning into a stranger in the evening. A man must part with two of his senses to be deceived by a young lady, he knows, in the plain dress of a chambermaid, neither features nor tones changing with the habit.

The HARDCASTLE family exists in every county in England; but the first praise must be conferred upon the design of MARLOW: it is so common that no circle of company ever wanted a hero of the sort, bold and insulting among the loose and dissolute of the sex, confounded and abashed in the presence of the elegant and the virtuous; a kind of mean mischiefs that could never soar to tempt an angelic nature.

The dialogue is written with little ambition of wit: humour there is in abundance; much in the diction, more in the situations, most improbable.

PROLOGUE.

By DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

Enter Mr. WOODWARD, dressed in Black, and holding a Handkerchief to his Eyes.

EXCUSE me, Sirs, I pray—I can't yet speak—
I'm crying now—and have been all the week!
'Tis not alone this mourning suit, *good masters*;
I've that within—*for which there are no plasters!*
Pray wou'd you know the reason why I'm crying?
The Comic muse, long sick, is now a dying!
And if she goes, my tears will never stop:
For, as a play'r, I can't squeeze out one drop:
I am undone, that's all—shall lose my bread—
I'd rather, but that's nothing—lose my head.
When the sweet maid is laid upon the bier,
Shuter *and* I *shall be chief mourners here.*
To her *a mawkish drab of spurious breed,*
Who deals in sentimentals, *will succeed!*
Poor Ned *and* I *are dead to all intents,*
We can as soon speak Greek *as* sentiments!
Both nervous grown, to keep our spirits up,
We now and then take down a hearty cup.
What shall we do?—If Comedy forsake us!
They'll turn us out, and no one else will take us.
But why can't I be moral?—Let me try—
My heart thus pressing—fix'd my face and eye—

With a sententious look, that nothing means,
(Faces are blocks, in sentimental scenes)
Thus I begin—All is not gold that glitters,
Pleasure seems sweet, but proves a glass of bitters.
When ign'rance enters, folly is at hand;
Learning is better far than house and land.
Let not your virtue trip, who trips may stumble,
And virtue is not virtue, if she tumble.
I give it up—morals won't do for me;
To make you laugh I must play tragedy.
One hope remains—hearing the maid was ill,
A doctor *comes this night to shew his skill.*
To cheer her heart, and give your muscles motion,
He in five draughts *prepar'd, presents a potion:*
A kind of magic charm—for be assur'd,
If you will swallow it, *the maid is cur'd:*
But desp'rate the Doctor, and her case is,
If you reject the dose, and make wry faces!
This truth he boasts, will boast it while he lives,
No pois'nous drugs *are mix'd with what he gives;*
Should he succeed, you'll give him his degree;
If not, within he will receive no fee!
The college you, *must his pretensions back,*
Pronounce him regular, *or dub him* quack.

Dramatis Personæ.

DRURY-LANE.

Men.

Sir CHARLES MARLOW, - - - Mr. Packer.
Young MARLOW, - - - - Mr. Kemble.
HARDCASTLE, - - - - Mr. Suett.
HASTINGS, - - - - - Mr. Barrymore.
TONY LUMPKIN, - - - - Mr. Bannister, jun.
DIGGORY, - - - - - Mr. Burton.

Women.

Mrs. HARDCASTLE, - - - Mrs. Hopkins.
Miss HARDCASTLE, - - - Mrs. Henrey.
Miss NEVILLE, - - - - Mrs. Powell.
Maid, - - - - - - Mrs. Shaw.

Landlord, Servants, &c. &c.

SCENE, London.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

Sir CHARLES MARLOW, - - Mr. Powell.
Young MARLOW, - - - - Mr. Bernard.
HARDCASTLE, - - - - Mr. Wilson.
HASTINGS, - - - - - Mr. Davies.
TONY LUMPKIN, - - - - Mr. Quick.
DIGGORY, - - - - - Mr. Cubit.

Women.

Mrs. HARDCASTLE, - - - Mrs. Webb.
Miss HARDCASTLE, - - - Mrs. Mattocks.
Miss NEVILLE, - - - - Mrs. Lewis.
Maid, - - - - - Mrs. Spriggs.

Landlord, Servants, &c. &c.

SCENE, London.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER;

OR,

THE MISTAKES OF A NIGHT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Chamber in an old fashioned House. Enter Mrs. HARDCASTLE, *and Mr.* HARDCASTLE.

Mrs. Hardcastle.

I vow, Mr. Hardcastle, you're very particular. Is there a creature in the whole country, but ourselves, that does not take a trip to town now and then to rub off the rust a little? There's the two Miss Hoggs, and our neighbour, Mrs. Grigsby, go to take a month's polishing every winter.

Hard. Ay, and bring back vanity and affectation to last them the whole year. I wonder why London cannot keep its own fools at home. In my time, the follies of the town crept slowly among us, but now they travel faster than a stage-coach. Its fopperies come down, not only as inside passengers, but in the very basket.

Mrs. *Hard.* Ay, your times were fine times, indeed: you have been telling us of them for many a long year. Here we live in an old rumbling mansion, that looks for all the world like an inn, but that we never see company. Our best visiters are old Mrs. Oddfish, the curate's wife, and little Cripplegate, the lame dancing-master; and all our entertainment your old stories of Prince Eugene and the duke of Marlborough. I hate such old-fashioned trumpery.

Hard. And I love it. I love every thing that's old: old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine; and, I believe, Dorothy, [*Taking her hand*] you'll own I have been pretty fond of an old wife.

Mrs. *Hard.* Lord, Mr. Hardcastle, you're for ever at your Dorothy's, and your old wife's. You may be a Darby, but I'll be no Joan, I promise you. I'm not so old as you'd make me by more than one good year. Add twenty to twenty, and make money of that.

Hard. Let me see; twenty added to twenty, makes just fifty and seven.

Mrs. *Hard.* It's false, Mr. Hardcastle: I was but twenty when I was brought to bed of Tony, that I had by Mr. Lumpkin, my first husband; and he's not come to years of discretion yet.

Hard. Nor ever will, I dare answer for him. Ay, you have taught him finely.

Mrs. *Hard.* No matter, Tony Lumpkin has a good

ortune. My son is not to live by his learning. I on't think a boy wants much learning to spend fif-een hundred a year.

Hard. Learning, quotha! a mere composition of ricks and mischief.

Mrs. *Hard.* Humour, my dear: nothing but hu-nour. Come, Mr. Hardcastle, you must allow the oy a little humour.

Hard. I'd sooner allow him an horse-pond. If urning the footmen's shoes, frighting the maids, 'orrying the kittens, be humour, he has it. It was ut yesterday he fastened my wig to the back of my hair, and when I went to make a bow, I popt my ald head in Mrs. Frizzle's face.

Mrs. *Hard.* And am I to blame? The poor boy was lways too sickly to do any good. A school would be is death. When he comes to be a little stronger, 'ho knows what a year or two's Latin may do for im?

Hard. Latin for him! A cat and a fiddle. No, no, ne ale-house and the stable are the only schools he'll ver go to.

Mrs. *Hard.* Well, we must not snub the poor boy ow, for I believe we shan't have him long among s. Any body that looks in his face may see he's onsumptive.

Hard. Ay, if growing too fat be one of the symp-oms.

Mrs. *Hard.* He coughs sometimes.

Hard. Yes, when his liquor goes the wrong way.

Mrs. *Hard.* I'm actually afraid of his lungs.

Hard. And truly so am I; for he sometimes whoops like a speaking trumpet—[*Tony hallooing behind the Scenes*]—O there he goes—A very consumptive figure, truly.

Enter TONY, *crossing the Stage.*

Mrs. *Hard.* Tony, where are you going, my charmer? Won't you give papa and I a little of your company, lovee?

Tony. I'm in haste, mother, I cannot stay.

Mrs. *Hard.* You shan't venture out this raw evening, my dear: You look most shockingly.

Tony. I can't stay, I tell you. The Three Pigeons expects me down every moment. There's some fun going forward.

Hard. Ay; the ale-house, the old place: I thought so.

Mrs. *Hard.* A low, paltry set of fellows.

Tony. Not so low neither. There's Dick Muggins the exciseman, Jack Slang the horse doctor, Little Aminadab that grinds the music box, and Tom Twist that spins the pewter platter.

Mrs. *Hard.* Pray, my dear, disappoint them for one night at least.

Tony. As for disappointing them, I should not so much mind; but I can't abide to disappoint myself.

Mrs. *Hard.* [*Detaining him.*] You shan't go.

Tony. I will, I tell you.

Mrs. Hard. I say you shan't.

Tony. We'll see which is strongest, you or I.

[*Exit hawling her out.*

Hard. Ay, there goes a pair that only spoil each other. But is not the whole age in a combination to drive sense and discretion out of doors? There's my pretty darling Kate; the fashions of the times have almost infected her too. By living a year or two in town, she is as fond of gauze, and French frippery, as the best of them.

Enter Miss HARDCASTLE.

Hard. Blessings on my pretty innocence! Drest out as usual, my Kate. Goodness! What a quantity of superfluous silk hast thou got about thee, girl! I could never teach the fools of this age, that the indigent world could be cloathed out of the trimmings of the vain.

Miss *Hard.* You know our agreement, Sir. You allow me the morning to receive and pay visits, and to dress in my own manner; and in the evening, I put on my housewife's dress to please you.

Hard. Well, remember I insist on the terms of our agreement; and, by the bye, I believe I shall have occasion to try your obedience this very evening.

Miss *Hard.* I protest, Sir, I don't comprehend your meaning.

Hard. Then, to be plain with you, Kate, I expect the young gentleman I have chosen to be your husband from town this very day. I have his father's

letter, in which he informs me his son is set out, and that he intends to follow himself shortly after.

Miss *Hard.* Indeed! I wish I had known something of this before. Bless me, how shall I behave? It's a thousand to one I shan't like him; our meeting will be so formal, and so like a thing of business, that I shall find no room for friendship or esteem.

Hard. Depend upon it, child, I'll never controul your choice; but Mr. Marlow, whom I have pitched upon, is the son of my old friend, Sir Charles Marlow, of whom you have heard me talk so often. The young gentleman has been bred a scholar, and is designed for an employment in the service of his country. I am told he's a man of an excellent understanding.

Miss *Hard.* Is he?

Hard. Very generous.

Miss *Hard,* I believe I shall like him.

Hard. Young and brave.

Miss *Hard.* I'm sure I shall like him.

Hard. And very handsome.

Miss *Hard.* My dear papa, say no more [*kissing his hand*] he's mine, I'll have him.

Hard. And, to crown all, Kate, he's one of the most bashful and reserved young fellows in all the world.

Miss *Hard.* Eh! you have frozen me to death again. That word reserved, has undone all the rest of his accomplishments. A reserved lover, it is said, always makes a suspicious husband.

Hard. On the contrary, modesty seldom resides in a breast that is not enriched with nobler virtues. It was the very feature in his character that first struck me.

Miss *Hard.* He must have more striking features to catch me, I promise you. However, if he be so young, so handsome, and so every thing, as you mention, I believe he'll do still. I think I'll have him.

Hard. Ay, Kate, but there is still an obstacle. It's more than an even wager he may not have you.

Miss *Hard.* My dear papa, why will you mortify one so?—Well, if he refuses, instead of breaking my heart at his indifference, I'll only break my glass for its flattery; set my cap to some newer fashion, and look out for some less difficult admirer.

Hard. Bravely resolved! In the mean time I'll go prepare the servants for his reception; as we seldom see company, they want as much training as a company of recruits, the first day's muster. [*Exit.*

Miss *Hard.* Lud, this news of papa's, puts me all in a flutter. Young, handsome; these he put last; but I put them foremost. Sensible, good-natured; I like all that. But then reserved, and sheepish, that's much against him. Yet can't he be cured of his timidity, by being taught to be proud of his wife? Yes, and can't I—— But I vow I'm disposing of the husband, before I have secured the lover.

Enter Miss NEVILLE.

Miss *Hard.* I'm glad you're come, Neville, my dear. Tell me, Constance, how do I look this evening? Is there any thing whimsical about me? Is it one of my well looking days, child? Am I in face to day?

Miss *Nev.* Perfectly, my dear. Yet now I look again—bless me!—sure no accident has happened among the canary birds or the gold fishes. Has your brother or the cat been meddling? Or has the last novel been too moving?

Miss *Hard.* No; nothing of all this. I have been threatened—I can scarce get it out——I have been threatened with a lover.

Miss *Nev.* And his name———

Miss *Hard.* Is Marlow.

Miss *Nev.* Indeed!

Miss *Hard.* The son of Sir Charles Marlow.

Miss *Nev.* As I live, the most intimate friend of Mr. Hastings, my admirer. They are never asunder. I believe you must have seen him when we lived in town.

Miss *Hard.* Never.

Miss *Nev.* He's a very singular character, I assure you. Among women of reputation and virtue, he is the modestest man alive; but his acquaintance give him a very different character among creatures of another stamp: you understand me.

Miss *Hard.* An odd character, indeed. I shall *never be able to* manage him. What shall I do?

shaw, think no more of him, but trust to occurences for success. But how goes on your own affair, my dear, has my mother been courting you for my brother Tony, as usual?

Miss *Nev.* I have just come from one of our agreeable tete-a-tetes. She has been saying a hundred tender things, and setting off her pretty monster as the very pink of perfection.

Miss *Hard.* And her partiality is such, that she actually thinks him so. A fortune like yours is no small temptation. Besides, as she has the sole management of it, I'm not surprised to see her unwilling to let it go out of the family.

Miss *Nev.* A fortune like mine, which chiefly consists in jewels, is no such mighty temptation. But at any rate if my dear Hastings be but constant, I make no doubt to be too hard for her at last. However, I let her suppose that I am in love with her son, and she never once dreams that my affections are fixed upon another.

Miss *Hard.* My good brother holds out stoutly. I could almost love him for hating you so.

Nev. It is a good natured creature at bottom, and I'm sure would wish to see me married to any body but himself. But my aunt's bell rings for our afternoon's walk round the improvements. Allons. Courage is necessary as our affairs are critical.

Miss *Hard.* Would it were bed time and all were well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Alehouse Room. Several shabby fellows, with Punch and Tobacco. TONY *at the head of the Table, a little higher than the rest: A mallet in his hand.*

Omnes. Hurrea, hurrea, hurrea, bravo.

1st Fel. Now, gentlemen, silence for a song. The 'Squire is going to knock himself down for a song.

Omnes. Ay, a song, a song.

Tony. Then I'll sing you, gentlemen, a song I made upon this ale-house, the Three Pigeons.

S O N G.

Let school-masters puzzle their brain,
With grammar, and nonsense, and learning;
Good liquor, I stoutly maintain,
Give Genus *a better discerning.*
Let them brag of their Heathenish Gods,
Their Lethes, their Styxes, and Stygians:
Their Quis, and their Quæs, and their Quods,
They're all but a parcel of Pigeons.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

When Methodist preachers come down,
A preaching that drinking is sinful,
I'll wager the rascals a crown,
They always preach best with a skinful.
But when you come down with your pence,
For a slice of their scurvy religion,

I'll leave it to all men of sense,
But you my good friend are the Pigeon.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Then come, put the jorum about,
And let us be merry and clever,
Our hearts and our liquors are stout,
Here's the Three Jolly Pigeons for ever.
Let some cry up woodcock or hare,
Your bustards, your ducks, and your widgeons;
But of all the birds in the air,
Here's a health to the Three Jolly Pigeons.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Omnes. Bravo, bravo.

1st Fel. The 'Squire has got spunk in him.

2nd Fel. I loves to hear him sing, bekeays he never gives us nothing that's low.

3rd Fel. O damn any thing that's low, I cannot bear it.

4th Fel. The genteel thing is the genteel thing at any time. If so be that a gentleman bees in a concatenation accordingly.

3rd Fel. I like the maxum of it, Master Muggins. What tho' I am obligated to dance a bear, a man may be a gentleman for all that. May this be my poison if my bear ever dances but to the very genteelest of tunes. Water Parted, or the minuet in Ariadne.

2nd Fel. What a pity it is the 'Squire is not come to

his own. It would be well for all the publicans within ten miles round of him.

Tony. Ecod, and so it would Master Slang. I'd then shew what it was to keep choice of company.

2nd Fel. O he takes after his own father for that. To be sure old 'Squire Lumpkin was the finest gentleman I ever set my eyes on. For winding the streight horn, or beating a thicket for a hare, or a wench, he never had his fellow. It was a saying in the place, that he kept the best horses, dogs, and girls, in the whole county.

Tony. Ecod, and when I'm of age I'll be no bastard I promise you. I have been thinking of Bett Bouncer and the miller's grey mare to begin with. But come, my boys, drink about and be merry, for you pay no reckoning. Well Stingo, what's the matter?

Enter LANDLORD.

Land. There be two gentlemen in a post-chaise at the door. They have lost their way upo' the forest; and they are talking something about Mr. Hardcastle.

Tony. As sure as can be one of them must be the gentleman that's coming down to court my sister. Do they seem to be Londoners?

Land. I believe they may. They look woundily like Frenchmen.

Tony. Then desire them to step this way, and I'll set them right in a twinkling. [*Exit Landlord*] Gentlemen, as they may'nt be good enough company for

you, step down for a moment, and I'll be with you in the squeezing of a lemon. [*Exeunt Mob.*

Tony. Father-in-law has been calling me whelp, and hound, this half year. Now if I pleased, I could be so revenged upon the old grumbletonian. But then I'm afraid—afraid of what! I shall soon be worth fifteen hundred a year, and let him frighten me out of that if he can.

Enter LANDLORD, *conducting* MARLOW *and* HASTINGS.

Mar. What a tedious uncomfortable day have we had of it! We were told it was but forty miles across the country, and we have come above threescore.

Hast. And all, Marlow, from that unaccountable reserve of yours, that would not let us enquire more frequently on the way.

Mar. I own, Hastings, I am unwilling to lay myself under an obligation to every one I meet; and often, stand the chance of an unmannerly answer.

Hast. At present, however, we are not likely to receive any answer.

Tony. No offence, gentlemen. But I'm told you have been enquiring for one Mr. Hardcastle, in these parts. Do you know what part of the country you are in?

Hast. Not in the least, Sir, but should thank you for information.

Tony. Nor the way you came?

Hast. No, Sir; but if you can inform us———

Tony. Why, gentlemen, if you know neither the road you are going, nor where you are, nor the road you came, the first thing I have to inform you is, that—You have lost your way.

Mar. We wanted no ghost to tell us that.

Tony. Pray, gentlemen, may I be so bold as to ask the place from whence you came?

Mar. That's not necessary towards directing us where we are to go.

Tony. No offence: but question for question is all fair, you know. Pray, gentlemen, is not this same Hardcastle a cross-grain'd, old fashion'd, whimsical fellow, with an ugly face; a daughter, and a pretty son?

Hast. We have not seen the gentleman, but he has the family you mention.

Tony. The daughter, a tall trapesing, trolloping, talkative maypole——The son, a pretty, well-bred, agreeable youth, that every body is fond of.

Mar. Our information differs in this. The daughter is said to be well-bred and beautiful; the son, an awkward booby, reared up, and spoiled at his mother's apron-string.

Tony. He-he-hem—Then, gentlemen, all I have to tell you is, that you won't reach Mr. Hardcastle's house this night, I believe.

Hast. Unfortunate!

Tony. It's a damn'd long, dark, boggy, dirty, dangerous way. Stingo, tell the gentlemen the way to *Mr.* Hardcastle's; [*winking upon the Landlord*] Mr.

Hardcastle's, of Quagmire Marsh, you understand me.

Land. Master Hardcastle's! Lock-a-daisy, my masters, you're come a deadly deal wrong! When you came to the bottom of the hill, you should have cross'd down Squash-lane.

Mar. Cross down Squash-lane!

Land. Then you were to keep streight forward, 'till you came to four roads.

Mar. Come to where four roads meet!

Tony. Ay; but you must be sure to take only one of them.

Mar. O Sir, you're facetious.

Tony. Then keeping to the right, you are to go sideways till you come upon Crack-skull common: there you must look sharp for the track of the wheel, and go forward, till you come to farmer Murrain's barn. Coming to the farmer's barn, you are to turn to the right, and then to the left, and then to the right about again, till you find out the old mill———

Mar. Zounds, man! we could as soon find out the longitude!

Hast. What's to be done, Marlow?

Mar. This house promises but a poor reception; though perhaps the Landlord can accommodate us.

Land. Alack, master, we have but one spare bed in the whole house.

Tony. And to my knowledge, that's taken up by three lodgers already. [*After a pause, in which the rest seem disconcerted*] I have hit it. Don't you think, Stin-

go, our landlady could accommodate the gentlemen by the fireside, with———three chairs and a bolster?

Hast. I hate sleeping by the fireside.

Mar. And I detest your three chairs and a bolster.

Tony. You do, do you?—then let me see—what—if you go on a mile further, to the Buck's Head; the old Buck's Head on the hill, one of the best inns in the whole country?

Hast. O ho! so we have escaped an adventure for this night, however.

Land. [*Apart to Tony*] Sure, you be'nt sending them to your father's as an inn, be you?

Tony. Mum, you fool you. Let them find that out. [*To them*] You have only to keep on streight forward, till you come to a large old house by the road side. You'll see a pair of large horns over the door. That's the sign. Drive up the yard, and call stoutly about you.

Hast. Sir, we are obliged to you. The servants can't miss the way?

Tony. No, no: But I tell you though, the landlord is rich, and going to leave off business; so he wants to be thought a Gentleman, saving your presence, he! he! he! He'll be for giving you his company, and ecod if you mind him, he'll persuade you that his mother was an alderman, and his aunt a justice of peace.

Land. A troublesome old blade to be sure; but a keeps as good wines and beds as any in the whole country.

Man. Well, if he supplies us with these, we shall want no further connexion. We are to turn to the right, did you say?

Tony. No, no; streight forward. I'll just step myself, and shew you a piece of the way. [*To the Landlord*] Mum.

Land. Ah, bless your heart, for a sweet, pleasant—damn'd mischievous son of a whore. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

An old fashioned House. Enter HARDCASTLE, *followed by three or four awkward Servants.*

Hardcastle.

WELL, I hope you're perfect in the table exercise I have been teaching you these three days. You all know your posts and your places, and can shew that you have been used to good company, without stirring from home.

Omnes. Ay, ay.

Hard. When company comes, you are not to pop out and stare, and then run in again, like frighted rabbits in a warren.

Omnes. No, no.

Hard. You, Diggory, whom I have taken from the barn, are to make a shew at the side table; and you, Roger, whom I have advanced from the plough, are to place yourself behind my chair. But you're not to

stand so, with your hands in your pockets. Take your hands from your pockets, Roger; and from your head, you blockhead you. See how Diggory carries his hands. They're a little too stiff, indeed, but that's no great matter.

Digg. Ay, mind how I hold them. I learned to hold my hands this way, when I was upon drill for the militia. And so being upon drill——

Hard. You must not be so talkative, Diggory. You must be all attention to the guests. You must hear us talk, and not think of talking; you must see us drink, and not think of drinking; you must see us eat, and not think of eating.

Digg. By the laws, your worship, that's parfectly unpossible. Whenever Diggory sees yeating going forwards, ecod he's always wishing for a mouthful himself.

Hard. Blockhead! is not a belly-full in the kitchen as good as a belly-full in the parlour? Stay your stomach with that reflection.

Digg. Ecod I thank your worship, I'll make a shift to stay my stomach with a slice of cold beef in the pantry.

Hard. Diggory, you are too talkative. Then if I happen to say a good thing, or tell a good story at table, you must not all burst out a laughing, as if you made part of the company.

Digg. Then ecod your worship must not tell the story of Ould Grouse in the gun room: I can't help laughing at that—he! he! he!—for the soul of me.

We have laughed at that these twenty years—ha! ha! ha!

Hard. Ha! ha! ha! The story is a good one. Well, honest Diggory, you may laugh at that—but still remember to be attentive. Suppose one of the company should call for a glass of wine, how will you behave? A glass of wine, Sir, if you please [*To Diggory*]—Eh, why don't you move?

Digg. Ecod, your worship, I never have courage till I see the eatables and drinkables brought upo' the table, and then I'm as bauld as a lion.

Hard. What, will no body move?

1st Serv. I'm not to leave this place.

2d Serv. I'm sure its no pleace of mine.

3d Serv. Nor mine, for sartain.

Digg. Wauns, and I'm sure it canna be mine.

Hard. You numskulls! and so while, like your betters, you are quarrelling for places, the guests must be starv'd. O you dunces! I find I must begin all over again.——But don't I hear a coach drive into the yard? To your posts, you blockheads. I'll go in the mean time and give my old friend's son a hearty welcome at the gate. [*Exit* Hardcastle.

Digg. By the elevens, my place is gone quite out of my head.

Roger. I know that my place is to be every where.

1st Serv. Where the devil is mine?

2d Serv. My pleace is to be no where at all; and so Ize go about my business.

[*Exeunt Servants, running about as if frighted, different ways.*

Enter Servant with Candles, shewing in MARLOW *and* HASTINGS.

Serv. Welcome, gentlemen, very welcome. This way.

Hast. After the disappointments of the day, welcome once more, Charles, to the comforts of a clean room and a good fire. Upon my word, a very well looking house; antique, but creditable.

Mar. The usual fate of a large mansion. Having first ruined the master by good housekeeping, it at last comes to levy contributions as an inn.

Hast. As you say, we passengers are to be taxed to pay all these fineries. I have often seen a good sideboard, or a marble chimney-piece, tho' not actually put in the bill, enflame the bill confoundedly.

Mar. Travellers, George, must pay in all places. The only difference is, that in good inns, you pay dearly for luxuries; in bad inns, you are fleeced and starved.

Hast. You have lived pretty much among them. In truth, I have been often surprised, that you who have seen so much of the world, with your natural good sense, and your many opportunities, could never yet acquire a requisite share of assurance.

Mar. The Englishman's malady. But tell me, George, where could I have learned that assurance you talk of? My life has been chiefly spent in a college, or an inn, in seclusion from that lovely part of the creation that chiefly teach men confidence. I

don't know that I was ever familiarly acquainted with a single modest woman—except my mother—But among females of another class you know—

Hast. Ay, among them you are impudent enough of all conscience.

Mar. They are of us you know.

Hast. But in the company of women of reputation I never saw such an idiot, such a trembler; you look for all the world as if you wanted an opportunity of stealing out of the room.

Mar. Why man that's because I do want to steal out of the room. Faith, I have often formed a resolution to break the ice, and rattle away at any rate. But I don't know how, a single glance from a pair of fine eyes has totally overset my resolution. An impudent fellow may counterfeit modesty, but I'll be hanged if a modest man can ever counterfeit impudence.

Hast. If you could but say half the fine things to them that I have heard you lavish upon the bar-maid of an inn, or even a college bed-maker.—

Mar. Why, George, I can't say fine things to them. They freeze, they petrify me. They may talk of a comet, or a burning mountain, or some such bagatelle. But to me, a modest woman, drest out in all her finery, is the most tremendous object of the whole creation.

Hast. Ha! ha! ha! At this rate, man, how can you ever expect to marry.

Mar. Never, unless, as among kings and princes,

my bride were to be courted by proxy. If, indeed, like an eastern bridegroom, one were to be introduced to a wife he never saw before, it might be endured. But to go through all the terrors of a formal courtship, together with the episode of aunts, grandmothers and cousins, and at last to blurt out the broad star-question, of, Madam, will you marry me? No, no, that's a strain much above me, I assure you.

Hast. I pity you. But how do you intend behaving to the lady you are come down to visit at the request of your father?

Mar. As I behave to all other ladies. Bow very low. Answer yes, or no, to all her demands—But for the rest, I don't think I shall venture to look in her face, till I see my father's again.

Hast. I'm surprised that one who is so warm a friend can be so cool a lover.

Mar. To be explicit, my dear Hastings, my chief inducement down was to be instrumental in forwarding your happiness, not my own. Miss Neville loves you, the family don't know you, as my friend you are sure of a reception, and let honour do the rest.

Hast. My dear Marlow! But I'll suppress the emotion. Were I a wretch, meanly seeking to carry off a fortune, you should be the last man in the world I would apply for assistance. But Miss Neville's person is all I ask, and that is mine, both from her deceased father's consent, and her own inclination.

Mar. Happy man! You have talents and art to captivate any woman. I'm doom'd to adore the sex,

and yet to converse with the only part of it I despise. This stammer in my address, and this awkward prepossessing visage of mine, can never permit me to soar above the reach of a milliner's 'prentice, or one of the dutchesses of Drury-lane. Pshaw! this fellow here to interrupt us.

Enter HARDCASTLE.

Hard. Gentlemen, once more you are heartily welcome. Which is Mr. Marlow? Sir, you're heartily welcome. It's not my way, you see, to receive my friends with my back to the fire. I like to give them a hearty reception in the old style at my gate. I like to see their horses and trunks taken care of.

Mar. [*Aside.*] He has got our names from the servants already. [*To him.*] We approve your caution and hospitality, Sir. [*To Hastings.*] I have been thinking, George, of changing our travelling dresses in the morning, I am grown confoundedly ashamed of mine.

Hard. I beg, Mr. Marlow, you'll use no ceremony in this house.

Hast. I fancy, George, you're right: the first blow is half the battle. I intend opening the campaign with the white and gold.

Hard. Mr. Marlow—Mr. Hastings—gentlemen—pray be under no restraint in this house. This is Liberty-hall, gentlemen. You may do just as you please here.

Mar. Yet, George, if we open the campaign too

fiercely at first, we may want ammunition before it is over. I think to reserve the embroidery to secure a retreat.

Hard. Your talking of a retreat, Mr. Marlow, puts me in mind of the Duke of Marlborough, when he went to besiege Denain. He first summoned the garrison.

Mar. Don't you think the *ventre dor* waistcoat will do with the plain brown?

Hard. He first summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men———

Hast. I think not: Brown and yellow mix but very poorly.

Hard. I say, gentlemen, as I was telling you, he summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men.

Mar. The girls like finery.

Hard. Which might consist of about five thousand men, well appointed with stores, ammunition, and other implements of war. Now, says the Duke of Marlborough, to George Brooks, that stood next to him—You must have heard of George Brooks; I'll pawn my dukedom, says he, but I take that garrison without spilling a drop of blood. So———

Mar. What, my good friend, if you give us a glass of punch in the mean time, it would help us to carry on the siege with vigour.

Hard. Punch, Sir! [*Aside*] This is the most unaccountable kind of modesty I ever met with.

Mar. Yes, Sir, punch. A glass of warm punch,

after our journey, will be comfortable. This is Liberty-hall, you know.

Hard. Here's Cup, Sir.

Mar. [*Aside*] So this fellow, in his Liberty-hall, will only let us have just what he pleases.

Hard. [*Taking the cup*] I hope you'll find it to your mind. I have prepar'd it with my own hands, and I believe you'll own the ingredients are tolerable. Will you be so good as to pledge me, Sir? Here, Mr. Marlow, here is to our better acquaintance. [*Drinks.*

Mar. [*Aside*] A very impudent fellow this! but he's a character, and I'll humour him a little. Sir, my service to you. [*Drinks.*]

Hast. [*Aside*] I see this fellow wants to give us his company, and forgets that he's an inn-keeper, before he has learned to be a gentleman.

Mar. From the excellence of your cup, my old friend, I suppose you have a good deal of business in this part of the country. Warm work, now and then at elections, I suppose.

Hard. No, Sir, I have long given that work over. Since our betters have hit upon the expedient of electing each other, there's no business for us that sell ale.

Hast. So, then you have no turn for politics, I find.

Hard. Not in the least. There was a time, indeed, I fretted myself about the mistakes of government, like other people; but finding myself every day grow more angry, and the government growing no better, I left it to mend itself. Since that, I no more trouble

my head about Heyder Alley, or Ally Cawn, than about Ally Croaker. Sir, my service to you.

Hast. So that, with eating above stairs, and drinking below, with receiving your friends within, and amusing the m without, you lead a good pleasant bustling life of it.

Hard. I do stir about a good deal, that's certain. Half the differences of the parish are adjusted in this very parlour.

Mar. [*After drinking*] And you have an argument in your cup, old gentleman, better than any in Westminster-hall.

Hard. Ay, young gentleman, that, and a little philosophy.

Mar. [*Aside*] Well, this is the first time I ever heard of an innkeeper's philosophy.

Hast. So then, like an experienced general, you attack them on every quarter. If you find their reason manageable, you attack it with your philosophy; if you find they have no reason, you attack them with this. Here's your health, my philosopher. [*Drinks.*]

Hard. Good, very good, thank you; ha! ha! Your generalship puts me in mind of Prince Eugene, when he fought the Turks at the battle of Belgrade. You shall hear.

Mar. Instead of the battle of Belgrade, I think it's almost time to talk about supper. What has your philosophy got in the house for supper.

Hard. For supper, Sir! [*Aside.*] Was ever such a *request to* a man in his own house!

Mar. Yes, Sir, supper, Sir; I begin to feel an appetite. I shall make devilish work to-night in the larder, I promise you.

Hard. [*Aside*] Such a brazen dog sure never my eyes beheld. [*To him*] Why really, Sir, as for supper, I can't well tell. My Dorothy, and the cook-maid, settle these things between them. I leave these kind of things entirely to them.

Mar. You do, do you?

Hard. Entirely. By-the-bye, I believe they are in actual consultation upon what's for supper this moment in the kitchen.

Mar. Then I beg they'll admit me as one of their privy council. It's a way I have got. When I travel, I always choose to regulate my own supper. Let the cook be called. No offence, I hope, Sir.

Hard. O no, Sir, none in the least: yet I don't know how; our Bridget, the cook-maid, is not very communicative upon these occasions. Should we send for her, she might scold us all out of the house.

Hast. Let's see the list of the larder then. I ask it as a favour. I always match my appetite to my bill of fare.

Mar. [*To* Hardcastle, *who looks at them with surprise*] Sir, he's very right, and it's my way too.

Hard. Sir, you have a right to command here. Here, Roger, bring us the bill of fare for to-night's supper. I believe it's drawn out. Your manner, Mr. Hastings, puts me in mind of my uncle, Colonel

Wallop. It was a saying of his, that no man was sure of his supper till he had eaten it.

Hast. [*Aside*] All upon the high ropes! His uncle a Colonel! we shall soon hear of his mother being a justice of peace. But let's hear the bill of fare.

Mar. [*Perusing*] What's here? For the first course; for the second course; for the dessert. The devil, Sir, do you think we have brought down the whole Joiners' Compan or the Corporation of Bedford, to eat up such a supper? Two or three little things, clean and comfortable, will do.

Hast. But, let's hear it.

Mar. [*Reading*] For the first course at the top, a pig and pruin sauce.

Hast. Damn your pig, I say.

Mar. And damn your pruin sauce, say I.

Hard. And yet, gentlemen, to men that are hungry, pig, with pruin sauce, is very good eating.

Mar. At the bottom, a calve's tongue and brains.

Hast. Let your brains be knocked out, my good Sir; I don't like them.

Mar. Or you may clap them on a plate by themselves. I do.

Hard. [*Aside*] Their impudence confounds me. [*To them*] Gentlemen, you are my guests, make what alterations you please. Is there any thing else you wish to retrench or alter, gentlemen?

Mar. Item. A pork pie, a boiled rabbit and sausages, a florentine, a shaking pudding, and a dish of *tiff*—taff—taffety cream!

Hast. Confound your made dishes! I shall be as much at a loss in this house as at a green and yellow dinner at the French ambassador's table. I'm for plain eating.

Hard. I'm sorry, gentlemen, that I have nothing you like; but if there be any thing you have a particular fancy to——

Mar. Why, really, Sir, your bill of fare is so exquisite, that any one part of it is full as good as another. Send us what you please. So much for supper. And now to see that our beds are air'd, and properly taken care of.

Hard. I entreat you'll leave all that to me. You shall not stir a step.

Mar. Leave that to you! I protest, Sir, you must excuse me, I always look to these things myself.

Hard. I must insist, Sir, you'll make yourself easy on that head.

Mar. You see I'm resolved on it. [*Aside*] A very troublesome fellow this, as ever I met with.

Hard. Well, Sir, I'm resolv'd at least to attend you. [*Aside*] This may be modern modesty, but I never saw any thing look so like old-fashioned impudence. [*Exeunt* Marlow *and* Hardcastle.

Hast. So I find this fellow's civilities begin to grow troublesome. But who can be angry at those assiduities which are meant to please him? Ha! what do I see? Miss Neville, by all that's happy!

Enter Miss NEVILLE.

Miss *Nev.* My dear Hastings! To what unexpected good fortune, to what accident, am I to ascribe this happy meeting?

Hast. Rather let me ask the same question, as I could never have hoped to meet my dearest Constance at an inn.

Miss *Nev.* An inn! sure you mistake! my aunt, my guardian, lives here. What could induce you to think this house an inn?

Hast. My friend, Mr. Marlow, with whom I came down, and I, have been sent here as to an inn, I assure you. A young fellow, whom we accidentally met at a house hard by, directed us hither.

Miss *Nev.* Certainly it must be one of my hopeful cousin's tricks, of whom you have heard me talk so often; ha! ha! ha! ha!

Hast. He whom your aunt intends for you? He of whom I have such just apprehensions?

Miss *Nev.* You have nothing to fear from him, I assure you. You'd adore him if you knew how heartily he despises me. My aunt knows it too, and has undertaken to court me for him, and actually begins to think she has made a conquest.

Hast. Thou dear dissembler! You must know, my Constance, I have just seized this happy opportunity of my friend's visit here to get admittance into the family. The horses that carried us down are now fatigued with the journey, but they'll soon be refresh-

ed; and then, if my dearest girl will trust in her faithful Hastings, we shall soon be landed in France, where even among slaves the laws of marriage are respected.

Miss *Nev.* I have often told you, that, though ready to obey you, I yet should leave my little fortune behind with reluctance. The greatest part of it was left me by my uncle, the India Director, and chiefly consists in jewels. I have been for some time persuading my aunt to let me wear them. I fancy I'm very near succeeding. The instant they are put into my possession you shall find me ready to make them and myself yours.

Hast. Perish the baubles! Your person is all I desire. In the mean time, my friend Marlow must not be let into his mistake. I know the strange reserve of his temper is such, that, if abruptly informed of it, he would instantly quit the house before our plan was ripe for execution.

Miss *Nev.* But how shall we keep him in the deception? Miss Hardcastle is just returned from walking; what if we still continue to deceive him?——This, this way—— [*They confer.*

Enter MARLOW.

Mar. The assiduities of these good people tease me beyond bearing. My host seems to think it ill manners to leave me alone, and so he claps not only himself but his old-fashioned wife on my back. They talk of coming to sup with us too; and then, I sup-

pose, we are to run the gauntlet thro' all the rest of the family—What have we got here?———

Hast. My dear Charles! Let me congratulate you—The most fortunate accident!—Who do you think is just alighted?

Mar. Cannot guess.

Hast. Our mistresses, boy, Miss Hardcastle and Miss Neville. Give me leave to introduce Miss Constance Neville to your acquaintance. Happening to dine in the neighbourhood, they called on their return to take fresh horses here. Miss Hardcastle has just stept into the next room, and will be back in an instant. Wasn't it lucky? eh!

Mar. [*Aside*] I have just been mortified enough of all conscience, and here comes something to complete my embarassment.

Hast. Well! but wasn't it the most fortunate thing in the world?

Mar. Oh! yes. Very fortunate—a most joyful encounter———But our dresses, George, you know, are in disorder———What if we should postpone the happiness 'till to-morrow?———To-morrow at her own house———It will be every bit as convenient—And rather more respectful———To-morrow let it be. [*Offering to go.*

Miss *Nev.* By no means, Sir. Your ceremony will displease her. The disorder of your dress will shew the ardour of your impatience. Besides, she knows you are in the house, and will permit you to see her.

Mar. O! the devil! how shall I support it? Hem!

hem! Hastings, you must not go. You are to assist me, you know. I shall be confoundedly ridiculous. Yet, hang it! I'll take courage. Hem!

Hast. Pshaw man! it's but the first plunge, and all's over. She's but a woman, you know.

Mar. And of all women, she that I dread most to encounter!

Enter Miss HARDCASTLE *as returning from walking, a Bonnet, &c.*

Hast. [*Introducing them*] Miss Hardcastle, Mr. Marlow. I'm proud of bringing two persons of such merit together, that only want to know, to esteem each other.

Miss *Hard.* [*Aside*] Now, for meeting my modest gentleman with a demure face, and quite in his own manner. [*After a pause, in which he appears very uneasy and disconcerted*] I'm glad of your safe arrival, Sir—I'm told you had some accidents by the way.

Mar. Only a few, Madam. Yes, we had some. Yes, Madam, a good many accidents, but should be sorry—Madam—or rather glad of any accidents—that are so agreeably concluded. Hem!

Hast. [*To him*] You never spoke better in your whole life. Keep it up, and I'll insure you the victory.

Miss *Hard.* I'm afraid you flatter, Sir. You that have seen so much of the finest company can find little entertainment in an obscure corner of the country.

Mar. [*Gathering courage*] I have lived, indeed, in the world, Madam; but I have kept very little company. I have been but an observer upon life, Madam, while others were enjoying it.

Miss *Nev.* But that, I am told, is the way to enjoy it at last.

Hast. [*To him*] Cicero never spoke better. Once more, and you are confirm'd in assurance for ever.

Mar. [*To him*] Hem! Stand by me then, and when I'm down, throw in a word or two to set me up again.

Miss *Hard.* An observer, like you, upon life, were, I fear, disagreeably employed, since you must have had much more to censure than to approve.

Mar. Pardon me, Madam. I was always willing to be amused. The folly of most people is rather an object of mirth than uneasiness.

Hast. [*To him*] Bravo, Bravo. Never spoke so well in your whole life. Well! Miss Hardcastle, I see that you and Mr. Marlow are going to be very good company. I believe our being here will but embarrass the interview.

Mar. Not in the least, Mr. Hastings. We like your company of all things. [*To him*] Zounds! George, sure you won't go! How can you leave us?

Hast. Our presence will but spoil conversation, so we'll retire to the next room. [*To him*] You don't consider, man, that we are to manage a little tete-a tete of our own. [*Exeunt.*

Miss *Hard.* [*After a pause*] But you have not been

wholly an observer, I presume, Sir: The ladies, I should hope, have employed some part of your addresses.

Mar. [*Relapsing into timidity*] Pardon me, Madam; I—I—I—as yet have studied—only—to—deserve them.

Miss *Hard.* And that, some say, is the very worst way to obtain them.

Mar. Perhaps so, Madam. But I love to converse only with the more grave and sensible part of the sex ———But I'm afraid I grow tiresome.

Miss *Hard.* Not at all, Sir; there is nothing I like so much as grave conversation myself; I could hear it for ever. Indeed I have often been surprised how a man of sentiment could ever admire those light airy pleasures, where nothing reaches the heart.

Mar. It's———a disease——of the mind, madam. In the variety of tastes there must be some who, wanting a relish———for———um—a—um.

Miss *Hard.* I understand you, Sir. There must be some who, wanting a relish for refined pleasures, pretend to despise what they are incapable of tasting.

Mar. My meaning, Madam; but infinitely better expressed. And I can't help observing——a——

Miss *Hard.* [*Aside*] Who could ever suppose this fellow impudent upon some occasions. [*To him*] You were going to observe, Sir———

Mar. I was observing, Madam——I protest, Madam, I forget what I was going to observe.

Miss *Hard.* [*Aside*] I vow and so do I. [*To him*]

You were observing, Sir, that in this age of hypocrisy, something about hypocrisy, Sir.

Mar. Yes, Madam. In this age of hypocrisy there are few who upon strict enquiry do not—a—a—a—

Miss *Hard.* I understand you perfectly, Sir.

Mar. [*Aside*] Egad! and that's more than I do myself.

Miss *Hard.* You mean that in this hypocritical age there are few that do not condemn in public what they practise in private, and think they pay every debt to virtue when they praise it.

Mar. True, Madam; those who have most virtue in their mouths, have least of it in their bosoms. But I'm sure I tire you, Madam.

Miss *Hard.* Not in the least, Sir; there's something so agreeable and spirited in your manner, such life and force—Pray, Sir, go on.

Mar. Yes, Madam. I was saying——that there are some occasions———when a total want of courage, Madam, destroys all the———and puts us——upon a———a———a———

Miss *Hard.* I agree with you entirely; a want of courage upon some occasions assumes the appearance of ignorance, and betrays us when we most want to excel. I beg you'll proceed.

Mar. Yes, Madam. Morally speaking, Madam—— But I see Miss Neville expecting us in the next room. I would not intrude for the world.

Miss *Hard.* I protest, Sir, I never was more agreeably entertained in all my life. Pray go on.

Mar. Yes, Madam. I was——But she beckons us to join her. Madam, shall I do myself the honour to attend you.

Miss *Hard.* Well then, I'll follow.

Mar. [*Aside*] This pretty smooth dialogue has done for me. [*Exit.*

Miss *Hard.* Ha! ha! ha! Was there ever such a sober sentimental interview? I'm certain he scarce look'd in my face the whole time. Yet the fellow, but for his unaccountable bashfulness, is pretty well too. He has good sense, but then so buried in his fears, that it fatigues one more than ignorance. If I could teach him a little confidence, it would be doing somebody that I know of a piece of service. But who is that somebody?—that, faith, is a question I can scarce answer. [*Exit.*

Enter TONY *and Miss* NEVILLE, *followed by Mrs.* HARDCASTLE *and* HASTINGS.

Tony. What do you follow me for, cousin Con? I wonder you're not asham'd to be so very engaging.

Miss *Nev.* I hope, cousin, one may speak to one's own relations, and not be to blame.

Tony. Ay, but I know what sort of a relation you want to make me though; but it won't do. I tell you, cousin Con, it won't do, so I beg you'll keep your distance, I want no nearer relationship.

[*She follows coqueting him to the back scene.*

Mrs. *Hard.* Well! I vow, Mr. Hastings, you are very entertaining. There's nothing in the world I

cle, would be considered as a child, a mere maker of samplers.

Mrs. *Hard.* And yet Mrs. Niece thinks herself as much a woman, and is as fond of jewels as the oldest of us all.

Hast. Your niece, is she? And that young gentleman, a brother of yours, I should presume?

Mrs. *Hard.* My son, Sir. They are contracted to each other. Observe their little sports. They fall in and out ten times a day, as if they were man and wife already. [*To them*] Well Tony, child, what soft things are you saying to your cousin Constance this evening?

Tony. I have been saying no soft things; but that it's very hard to be followed about so. Ecod! I've not a place in the house now that's left to myself but the stable.

Mrs. *Hard.* Never mind him, Con. my dear. He's in another story behind your back.

Miss *Nev.* There's something generous in my cousin's manner. He falls out before faces to be forgiven in private.

Tony. That's a damned confounded——crack.

Mrs. *Hard.* Ah! he's a sly one. Don't you think they're like each other about the mouth, Mr. Hastings? The Blenkinsop mouth to a T. They're of a size too. Back to back, my pretties, that Mr. Hastings may see you. Come, Tony.

Tony. You had as good not make me, I tell you. [*Measuring.*

Miss *Nev.* O lud! he has almost cracked my head.

Mrs. *Hard.* O the monster! For shame, Tony. You a man, and behave so!

Tony. If I'm a man, let me have my fortin. Ecod! I'll not be made a fool of no longer.

Mrs. *Hard.* Is this, ungrateful boy, all that I'm to get for the pains I have taken in your education? I that have rock'd you in your cradle, and fed that pretty mouth with a spoon! Did not I work that waistcoat to make you genteel? Did not I prescribe for you every day, and weep while the receipt was operating.

Tony. Ecod! you had reason to weep, for you have been dosing me ever since I was born. I have gone through every receipt in the Complete Huswife ten times over; and you have thoughts of coursing me through Quincy next spring. But, ecod! I tell you, I'll not be made a fool of no longer.

Mrs. *Hard.* Wasn't it all for your good, viper? Wasn't it all for your good?

Tony. I wish you'd let me and my good alone then. Snubbing this way when I'm in spirits. If I'm to have any good, let it come of itself; not to keep dinging it, dinging it into one so.

Mrs. *Hard.* That's false; I never see you when you're in spirits. No, Tony, you then go to the ale-house or kennel. I'm never to be delighted with your agreeable, wild notes, unfeeling monster!

Tony. Ecod! mamma, your own notes are the wildest of the two.

Mrs. *Hard.* Was ever the like? But I see he want to break my heart, I see he does.

Hast. Dear Madam, permit me to lecture the youn gentlemam a little. I'm certain I can persuade hi to his duty.

Mrs. *Hard.* Well! I must retire. Come, Con stance, my love. You see, Mr. Hastings, the wretch edness of my situation: Was ever poor woman s plagued with a dear, sweet, pretty, provoking, un dutiful boy.

[*Exeunt Mrs.* Hardcastle *and Miss* Nevill

Tony. [Singing.] *There was a young man riding b and fain would have his will. Rang do didlo dee.* Don mind her. Let her cry. It's the comfort of he heart. I have seen her and sister cry over a book fc an hour together, and they said they liked the boo the better the more it made them cry.

Hast. Then you're no friend to the ladies, I finc my pretty young gentleman?

Tony. That's as I find 'um.

Hast. Not to her of your mother's choosing, I dar answer? And yet she appears to me a pretty well tempered girl.

Tony. That's because you don't know her as well a I. Ecod! I know every inch about her; and there not a more bitter cantanckerous toad in all Christ endom.

Hast. [*Aside*] Pretty encouragement this for lover!

Tony. I have seen her since the height of tha

She has as many tricks as a hare in a thicket, or a colt the first day's breaking.

Hast. To me she appears sensible and silent!

Tony. Ay, before company. But when she's with her play-mates she's as loud as a hog in a gate.

Hast. But there is a meek modesty about her that charms me.

Tony. Yes, but curb her never so little, she kicks up, and you're flung in a ditch.

Hast. Well, but you must allow her a little beauty. —Yes, you must allow her some beauty.

Tony. Bandbox! She's all a made up thing, mun. Ah! could you but see Bet Bouncer of these parts, you might then talk of beauty. Ecod, she has two eyes as black as sloes, and cheeks as broad and red as a pulpit cushion. She'd make two of she.

Hast. Well, what say you to a friend that would take this bitter bargain off your hands?

Tony. Anon.

Hast. Would you thank him that would take Miss Neville, and leave you to happiness and your dear Betsy?

Tony. Ay; but where is there such a friend, for who would take her?

Hast. I am he. If you but assist me, I'll engage to whip her off to France, and you shall never hear more of her.

Tony. Assist you! Ecod I will, to the last drop of my blood. I'll clap a pair of horses to your chaise that shall trundle you off in a twinkling, and may be

get you a part of her fortin beside, in jewels, that you little dream of.

Hast. My dear 'squire, this looks like a lad of spirit.

Tony. Come along then, and you shall see more of my spirit before you have done with me. [*Singing.*]

We are the boys
That fears no noise
Where the thundering cannons roar.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter HARDCASTLE.

Hardcastle.

WHAT could my old friend, Sir Charles, mean by recommending his son as the modestest young man in town? To me he appears the most impudent piece of brass that ever spoke with a tongue. He has taken possession of the easy chair by the fire-side already. He took off his boots in the parlour, and desired me to see them taken care of. I'm desirous to know how his impudence affects my daughter.—She will certainly be shocked at it.

Enter Miss HARDCASTLE, *plainly dress'd.*

Hard. Well, my Kate, I see you have changed

your dress as I bid you; and yet, I believe, there was no great occasion.

Miss *Hard.* I find such a pleasure, Sir, in obeying your commands, that I take care to observe them without ever debating their propriety.

Hard. And yet, Kate, I sometimes give you some cause, particularly when I recommended my modest gentleman to you as a lover to-day.

Miss *Hard.* You taught me to expect something extraordinary, and I find the original exceeds the description.

Hard. I was never so surprised in my life! He has quite confounded all my faculties!

Miss *Hard.* I never saw any thing like it: And a man of the world too!

Hard. Ay, he learned it all abroad,—what a fool was I, to think a young man could learn modesty by travelling. He might as soon learn wit at a masquerade.

Miss *Hard.* It seems all natural to him.

Hard. A good deal assisted by bad company and a French dancing-master.

Miss *Hard.* Sure you mistake, papa! a French dancing-master could never have taught him that timid look—that awkward address—that bashful manner——

Hard. Whose look? whose manner? child!

Miss *Hard.* Mr. Marlow's: his mauvaise honte, his timidity struck me at the first sight.

Hard. Then your first sight deceived you; for I

him one of the most brazen first sights that astonished my senses.

ss *Hard.* Sure, Sir, you rally! I never saw any o modest.

rd. And can you be serious! I never saw such uncing swaggering puppy since I was born. Dawson was but a fool to him.

ss *Hard.* Surprising! He met me with a respect- ow, a stammering voice, and a look fixed on the id.

rd. He met me with a loud voice, a lordly air, familiarity that made my blood freeze again.

ss *Hard.* He treated me with diffidence and re- ; censured the manners of the age; admired rudence of girls that never laughed; tired me apologies for being tiresome; then left the room a bow, and, Madam, I would not for the world n you.

rd. He spoke to me as if he knew me all his life e. Asked twenty questions, and never waited n answer. Interrupted my best remarks with silly pun, and when I was in my best story of Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, he l if I had not a good hand at making punch. Kate, he ask'd your father if he was a maker of h!

ss *Hard.* One of us must certainly be mistaken.

rd. If he be what he has shewn himself, I'm de- ined he shall never have my consent.

Miss *Hard.* And if he be the sullen thing I take him, he shall never have mine.

Hard. In one thing then we are agreed—to reject him.

Miss *Hard.* Yes. But upon conditions. For if you should find him less impudent, and I more presuming; if you find him more respectful, and I more importunate——I don't know——the fellow is well enough for a man—Certainly we don't meet many such at a horse race in the country.

Hard. If we should find him so——But that's impossible. The first appearance has done my business. I'm seldom deceived in that.

Miss *Hard.* And yet there may be many good qualities under that first appearance.

Hard. Ay, when a girl finds a fellow's outside to her taste, she then sets about guessing the rest of his furniture. With her, a smooth face stands for good sense, and a genteel figure for every virtue.

Miss *Hard.* I hope, Sir, a conversation begun with a compliment to my good sense, won't end with a sneer at my understanding?

Hard. Pardon me, Kate. But if young Mr. Brazen can find the art of reconciling contradictions, he may please us both, perhaps.

Miss *Hard.* And as one of us must be mistaken, what if we go to make further discoveries?

Hard. Agreed. But depend on't I'm in the right.

Miss *Hard.* And depend on't I'm not much in the wrong. [*Exeunt.*

Enter TONY, *running in with*

Tony. Ecod! I have got them. My Cousin Con's necklaces, bobs a ther shan't cheat the poor souls out neither. O! my genius, is that you

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. My dear friend, how have y your mother? I hope you have amus tending love for your cousin, and t ling to be reconciled at last? Our h freshed in a short time, and we shall set off.

Tony. And here's something to b by the way, [*giving the casket.*] Your els. Keep them, and hang those, I rob you of one of them.

Hast. But how have you procured mother?

Tony. Ask me no questions, and fibs. I procured them by the rule had not a key to every drawer in how could I go to the alehouse so o honest man may rob himself of his

Hast. Thousands do it every day. with you; Miss Neville is endeavo them from her aunt this very instant. it will be the most delicate way at l them.

Tony. Well, keep them, till you know how it will be. But I know how it will be well enough, she'd as soon part with the only sound tooth in her head.

Hast. But I dread the effects of her resentment, when she finds she has lost them.

Tony. Never you mind her resentment, leave me to manage that. I dont value her resentment the bounce of a cracker. Zounds! here they are. Morrice. Prance. [*Exit* Hastings.

Enter Mrs. HARDCASTLE, *and Miss* NEVILLE.

Mrs. *Hard.* Indeed, Constance, you amaze me. Such a girl as you want jewels! It will be time enough for jewels, my dear, twenty years hence, when your beauty begins to want repairs.

Miss *Nev.* But what will repair beauty at forty, will certainly improve it at twenty, Madam.

Mrs. *Hard.* Yours, my dear, can admit of none. That natural blush is beyond a thousand ornaments. Besides, child, jewels are quite out at present. Don't you see half the ladies of our acquaintance, my Lady Kill-day-light, and Mr. Crump, and the rest of them, carry their jewels to town, and bring nothing but paste and marcasites back.

Miss *Nev.* But who knows, Madam, but somebody that shall be nameless would like me best with all my little finery about me?

Mrs. *Hard.* Consult your glass, my dear, and then see if, with such a pair of eyes, you want any better sparklers. What do you think, Tony, my dear, does

your cousin Con. want any jewels, in your eyes, to set off her beauty.

Tony. That's as thereafter may be.

Miss *Nev.* My dear aunt, if you knew how it would oblige me.

Mrs. *Hard.* A parcel of old-fashioned rose and table-cut things. They would make you look like the court of king Solomon at a puppet-shew. Besides, I believe I can't readily come at them. They may be missing for aught I know to the contrary.

Tony. [*Apart to Mrs.* Hard.] Then why don't you tell her so at once, as she's so longing for them. Tell her they're lost. It's the only way to quiet her. Say they're lost, and call me to bear witness.

Mrs. *Hard.* [*Apart to* Tony] You know, my dear, I'm only keeping them for you. So if I say they're gone, you'll bear me witness, will you? He! he! he!

Tony. Never fear me. Ecod! I'll say I saw them taken out with my own eyes.

Miss *Nev.* I desire them but for a day, Madam. Just to be permitted to shew them as relics, and then they may be lock'd up again.

Mrs. *Hard.* To be plain with you, my dear Constance; if I could find them, you should have them. They're missing, I assure you. Lost, for aught I know; but we must have patience wherever they are.

Miss *Nev.* I'll not believe it; this is but a shallow pretence to deny me. I know they're too valuable to be so slightly kept, and as you are to answer for the loss.

Mrs. *Hard.* Don't be alarm'd, Constance. If they be lost, I must restore an equivalent. But my son knows they are missing, and not to be found.

Tony. That I can bear witness to. They are missing, and not to be found, I'll take my oath on't.

Mrs. *Hard.* You must learn resignation, my dear; for tho' we lose our fortune, yet we should not lose our patience. See me, how calm I am.

Miss *Nev.* Ay, people are generally calm at the misfortunes of others.

Mrs. *Hard.* Now, I wonder a girl of your good sense should waste a thought upon such trumpery. We shall soon find them; and, in the mean time, you shall make use of my garnets till your jewels be found.

Miss *Nev.* I detest garnets.

Mrs. *Hard.* The most becoming things in the world to set off a clear complexion. You have often seen how well they look upon me. You shall have them.

[*Exit.*

Miss *Nev.* I dislike them of all things. You shan't stir—Was ever any thing so provoking, to mislay my own jewels, and force me to wear trumpery.

Tony. Don't be a fool. If she gives you the garnets, take what you can get. The jewels are your own already. I have stolen them out of her bureau, and she does not know it. Fly to your spark, he'll tell you more of the matter. Leave me to manage her.

Miss *Nev.* My dear cousin.

Tony. Vanish. She's here, and has missed them already. Zounds! how she fidgets and spits about like a Catharine wheel.

Enter Mrs. HARDCASTLE.

Mrs. *Hard.* Confusion! thieves! robbers! We are cheated, plundered, broke open, undone.

Tony. What's the matter, what's the matter, mamma? I hope nothing has happened to any of the good family!

Mrs. *Hard.* We are robbed. My bureau has been broke open, the jewels taken out, and I'm undone.

Tony. Oh! is that all? Ha! ha! ha! By the laws, I never saw it better acted in my life. Ecod, I thought you was ruin'd in earnest, ha, ha, ha!

Mrs. *Hard.* Why boy, I am ruined in earnest. My bureau has been broke open, and all taken away.

Tony. Stick to that; ha, ha, ha! stick to that; I'll bear witness, you know; call me to bear witness.

Mrs. *Hard.* I tell you, Tony, by all that's precious, the jewels are gone, and I shall be ruin'd for ever.

Tony. Sure I know they're gone, and I am to say so.

Mrs. *Hard.* My dearest Tony, but hear me. They're gone, I say.

Tony. By the laws, mamma, you make me for laugh, ha! ha! I know who took them well enou ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. *Hard.* Was there ever such a blockhead, can't tell the difference between jest and earnest tell you I'm not in jest, booby.

Tony. That's right, that's right: You must b

bitter passion, and then nobody will suspect either of us. I'll bear witness that they are gone.

Mrs. *Hard.* Was there ever such a cross-grain'd brute, that won't hear me! Can you bear witness that you're no better than a fool? Was ever poor woman so beset with fools on one hand, and thieves on the other.

Tony. I can bear witness to that.

Mrs. *Hard.* Bear witness again, you blockhead you, and I'll turn you out of the room directly. My poor niece, what will become of her! Do you laugh, you unfeeling brute, as if you enjoy'd my distress?

Tony. I can bear witness to that.

Mrs. *Hard.* Do you insult me, monster? I'll teach you to vex your mother, I will.

Tony. I can bear witness to that.

[*He runs off, she follows him.*

Enter Miss HARDCASTLE, *and Maid.*

Miss *Hard.* What an unaccountable creature is that brother of mine, to send them to the house as an inn, ha! ha! I don't wonder at his impudence.

Maid. But what is more, Madam, the young gentleman, as you passed by in your present dress, ask'd me if you were the bar-maid? He mistook you for the bar-maid, Madam.

Miss *Hard.* Did he? Then as I live I'm resolv'd to keep up the delusion. Tell me, Pimple, how do you like my present dress. Don't you think I look something like Cherry in the Beaux Stratagem?

Maid. It's the dress, Madam, that every lady wears in the country, but when she visits or receives company.

Miss *Hard.* And are you sure he does not remember my face or person?

Maid. Certain of it.

Miss *Hard.* I vow I thought so; for though we spoke for some time together, yet his fears were such, that he never once looked up during the interview. Indeed if he had, my bonnet would have kept him from seeing me.

Maid. But what do you hope from keeping him in his mistake.

Miss *Hard.* In the first place, I shall be seen, and that is no small advantage to a girl who brings her face to market. Then I shall perhaps make an acquaintance, and that's no small victory gained over one who never addresses any but the wildest of her sex. But my chief aim is to take my gentleman off his guard, and, like an invisible champion of romance, examine the giant's force before I offer to combat.

Maid. But are you sure you can act your part, and disguise your voice, so that he may mistake that, as he has already mistaken your person?

Miss *Hard.* Never fear me. I think I have got the true bar-cant—Did your honour call?——Attend the Lion there——Pipes and tobacco for the Angel—The Lamb has been outrageous this half hour.

Maid. It will do, Madam. But he's here.

[*Exit Maid.*

Enter MARLOW.

Mar. What a bawling in every part of the house; I have scarce a moment's repose. If I go to the best room, there I find my host and his story. If I fly to the gallery, there we have my hostess with her curtesy down to the ground. I have at last got a moment to myself, and now for recollection.

[*Walks and muses.*

Miss *Hard.* Did you call, Sir? did your honour call?

Mar. [*Musing*] As for Miss Hardcastle, she's too grave and sentimental for me.

Miss *Hard.* Did your honour call?

[*She still places herself before him, he turning away.*

Mar. No, child [*musing*] Besides, from the glimpse I had of her, I think she squints.

Miss *Hard.* I'm sure, Sir, I heard the bell ring.

Mar. No, no. [*musing*] I have pleased my father, however, by coming down, and I'll to-morrow please myself by returning.

[*Taking out his tablets, and perusing.*

Miss *Hard.* Perhaps the other gentleman called, Sir.

Mar. I tell you, no.

Miss *Hard.* I should be glad to know, Sir. We have such a parcel of servants.

Mar. No, no, I tell you. [*Looks full in her face.* Yes, child, I think I did call. I wanted——I wanted ——I vow, child, you are vastly handsome.

Miss *Hard.* O la, Sir, you'll make one asham'd.

Mar. Never saw a more sprightly malicious eye. Yes, yes, my dear, I did call. Have you got any of your——a——what d'ye call it, in the house?

Miss *Hard.* No, Sir, we have been out of that these ten days.

Mar. One may call in this house, I find, to very little purpose. Suppose I should call for a taste, just by way of trial, of the nectar of your lips; perhaps I might be disappointed in that too.

Miss *Hard.* Nectar! nectar! that's a liquor there's no call for in these parts. French, I suppose. We keep no French wines here, Sir.

Mar. Of true English growth, I assure you.

Miss *Hard.* Then it's odd I should not know it. We brew all sorts of wines in this house, and I have lived here these eighteen years.

Mar. Eighteen years! Why one would think, child, you kept the bar before you were born. How old are you?

Miss *Hard.* O! Sir, I must not tell my age. They say women and music should never be dated.

Mar. To guess at this distance, you can't be much above forty [*approaching.*] Yet nearer I don't think so much [*approaching.*] By coming close to some women they look younger still; but when we come very close indeed [*attempting to kiss her*].

Miss *Hard.* Pray, Sir, keep your distance. One would think you wanted to know one's age as they do horses, by mark of mouth.

Mar. I protest, child, you use me extremely ill.

If you keep me at this distance, how is it possible you and I can be ever acquainted?

Miss *Hard.* And who wants to be acquainted with you? I want no such acquaintance, not I. I'm sure you did not treat Miss Hardcastle that was here a while ago in this obstropalous manner. I'll warrant me, before her you look'd dash'd, and kept bowing to the ground, and talk'd, for all the world, as if you was before a justice of the peace.

Mar. [*Aside*] Egad! she has hit it, sure enough. [*To her.*] In awe of her, child? Ha! ha! ha! A mere, awkward, squinting thing, no, no. I find you don't know me. I laugh'd, and rallied her a little; but I was unwilling to be too severe. No, I could not be too severe, curse me!

Miss *Hard.* O! then, Sir, you are a favourite, I find, among the ladies?

Mar. Yes, my dear, a great favourite. And yet, hang me, I don't see what they find in me to follow. At the Ladies club in town, I'm call'd their agreeable Rattle. Rattle, child, is not my real name, but one I'm known by. My name is Solomons. Mr. Solomons, my dear, at your service. [*Offering to salute her.*]

Miss *Hard.* Hold, Sir; you were introducing me to your club, not to yourself. And you're so great a favourite there you say?

Mar. Yes, my dear. There's Mrs. Mantrap, Lady Betty Blackleg, the Countess of Sligo, Mrs.

Longhorns, old Miss Biddy Buckskin, and your humble servant, keep up the spirit of the place.

Miss *Hard.* Then it's a very merry place, I suppose.

Mar. Yes, as merry as cards, suppers, wine, and old women can make us.

Miss *Hard.* And their agreeable Rattle, ha! ha! ha!

Mar. [*Aside.*] Egad! I don't quite like this chit. She looks knowing, methinks. You laugh, child!

Miss *Hard.* I can't but laugh to think what time they all have for minding their work or their family.

Mar. [*Aside*] All's well, she don't laugh at me. [*To her*] Do you ever work, child?

Miss *Hard.* Ay, sure. There's not a screen or a quilt in the whole house but what can bear witness to that.

Mar. Odso! Then you must shew me your embroidery. I embroider and draw patterns myself a little. If you want a judge of your work you must apply to me. [*Seizing her hand.*

Miss *Hard.* Ay, but the colours don't look well by candle-light. You shall see all in the morning.

[*Struggling.*

Mar. And why not now, my angel? Such beauty fires beyond the power of resistance.——Pshaw! the father here! My old luck! I never nick'd seven that I did not throw ames ace three times following.

[*Exit* Marlow.

Enter HARDCASTLE, *who stands in surprise.*

Hard. So, madam! So I find this is your modest lover. This is your humble admirer that kept his eyes fixed on the ground, and only ador'd at humble distance. Kate, Kate, art thou not asham'd to deceive your father so?

Miss *Hard.* Never trust me, dear papa, but he's still the modest man I first took him for; you'll be convinced of it as well as I.

Hard. By the hand of my body I believe his impudence is infectious! Didn't I see him seize your hand? Didn't I see him hawl you about like a milk maid? and now you talk of his respect and his modesty, forsooth!

Miss *Hard.* But if I shortly convince you of his modesty, that he has only the faults that will pass off with time, and the virtues that will improve with age, I hope you'll forgive him.

Hard. The girl would actually make one run mad; I tell you I'll not be convinced. I am convinced. He has scarcely been three hours in the house, and he has already encroached on all my prerogatives. You may like his impudence, and call it modesty. But my son-in-law, Madam, must have very different qualifications.

Miss *Hard.* Sir, I ask but this night to convince you.

Hard. You shall not have half the time, for I have thoughts of turning him out this very hour.

Miss *Hard.* Give me that hour then, and I hope to satisfy you.

Hard. Well, an hour let it be then. But I'll have no trifling with your father. All fair and open, do you mind me.

Miss *Hard.* I hope, Sir, you have ever found that I considered your commands as my pride; for your kindness is such, that my duty as yet has been inclination. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter HASTINGS *and Miss* NEVILLE.

Hastings.

You surprise me! Sir Charles Marlow expected here this night? Where have you had your information?

Miss *Nev.* You may depend upon it. I just saw his letter to Mr. Hardcastle, in which he tells him he intends setting out a few hours after his son.

Hast. Then, my Constance, all must be completed before he arrives. He knows me; and should he find me here, would discover my name, and perhaps my designs, to the rest of the family.

Miss *Nev.* The jewels, I hope, are safe.

Hast. Yes, yes. I have sent them to Marlow, who keeps the keys of our baggage. In the mean time, I'll go to prepare matters for our elopement. I have

had the Squire's promise of a fresh pair of horses; and, if I should not see him again, will write him further directions. [*Exit.*

Miss *Nev.* Well! success attend you. In the mean time, I'll go amuse my aunt with the old pretence of a violent passion for my cousin. [*Exit.*

Enter MARLOW, *followed by a Servant.*

Mar. I wonder what Hastings could mean by sending me so valuable a thing as a casket to keep for him, when he knows the only place I have is the seat of a post coach at an inn-door. Have you deposited the casket with the landlady, as I ordered you? Have you put it into her own hands?

Serv. Yes, your honour.

Mar. She said she'd keep it safe, did she?

Serv. Yes, she said she'd keep it safe enough; she ask'd me how I came by it? and she said she had a great mind to make me give an account of myself.

[*Exit* Servant.

Mar. Ha! ha! ha! They're safe however. What an unaccountable set of beings have we got amongst! This little bar-maid though runs in my head most strangely, and drives out the absurdities of all the rest of the family. She's mine, she must be mine, or I'm greatly mistaken.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Bless me! I quite forgot to tell her that I in-

tended to prepare at the bottom of the garden. Marlow here, and in spirits too!

Mar. Give me joy, George! Crown me, shadow me with laurels! Well, George, after all, we modest fellows don't want for success among the women.

Hast. Some women you mean. But what success has your honour's modesty been crowned with now, that it grows so insolent upon us?

Mar. Didn't you see the tempting, brisk, lovely, little thing that runs about the house with a bunch of keys to its girdle?

Hast. Well! and what then!

Mar. She's mine, you rogue you. Such fire, such motion, such eyes, such lips——but, egad! she would not let me kiss them though.

Hast. But are you so sure, so very sure of her?

Mar. Why man, she talk'd of shewing me her work above stairs, and I'm to improve the pattern.

Hast. But how can you, Charles, go about to rob a woman of her honour?

Mar. Pshaw! pshaw! We all know the honour of the bar-maid of an inn. I don't intend to rob her, take my word for it, there's nothing in this house I shan't honestly pay for.

Hast. I believe the girl has virtue.

Mar. And if she has, I should be the last man in the world that would attempt to corrupt it.

Hast. You have taken care, I hope, of the casket I sent you to lock up? It's in safety?

Mar. Yes, yes. It's safe enough. I have taken care of it. But how could you think the seat of a post-coach at an inn-door a place of safety? Ah, numbskull! I have taken better precautions for you than you did for yourself.——I have——

Hast. What!

Mar. I have sent it to the landlady to keep for you.

Hast. To the landlady!

Mar. The landlady.

Hast. You did.

Mar. I did. She's to be answerable for its forthcoming, you know.

Hast. Yes, she'll bring it forth, with a witness.

Mar. Wasn't I right? I believe you'll allow that I acted prudently upon this occasion?

Hast. [*Aside*] He must not see my uneasiness.

Mar. You seem a little disconcerted though, methinks. Sure nothing has happened!

Hast. No, nothing. Never was in better spirits in all my life. And so you left it with the landlady, who, no doubt, very readily undertook the charge?

Mar. Rather too readily. For she not only kept the casket; but, thro' her great precaution, was going to keep the messenger too. Ha! ha! ha!

Hast. He! he! he! They're safe however.

Mar. As a guinea in a miser's purse.

Hast. [*Aside*] So now all hopes of fortune are at an end, and we must set off without it. [*To him*] Well, Charles, I'll leave you to your meditations on

the pretty bar-maid, and, he! he! he! may you be as successful for yourself as you have been for me.

[*Exit.*

Mar. Thank ye, George! I ask no more, Ha! ha! ha!

Enter HARDCASTLE.

Hard. I no longer know my own house. It's turned all topsy-turvy. His servants have got drunk already. I'll bear it no longer, and yet, from my respect for his father, I'll be calm. [*To him*] Mr. Marlow, your servant. I'm your very humble servant. [*Bowing low.*

Mar. Sir, your humble servant. [*Aside*] What's to be the wonder now?

Hard. I believe, Sir, you must be sensible, Sir, that no man alive ought to be more welcome than your father's son, Sir. I hope you think so?

Mar. I do from my soul, Sir. I don't want much intreaty. I generally make my father's son welcome wherever he goes.

Hard. I believe you do, from my soul, Sir. But tho' I say nothing to your own conduct, that of your servants is insufferable. Their manner of drinking is setting a very bad example in this house, I assure you.

Mar. I protest, my very good Sir, that's no fault of mine. If they don't drink as they ought they are to blame. I ordered them not to spare the cellar. I did, I assure you. [*To the side scene*] Here, let one

of my servants come up. [*To him*] My positive directions were, that as I did not drink myself, they should make up for my deficiencies below.

Hard. Then they had your orders for what they do! I'm satisfied!

Mar. They had, I assure you. You shall hear from one of themselves.

Enter Servant drunk.

Mar. You, Jeremy! Come forward, sirrah! What were my orders? Were you not told to drink freely, and call for what you thought fit, for the good of the house?

Hard. [*Aside*] I begin to lose my patience.

Jer. Please your honour, liberty and Fleet-street for ever! Tho' I'm but a servant, I'm as good as another man. I'll drink for no man before supper, Sir, dammy! Good liquor will sit upon a good supper, but a good supper will not sit upon——hiccup——upon my conscience, Sir.

Mar. You see, my old friend, the fellow is as drunk as he can possibly be. I don't know what you'd have more, unless you'd have the poor devil soused in a beer-barrel.

Hard. Zounds! He'll drive me distracted if I contain myself any longer. Mr. Marlow. Sir; I have submitted to your insolence for more than four hours, and I see no likelihood of its coming to an end. I'm now resolved to be master here, Sir, and I desire that

you and your drunken pack may leave my house directly.

Mar. Leave your house!—Sure you jest, my good friend? What, when I'm doing what I can to please you.

Hard. I tell you, Sir, you don't please me; so I desire you'll leave my house.

Mar. Sure you cannot be serious? At this time o'night, and such a night. You only mean to banter me?

Hard. I tell you, Sir, I'm serious; and, now that my passions are roused, I say this house is mine, Sir; this house is mine, and I command you to leave it directly.

Mar. Ha! ha! ha! A puddle in a storm. I shan't stir a step, I assure you. [*In a serious tone*] This your house, fellow! It's my house. This is my house. Mine, while I choose to stay. What right have you to bid me leave this house, Sir? I never met with such impudence, curse me, never in my whole life before.

Hard. Nor I, confound me if ever I did. To come to my house, to call for what he likes, to turn me out of my own chair, to insult the family, to order his servants to get drunk, and then to tell me, This house is mine, Sir. By all that's impudent it makes me laugh. Ha! ha! ha! Pray, Sir, [*bantering*] as you take the house, what think you of taking the rest of the furniture? There's a pair of silver candlesticks, and there's a fire-screen, and here's a pair of braz-

en nosed bellows, perhaps you may take a fancy to them?

Mar. Bring me your bill, Sir, bring me your bill, and let's make no more words about it.

Hard. There are a set of prints too. What think you of the rake's progress for your own apartment?

Mar. Bring me your bill, I say; and I'll leave you and your infernal house directly.

Hard. Then there's a mahogany table, that you may see your own face in.

Mar. My bill, I say.

Hard. I had forgot the great chair, for your own particular slumbers, after a hearty meal.

Mar. Zounds! bring me my bill, I say, and let's hear no more on't.

Hard. Young man, young man, from your father's letter to me, I was taught to expect a well-bred modest man, as a visiter here, but now I find him no better than a coxcomb and a bully; but he will be down here presently, and shall hear more of it.

[*Exit.*

Mar. How's this! Sure I have not mistaken the house! Every thing looks like an inn. The servants cry, coming. The attendance is awkward; the barmaid too to attend us. But she's here, and will further inform me. Whither so fast, child. A word with you.

Enter Miss HARDCASTLE.

Miss *Hard.* Let it be short then. I'm in a hurry.

[*Aside* (I believe he begins to find out his mistake, but its too soon quite to undeceive him.)

Mar. Pray, child, answer me one question. What are you, and what may your business in this house be?

Miss *Hard.* A relation of the family, Sir.

Mar. What. A poor relation?

Miss *Hard.* Yes, Sir. A poor relation appointed to keep the keys, and to see that the guests want nothing in my power to give them.

Mar. That is, you act as the bar-maid of this inn.

Miss *Hard.* Inn. O law—What brought that in your head. One of the best families in the county keep an inn. Ha, ha, ha! old Mr. Hardcastle's house an inn.

Mar. Mr. Hardcastle's house! Is this house Mr. Hardcastle's house, child!

Miss *Hard.* Ay, sure. Whose else should it be.

Mar. So then all's out, and I have been damnably imposed on. O, confound my stupid head, I shall be laugh'd at over the whole town. I shall be stuck up in caricatura in all the print-shops. The Dullissimo Maccaroni. To mistake this house of all others for an inn, and my father's old friend for an innkeeper. What a swaggering puppy must he take me for. What a silly puppy do I find myself. There again, may I be hang'd, my dear, but I mistook you for the bar-maid.

Miss *Hard.* Dear me! Dear me! I'm sure there's

nothing in my behaviour to put me upon a level with one of that stamp.

Mar. Nothing, my dear, nothing. But I was in for a list of blunders, and could not help making you a subscriber. My stupidity saw every thing the wrong way. I mistook your assiduity for assurance, and your simplicity for allurement. But its over—This house I no more shew my face in.

Miss *Hard.* I hope, Sir, I have done nothing to disoblige you. I'm sure I should be sorry to affront any gentleman who has been so polite, and said so many civil things to me. I'm sure I should be sorry [*pretending to cry*] if he left the family upon my account. I'm sure I should be sorry, people said any thing amiss, since I have no fortune but my character.

Mar. [*Aside*] By heaven, she weeps. This is the first mark of tenderness I ever had from a modest woman, and it touches me; [*to her*] Excuse me, my lovely girl, you are the only part of the family I leave with reluctance. But to be plain with you, the difference of our birth, fortune and education, make an honourable connection impossible; and I can never harbour a thought of bringing ruin upon one, whose only fault was being too lovely.

Miss *Hard.* [*Aside*] Generous man! I now begin to admire him. [*To him*] But I'm sure my family is as good as Miss Hardcastle's, and though I'm poor, that's no great misfortune to a contented mind, and,

until this moment, I never thought that it was bad to want fortune.

Mar. And why now, my pretty simplicity?

Miss *Hard.* Because it puts me at a distance from one, that if I had a thousand pound I would give it all to.

Mar. [*Aside*] This simplicity bewitches me, so that if I stay I'm undone. I must make one bold effort, and leave her. [*To her*] Your partiality in my favour, my dear, touches me most sensibly, and were I to live for myself alone, I could easily fix my choice. But I owe too much to the opinion of the world, too much to the authority of a father, so that—I can scarcely speak it—it affects me. Farewell.

[*Exit.*

Miss *Hard.* I never knew half his merit till now. He shall not go, if I have power or art to detain him. I'll still preserve the character in which I stoop'd to conquer, but will undeceive my papa, who, perhaps, may laugh him out of his resolution. [*Exit.*

Enter TONY, *and Miss* NEVILLE.

Tony. Ay, you may steal for yourselves the ne time, I have done my duty. She has got the jew again, that's a sure thing; but she believes it was a mistake of the servants.

Miss *Nev.* But, my dear cousin, sure you w forsake us in this distress. If she in the least sus that I am going off, I shall certainly be locked u sent to my aunt Pedigree's, which is ten times w

Tony. To be sure, aunts of all kinds are damn'd bad things. But what can I do? I have got you a pair of horses that will fly like Whistlejacket, and I'm sure you can't say but I have courted you nicely before her face. Here she comes, we must court a bit or two more, for fear she should suspect us.

[*They retire and seem to fondle.*

Enter Mrs. HARDCASTLE.

Mrs. *Hard.* Well, I was greatly fluttered, to be sure. But my son tells me it was all a mistake of the servants. I shan't be easy, however, till they are fairly married, and then let her keep her own fortune. But what do I see! Fondling together, as I'm alive. I never saw Tony so sprightly before. Ah! have I caught you, my pretty doves! What, billing, exchanging stolen glances, and broken murmurs. Ah!

Tony. As for murmurs, mother, we grumble a little now and then, to be sure. But there's no love lost between us.

Mrs. *Hard.* A mere sprinkling, Tony, upon the flame, only to make it burn brighter.

Miss *Nev.* Cousin Tony promises to give us more of his company at home. Indeed he shan't leave us any more. It won't leave us, cousin Tony, will it?

Tony. O! it's a pretty creature. No, I'd sooner leave my horse in a pound, than leave you when you smile upon one so. Your laugh makes you so becoming.

Miss *Nev.* Agreeable cousin! who can help admiring that natural humour, that pleasant, broad, red, thoughtless, [*patting his cheek*] ah! it's a bold face.

Mrs. *Hard.* Pretty innocence.

Tony. I'm sure I always lov'd cousin Con's hazel eyes, and her pretty long fingers, that she twists this way and that, over the haspicholls, like a parcel of bobbins.

Mrs. *Hard.* Ah, he would charm the bird from the tree. I was never so happy before. My boy takes after his father, poor Mr. Lumpkin, exactly. The jewels, my dear Con, shall be yours incontinently. You shall have them. Isn't he a sweet boy, my dear? You shall be married to-morrow, and we'll put off the rest of his education, like Dr. Drowsey's sermons, to a fitter opportunity.

Enter DIGGORY.

Digg. Where's the 'Squire? I have got a letter for your worship.

Tony. Give it to my mamma. She reads all my letters first.

Digg. I had orders to deliver it into your own hands.

Tony. Who does it come from?

Digg. Your worship mun ask that o'the letter itself.

Tony. I could wish to know, tho' [*turning the letter and gazing on it.*]

Miss *Nev.* [*Aside*] Undone, undone. A letter to

De Wilde pinxt

Mr QUICK as TONY LUMPKIN.

"There's an M, and a T, and an S, but w
the next be an Izzard or an R, confoun
can't tell."

London. Printed for J Bell. British Library, Strand, 17 Dec.

m from Hastings. I know the hand. If my aunt es it, we are ruined for ever. I'll keep her em-loy'd a little if I can. [*To Mrs.* Hardcastle] But I ave not told you, Madam, of my cousin's smart nswer just now to Mr. Marlow. We so laugh'd—ou must know, Madam—this way a little, for he ust not hear us. [*They confer.*

Tony. [*Still gazing*] A damn'd cramp piece of pen-anship, as ever I saw in my life. I can read your rint-hand very well. But here there are such han-les, and shanks, and dashes, that one can scarce ll the head from the tail. To Anthony Lumpkin, sq. It's very odd, I can read the outside of my let-rs, where my own name is, well enough. But hen I come to open it, it is all—buzz. That's ard, very hard: for the inside of the letter is always ne cream of the correspondence.

Mrs. *Hard.* Ha! ha! ha! Very well, very well. nd so my son was too hard for the philosopher.

Miss *Nev.* Yes, Madam; but you must hear the st, Madam. A little more this way, or he may ear us. You'll hear how he puzzled him again.

Mrs. *Hard.* He seems strangely puzzled now him-lf, methinks.

Tony. [*Still gazing*] A damn'd up and down hand, s if it was disguised in liquor. [*Reading*] Dear Sir. y, that's that. Then there's an M, and a T, and n S, but whether the next be an izzard or an R, onfound me, I cannot tell.

Mrs. *Hard.* What's that, my dear. Can I give you any assistance?

Miss *Nev.* Pray, aunt, let me read it. Nobody reads a cramp hand better than I [*twitching the letter from her.*] Do you know who it is from?

Tony. Can't tell, except from Dick Ginger the feeder.

Miss *Nev.* Ay, so it is, [*pretending to read*] Dear 'Squire, Hoping that you're in health, as I am at this present. The gentlemen of the Shake-bag club has cut the gentlemen of the goose-green quite out of feather. The odds—um—odd battle——um—long fighting—um—here, here, it's all about cocks, and fighting; it's of no consequence, here, put it up, put it up. [*thrusting the crumpled letter upon him.*]

Tony. But I tell you, Miss, it's of all the consequence in the world. I would not lose the rest of it for a guinea. Here, mother, do you make it out. Of no consequence? [*Giving Mrs.* Hardcastle *the letter.*

Mrs. *Hard.* How's this! [*reads*] "Dear'Squire, I'm now waiting for Miss Neville, with a post chaise and pair, at the bottom of the garden, but I find my horses yet unable to perform the journey. I expect you'll assist us with a pair of fresh horses, as you promised. Dispatch is necessary, as the hag (ay the hag) your mother, will otherwise suspect us. Your's, Hastings." Grant me patience. I shall run distracted. My rage chokes me.

Miss *Nev.* I hope, Madam, you'll suspend your resentment for a few moments, and not impute to me

ny impertinence, or sinister design that belongs to nother.

Mrs. *Hard.* [*Curtesying very low*] Fine spoken, Maam, you are most miraculously polite and engaging, nd quite the very pink of courtesy and circumspection. *Aadam.* [*Changing her tone*] And you, you great illashioned oaf, with scarce sense enough to keep your nouth shut. Were you too join'd against me? But 'll defeat all your plots in a moment. As for you, *Aadam*, since you have got a pair of fresh horses rea- y, it would be cruel to disappoint them. So, if you lease, instead of running away with your spark, pre- are, this very moment, to run off with me. Your ld aunt Pedigree will keep you secure, I'll warrant ne. You too, Sir, may mount your horse, and guard is upon the way. Here, Thomas, Roger, Diggory, 'll shew you, that I wish you better than you do ourselves. [*Exit.*

Miss *Nev.* So now I'm completely ruined.

Tony. Ay, that's a sure thing.

Miss *Nev.* What better could be expected from being connected with such a stupid fool, and after all the nods and signs I made him.

Tony. By the laws, Miss, it was your own cleverness, nd not my stupidity, that did your business. You were so nice and so busy with your Shake-bags and Goose-greens, that I thought you could never be making believe.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. So, Sir, I find by my servant, that you have shewn my letter, and betray'd us. Was this well done, young gentleman.

Tony. Here's another. Ask Miss there who betray'd you. Ecod, it was her doing, not mine.

Enter MARLOW.

Mar. So I have been finely used here among you. Rendered contemptible, driven into ill-manners, despised, insulted, laugh'd at.

Tony. Here's another. We shall have old Bedlam broke loose presently.

Miss *Nev.* And there, Sir, is the gentleman to whom we all owe every obligation.

Mar. What can I say to him, a mere booby, an idiot, whose ignorance and age are a protection.

Hast. A poor contemptible booby, that would but disgrace correction.

Miss *Nev.* Yet with cunning and malice enough to make himself merry with all our embarrassments.

Hast. An insensible cub.

Mar. Replete with tricks and mischief.

Tony. Baw! damme, but I'll fight you both one after the other——with baskets.

Mar. As for him, he's below resentment. But your conduct, Mr. Hastings, requires an explanation. You knew of my mistakes, yet would not undeceive me.

Hast. Tortured as I am with my own disappointments, is this a time for explanations? It is not friendly, Mr. Marlow.

Mar. But, Sir——

Miss *Nev.* Mr. Marlow, we never kept on your mistake, till it was too late to undeceive you. Be pacified.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My mistress desires you'll get ready immediately, Madam. The horses are putting to. Your hat and things are in the next room. We are to go thirty miles before morning. [*Exit servant.*

Miss *Nev,* Well, well; I'll come presently.

Mar. [*To* Hastings] Was it well done, Sir, to assist in rendering me ridiculous. To hang me out for the scorn of all my acquaintance. Depend upon it, Sir, I shall expect an explanation.

Hast. Was it well done, Sir, if you're upon that subject, to deliver what I entrusted to yourself to the care of another, Sir?

Miss *Nev.* Mr. Hastings. Mr. Marlow. Why will you increase my distress by this groundless dispute. I implore, I entreat you——

Enter Servant.

Serv. Your cloak, Madam. My mistress is impatient.

Miss *Nev.* I come. Pray be pacified. If I leave you thus, I shall die with apprehension.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Your fan, muff, and gloves, Madam. The horses are waiting.

Miss *Nev.* O, Mr. Marlow! if you knew what a scene of constraint and ill-nature lies before me, I'm sure it would convert your resentment into pity.

Mar. I'm so distracted with a variety of passions, that I don't know what I do. Forgive me, Madam. George, forgive me. You know my hasty temper, and should not exasperate it.

Hast. The torture of my situation is my only excuse.

Miss *Nev.* Well, my dear Hastings, if you have that esteem for me that I think, that I am sure you have, your constancy for three years will but increase the happiness of our future connection. If——

Mrs *Hard.* [*Within*] Miss Neville. Constance, why Constance, I say.

Miss *Nev.* I'm coming. Well, constancy. Remember, constancy is the word. [*Exit.*

Hast. My heart, how can I support this? To be so near happiness, and such happiness!

Mar. [*To* Tony] You see now, young gentleman, the effects of your folly. What might be amusement to you, is here disappointment, and even distress.

Tony. [*From a reverie*] Ecod, I have hit it. Its here. Your hands. Yours and yours, my poor Sulky. My boots there, ho. Meet me two hours hence at the bottom of the garden; and if you don't find Tony Lumpkin a more good-natur'd fellow than you

thought for, I'll give you leave to take my best horse, and Bet Bouncer into the bargain. Come along. My boots, ho. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Continues. *Enter* HASTINGS *and Servant.*

Hastings.

You saw the old Lady and Miss Neville drive off, you say.

Serv. Yes, your honour. They went off in a post coach, and the young 'Squire went on horseback. They're thirty miles off by this time.

Hast. Then all my hopes are over.

Serv. Yes, Sir. Old Sir Charles is arrived. He and the Old Gentleman of the house have been laughing at Mr. Marlow's mistake this half hour. They are coming this way.

Hast. Then I must not be seen. So now to my fruitless appointment at the bottom of the garden. This is about the time. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir CHARLES MARLOW *and* HARDCASTLE.

Hard. Ha! ha! ha! The peremptory tone in which he sent forth his sublime commands.

Sir *Char.* And the reserve with which I suppose he treated all your advances.

Hard. And yet he might have seen something in me above a common inn-keeper, too.

Sir *Char.* Yes, Dick, but he mistook you for an uncommon innkeeper, ha! ha! ha!

Hard. Well, I'm in too good spirits to think of any thing but joy. Yes, my dear friend, this union of our families will make our personal friendships hereditary; and tho' my daughter's fortune is but small—

Sir *Char.* Why, Dick, will you talk of fortune to me. My son is possessed of more than a competence already, and can want nothing but a good and virtuous girl to share his happiness and increase it. If they like each other, as you say they do—

Hard. If, man. I tell you they do like each other. My daughter as good as told me so.

Sir *Char.* But girls are apt to flatter themselves, you know.

Hard. I saw him grasp her hand in the warmest manner myself; and here he comes to put you out of your ifs, I warrant him.

Enter MARLOW.

Mar. I come, Sir, once more, to ask pardon for my strange conduct. I can scarce reflect on my insolence without confusion.

Hard. Tut, boy, a trifle. You take it too gravely. An hour or two's laughing with my daughter will set all to rights again—She'll never like you the worse for it.

Mar. Sir, I shall be always proud of her approbation.

Hard. Approbation is but a cold word, Mr. Marlow; if I am not deceived, you have something more than approbation thereabouts. You take me.

Mar. Really, Sir, I have not that happiness.

Hard. Come, boy, I'm an old fellow, and know what's what, as well as you that are younger. I know what has past between you; but mum.

Mar. Sure, Sir, nothing has past between us but the most profound respect on my side, and the most distant reserve on hers. You don't think, Sir, that my impudence has been passed upon all the rest of the family.

Hard. Impudence! No, I don't say that—Not quite impudence—Though girls like to be play'd with, and rumpled too sometimes. But she has told no tales, I assure you.

Mar. I never gave her the slightest cause.

Hard. Well, well. I like modesty in its place well enough. But this is over acting, young gentleman. You may be open. Your father and I will like you the better for it.

Mar. May I die, Sir, if I ever——

Hard. I tell you, she don't dislike you; and as I'm sure you like her——

Mar. Dear Sir—I protest, Sir——

Hard. I see no reason why you should not be joined as fast as the parson can tie you.

Mar. But hear me, Sir——

Hard. Your father approves the match, I admire it, every moment's delay will be doing mischief, so—

Mar. But why won't you hear me? By all that's just and true, I never gave Miss Hardcastle the slightest mark of my attachment, or even the most distant hint to suspect me of affection. We had but one interview, and that was formal, modest, and uninteresting.

Hard. [*Aside*] This fellow's formal modest impudence is beyond bearing.

Sir *Char.* And you never grasp'd her hand, or made any protestations?

Mar. As heaven is my witness, I came down in obedience to your commands. I saw the lady without emotion, and parted without reluctance. I hope you'll exact no further proofs of my duty, nor prevent me from leaving a house in which I suffer so many mortifications. [*Exit.*

Sir *Char.* I'm astonish'd at the air of sincerity with which he parted.

Hard. And I'm astonish'd at the deliberate intrepidity of his assurance.

Sir *Char.* I dare pledge my life and honour upon his truth.

Hard. Here comes my daughter, and I would stake my happiness upon her veracity.

Enter Miss HARDCASTLE.

Hard. Kate, come hither, child. Answer us sin-

cerely, and without reserve; has Mr. Marlow made you any professions of love and affection?

Miss *Hard.* The question is very abrupt, Sir! But since you require unreserved sincerity, I think he has.

Hard. [*To Sir* Charles] You see.

Sir *Char.* And pray, Madam, have you and my son had more than one interview?

Miss *Hard.* Yes, Sir, several.

Hard. [*To Sir* Charles] You see.

Sir *Char.* But did he profess any attachment?

Miss *Hard.* A lasting one.

Sir *Char.* Did he talk of love?

Miss *Hard.* Much, Sir.

Sir *Char.* Amazing! And all this formally?

Miss *Hard.* Formally.

Hard. Now, my friend, I hope you are satisfied.

Sir *Char.* And how did he behave, Madam?

Miss *Hard.* As most profest admirers do. Said some civil things of my face, talked much of his want of merit, and the greatness of mine; mentioned his heart, gave a short tragedy speech, and ended with pretended rapture.

Sir *Char.* Now I'm perfectly convinced, indeed. I know his conversation among women to be modest and submissive. This forward, canting, ranting manner by no means describes him, and I'm confident he never sat for the picture.

Miss *Hard.* Then what, Sir, if I should convince you to your face of my sincerity? If you and my papa,

in about half an hour, will place yourselves behind that screen, you shall hear him declare his passion to me in person.

Sir *Char.* Agreed. And if I find him what you describe, all my happiness in him must have an end.

[*Exit.*

Miss *Hard.* And if you don't find him what I describe—I fear my happiness must never have a beginning. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Back of the Garden. Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. What an idiot am I, to wait here for a fellow, who probably takes a delight in mortifying me. He never intended to be punctual, and I'll wait no longer. What do I see? It is he, and perhaps with news of my Constance.

Enter TONY, *booted and spattered.*

Hast. My honest 'Squire! I now find you a man of your word. This looks like friendship.

Tony. Ay, I'm your friend, and the best friend you have in the world, if you knew but all. This riding by night, by the bye, is cursedly tiresome. It has shook me worse than the basket of a stage coach.

Hast. But how? Where did you leave your fellow travellers? Are they in safety? Are they housed?

Tony. Five and twenty miles in two hours and a half

such bad driving. The poor beasts have smok-
ır it: Rabbet me, but I'd rather ride forty miles
a fox, than ten with such varment.

ist. Well, but where have you left the ladies? I
vith impatience.

ny. Left them? Why where should I leave them,
where I found them?

ist. This is a riddle.

ny. Riddle me this then. What's that goes round
ıouse, and round the house, and never touches
ıouse?

ist. I'm still astray.

ny. Why that's it, mon. I have led them astray.
ngo, there's not a pond or slough within five
s of the place but they can tell the taste of.

ist. Ha, ha, ha! I understand; you took them in
und, while they supposed themselves going for-
. And so you have at last brought them home
ı.

ny. You shall hear. I first took them down Fea-
bed-lane, where we stuck fast in the mud. I
rattled them crack over the stones of Up-and-
ı Hill—I then introduc'd them to the gibbet on
y-tree Heath, and from that, with a circumben-
s, I fairly lodged them in the horsepond at the
ım of the garden.

st. But no accident, I hope.

ny. No, no. Only mother is confoundedly fright-
. She thinks herself forty miles off. She's sick
ıe journey, and the cattle can scarce crawl. So

if your own horses be ready, you may whip off with cousin, and I'll be bound that no soul here can budge a foot to follow you.

Hast. My dear friend, how can I be grateful?

Tony. Ay, now its dear friend, noble 'Squire. Just now, it was all idiot, cub, and run me through the guts. Damn your way of fighting, I say. After we take a knock in this part of the country, we kiss and be friends. But if you had run me through the guts, then I should be dead, and you might go kiss the hangman.

Hast. The rebuke is just. But I must hasten to relieve Miss Neville; if you keep the old lady employed, I promise to take care of the young one.

[*Exit* Hastings.

Tony. Never fear me. Here she comes. Vanish. She's got from the pond, and draggled up to the waist like a mermaid.

Enter Mrs. HARDCASTLE.

Mrs. *Hard.* Oh, Tony, I'm killed. Shook. Battered to death. I shall never survive it. That last jolt that laid us against the quickset hedge has done my business.

Tony. Alack, mamma, it was all your own fault. You would be for running away by night, without knowing one inch of the way.

Mrs. *Hard.* I wish we were at home again. I never met so many accidents in so short a journey. Drench'd in the mud, overturn'd in a ditch, stuck

fast in a slough, jolted to a jelly, and at last to lose our way. Whereabouts do you think we are, Tony?

Tony. By my guess we should be upon Crackskull common, about forty miles from home.

Mrs. *Hard.* O lud! O lud! the most notorious spot in all the country. We only want a robbery to make a complete night on't.

Tony. Don't be afraid, mamma, don't be afraid. Two of the five that kept here are hanged, and the other three may not find us. Don't be afraid. Is that a man that's galloping behind us? No; it's only a tree. Don't be afraid.

Mrs. *Hard.* The fright will certainly kill me.

Tony. Do you see any thing like a black hat moving behind the thicket?

Mrs. *Hard.* O death!

Tony. No, it's only a cow. Don't be afraid, mamma; don't be afraid.

Mrs. *Hard.* As I'm alive, Tony, I see a man coming towards us. Ah! I'm sure on't. If he perceives us, we are undone.

Tony. [*Aside*] Father in law, by all that's unlucky, come to take one of his night walks. [*To her*] Ah, it's a highwayman with pistols as long as my arm. A damn'd ill-looking fellow.

Mrs. *Hard.* Good heaven defend us! He approaches.

Tony. Do you hide yourself in that thicket, and leave me to manage him. If there be any danger I'll

cough and cry hem. When I cough be sure to keep close.

[*Mrs.* Hardcastle *hides behind a tree in the back scene.*

Enter HARDCASTLE.

Hard. I'm mistaken, or I heard voices of people in want of help. Oh, Tony, is that you. I did not expect you so soon back. Are your mother and her charge in safety?

Tony. Very safe, Sir, at my aunt Pedigree's. Hem.

Mrs. *Hard.* [*From behind*] Ah death! I find there's danger.

Hard. Forty miles in three hours; sure, that's too much, my youngster.

Tony. Stout horses and willing minds make short journies, as they say. Hem.

Mrs. *Hard.* [*From behind*] Sure he'll do the dear boy no harm.

Hard. But I heard a voice here; I should be glad to know from whence it came?

Tony. It was I, Sir, talking to myself, Sir. I was saying that forty miles in three hours was very good going. Hem. As to be sure it was. Hem. I have got a sort of cold by being out in the air. We'll go in, if you please. Hem.

Hard. But if you talk'd to yourself, you did not answer yourself. I am certain I heard two voices and am resolved [*raising his voice*] to find the other out.

Mrs. *Hard.* [*From behind*] Oh! he's coming to find me out. Oh!

Tony. What need you go, Sir, if I tell you. Hem. I'll lay down my life for the truth—hem—I'll tell you all, Sir. [*Detaining him.*

Hard. I tell you, I will not be detained. I insist on seeing. It's in vain to expect I'll believe you.

Mrs. *Hard.* [*Running forward from behind*] O lud, he'll murder my poor boy, my darling. Here, good gentleman, whet your rage upon me. Take my money, my life, but spare that young gentleman, spare my child, if you have any mercy.

Hard. My wife! as I am a Christian. From whence can she come, or what does she mean!

Mrs. *Hard.* [*Kneeling*] Take compassion on us, good Mr. Highwayman. Take our money, our watches, all we have, but spare our lives. We will never bring you to justice, indeed we won't, good Mr. Highwayman.

Hard. I believe the woman's out of her senses. What, Dorothy, don't you know me?

Mrs. *Hard.* Mr. Hardcastle, as I'm alive! My fears blinded me. But who, my dear, could have expected to meet you here, in this frightful place, so far from home? What has brought you to follow us?

Hard. Sure, Dorothy, you have not lost your wits. So far from home, when you are within forty yards of your own door. [*To him*] This is one of your old tricks, you graceless rogue you. [*To her*] Don't you know the gate, and the mulberry-tree; and don't you remember the horsepond, my dear?

Mrs. *Hard.* Yes, I shall remember the horsepond

as long as I live; I have caught my death in it. [*To Tony*] And is it to you, you graceless varlet, I owe all this. I'll teach you to abuse your mother, I will.

Tony. Ecod, mother, all the parish says you have spoiled me, and so you may take the fruits on't.

Mrs. *Hard.* I'll spoil you, I will.

[*Follows him off the stage.* *Exeunt.*

Hard. There's morality, however, in his reply.

[*Exit.*

Enter HASTINGS *and Miss* NEVILLE.

Hast. My dear Constance, why will you deliberate thus? If we delay a moment, all is lost for ever. Pluck up a little resolution, and we shall soon be out of the reach of her malignity.

Miss *Nev.* I find it impossible. My spirits are so sunk with the agitations I have suffered, that I am unable to face any new danger. Two or three years patience will at last crown us with happiness.

Hast. Such a tedious delay is worse than inconstancy. Let us fly, my charmer. Let us date our happiness from this very moment. Perish fortune. Love and content will increase what we possess beyond a monarch's revenue. Let me prevail.

Miss *Nev.* No, Mr. Hastings; no. Prudence once more comes to my relief, and I will obey its dictates. In the moment of passion, fortune may be despised, but it ever produces a lasting repentance. I'm resolved to apply to Mr. Hardcastle's compassion and justice for redress.

Hast. But tho' he had the will, he has not the power to relieve you.

Miss *Nev.* But he has influence, and upon that I am resolved to rely.

Hast. I have no hopes. But since you persist, I must reluctantly obey you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes. Enter Sir CHARLES MARLOW *and Miss* HARDCASTLE.

Sir *Char.* What a situation am I in! If what you say appears, I shall then find a guilty son. If what he says be true, I shall then lose one that, of all others, I most wished for a daughter.

Miss *Hard.* I am proud of your approbation, and to shew I merit it, if you place yourselves as I directed, you shall hear his explicit declaration. But he comes.

Sir *Char.* I'll to your father, and keep him to the appointment. [*Exit* Sir Charles.

Enter MARLOW.

Mar. Tho' prepared for setting out, I come once more to take leave; nor did I, till this moment, know the pain I feel in the separation.

Miss *Hard.* [*In her own natural manner*] I believe these sufferings cannot be very great, Sir, which you can so easily remove. A day or two longer, perhaps, might lessen your uneasiness, by shewing the little value of what you now think proper to regret.

Mar. [*Aside*] This girl every moment improves upon me. [*To her*] It must not be, Madam. I have already trifled too long with my heart. My very pride begins to submit to my passion. The disparity of education and fortune, the anger of a parent, and the contempt of my equals, begin to lose their weight; and nothing can restore me to myself, but this painful effort of resolution.

Miss *Hard.* Then go, Sir. I'll urge nothing more to detain you. Tho' my family be as good as hers you came down to visit, and my education, I hope, not inferior, what are these advantages without equal affluence? I must remain contented with the slight approbation of imputed merit; I must have only the mockery of your addresses, while all your serious aims are fix'd on fortune.

Enter HARDCASTLE *and Sir* CHARLES MARLOW *from behind.*

Sir *Char.* Here, behind this screen.

Hard. Ay, ay, make no noise. I'll engage my Kate covers him with confusion at last.

Mar. By heavens, Madam, fortune was ever my smallest consideration. Your beauty at first caught my eye; for who could see that without emotion. But every moment that I converse with you, steals in some new grace, heightens the picture, and gives it stronger expression. What at first seem'd rustic plainness, now appears refin'd simplicity. What seem'd forward

assurance, now strikes me as the result of courageous innocence, and conscious virtue.

Sir. *Char.* What can it mean! He amazes me!

Hard. I told you how it would be. Hush!

Mar. I am now determined to stay, Madam, and I have too good an opinion of my father's discernment, when he sees you, to doubt his approbation.

Miss *Hard.* No, Mr. Marlow, I will not, cannot detain you. Do you think I could suffer a connection, in which there is the smallest room for repentance? Do you think I would take the mean advantage of a transient passion, to load you with confusion? Do you think I could ever relish that happiness which was acquired by lessening yours?

Mar. By all that's good, I can have no happiness but what's in your power to grant me. Nor shall I ever feel repentance, but in not having seen your merits before. I will stay, even contrary to your wishes; and tho' you should persist to shun me, I will make my respectful assiduities atone for the levity of my past conduct.

Miss *Hard.* Sir, I must entreat you'll desist. As our acquaintance began, so let it end, in indifference. I might have given an hour or two to levity; but seriously, Mr. Marlow, do you think I could ever submit to a connection, where I must appear mercenary, and you imprudent? Do you think I could ever catch at the confident addresses of a secure admirer?

Mar. [*Kneeling*] Does this look like security? Does this look like confidence? No, Madam, every moment

that shews me your merit, only serves to increase my diffidence and confusion. Here let me continue——

Sir *Char.* I can hold it no longer. Charles, Charles, how hast thou deceived me! Is this your indifference, your uninteresting conversation?

Hard. Your cold contempt; your formal interview? What have you to say now?

Mar. That I'm all amazement! What can it mean?

Hard. It means that you can say and unsay things at pleasure. That you can address a lady in private, and deny it in public; that you have one story for us, and another for my daughter.

Mar. Daughter!—this lady your daughter!

Hard. Yes, Sir, my only daughter. My Kate, whose else should she be?

Mar. Oh, the devil!

Miss *Hard.* Yes, Sir, that very identical tall squinting lady you were pleased to take me for [*Curtesying.*] She that you addressed as the mild, modest, sentimental man of gravity, and the bold forward agreeable rattle of the ladies' club; ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Zounds! there's no bearing this; it's worse than death.

Miss *Hard.* In which of your characters, Sir, will you give us leave to address you? As the faltering gentleman, with looks on the ground, that speaks just to be heard, and hates hypocrisy; or the loud confident creature, that keeps it up with Mrs. Mantrap, and old Mrs. Biddy Buckskin, till three in the morning; ha, ha, ha!

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

Mar. *Madam every moment that shews me your merit, only serves to encrease my diffidence.*

Act V.

Scene

Library Strand Dec

Mar. O, curse on my noisy head! I never attempted to be impudent yet, that I was not taken down. I must be gone.

Hard. By the hand of my body, but you shall not. I see it was all a mistake, and I am rejoiced to find it. You shall not, Sir, I tell you. I know she'll forgive you. Won't you forgive him, Kate? We'll all forgive you. Take courage, man.

[*They retire, she tormenting him to the back scene.*

Enter Mrs. HARDCASTLE, *and* TONY.

Mrs. *Hard.* So, so, they're gone off. Let them go, I care not.

Hard. Who gone?

Mrs. *Hard.* My dutiful niece and her gentleman, Mr. Hastings, from town. He who came down with our modest visiter here.

Sir *Char.* Who, my honest George Hastings. As worthy a fellow as lives, and the girl could not have made a more prudent choice.

Hard. Then by the hand of my body, I'm proud of the connection.

Mrs. *Hard.* Well, if he has taken away the lady, he has not taken her fortune, that remains in this family to console us for her loss.

Hard. Sure, Dorothy, you would not be so mercenary?

Mrs. *Hard.* Ay, that's my affair, not yours. But you know if your son, when of age, refuses to marry

his cousin, her whole fortune is then at her own disposal.

Hard. Ay, but he's not of age, and she has not thought proper to wait for his refusal.

Enter HASTINGS, *and Miss* NEVILLE.

Mrs. *Hard.* [*Aside*] What returned so soon, I begin not to like it.

Hast. [*To* Hardcastle] For my late attempt to fly off with your niece, let my present confusion be my punishment. We are now come back, to appeal from your justice to your humanity. By her father's consent, I first paid her my addresses, and our passions were first founded in duty.

Miss *Nev.* Since his death, I have been obliged to stoop to dissimulation to avoid oppression. In an hour of levity, I was ready even to give up my fortune to secure my choice. But I am now recover'd from the delusion, and hope from your tenderness what is denied me from a nearer connection.

Mrs. *Hard.* Pshaw, pshaw! this is all but the whining end of a modern novel.

Hard. Be it what it will, I'm glad they are come back to reclaim their due. Come hither, Tony boy. Do you refuse this lady's hand whom I now offer you?

Tony. What signifies my refusing? You know I can't refuse her till I'm of age, father.

Hard. While I thought concealing your age, boy, was likely to conduce to your improvement, I concur-

red with your mother's desire to keep it secret. But since I find she turns it to a wrong use, I must now declare, you have been of age these three months.

Tony. Of age! Am I of age, father?

Hard. Above three months.

Tony. Then you'll see the first use I'll make of my liberty. [*Taking Miss* Neville's *hand*] Witness all men by these presents, that I, Anthony Lumpkin, esquire, of Blank place, refuse you, Constantia Neville, spinster, of no place at all, for my true and lawful wife. So Constantia Neville may marry whom she pleases, and Tony Lumpkin is his own man again.

Sir *Char.* O brave 'squire!

Hast. My worthy friend!

Mrs. *Hard.* My undutiful offspring!

Mar. Joy, my dear George, I give you joy sincerely. And could I prevail upon my little tyrant here to be less arbitrary, I should be the happiest man alive, if you would return me the favour.

Hast. [*To Miss* Hardcastle] Come, Madam, you are now driven to the very last scene of all your contrivances. I know you like him, I'm sure he loves you, and you must and shall have him.

Hard. [*Joining their hands*] And I say so too. And, Mr. Marlow, if she makes as good a wife as she has a daughter, I don't believe you'll ever repent your bargain. So now to supper. To-morrow we shall gather all the poor of the parish about us, and the mistakes of the night shall be crown'd with a merry morn-

ing; so, boy, take her: and as you have been mistaken in the mistress, my wish is, that you may never be mistaken in the wife.

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

By Dr. GOLDSMITH.

WELL, having stoop'd to conquer with success,
And gain'd a husband without aid from dress,
Still as a Bar-maid, I could wish it too,
As I have conquer'd him to conquer you:
And let me say, for all your resolution,
That pretty Bar-maids have done execution.
Our life is all a play, compos'd to please,
"We have our exits and our entrances."
The first act shews the simple country maid,
Harmless and young, of ev'ry thing afraid;
Blushes when hir'd, and with unmeaning action,
I hopes as how to give you satisfaction.
Her second act displays a lovelier scene,———
Th' unblushing Bar-maid of a country inn:
Who whisks about the house, at market caters,
Talks loud, coquets the guests, and scolds the waiters.
Next the scene shifts to town, and there she soars,
The chop-house toast of ogling connoissieurs.
On 'Squires and cits she there displays her arts,
And on the gridiron broils her lovers' hearts———
And as she smiles, her triumph to complete,
Even Common Councilmen forget to eat.
The fourth act shews her wedded to the 'Squire,
And Madam now begins to hold it higher;

Pretends to taste, at Operas cries caro,
And quits her Nancy Dawson, for Che Faro;
Doats upon dancing, and in all her pride,
Swims round the room, the Heinel *of Cheapside;*
Ogles and leers with artificial skill,
Till, having lost in age the power to kill,
She sits all night at cards, and ogles at spadille.
Such, thro' our lives the eventful history——
The fifth and last act still remains for me.
The Bar-maid now for your protection prays,
Turns Female Barrister, and pleads for Bayes.

EDWARD

THE

BLACK PRINCE;

OR, THE

BATTLE OF POICTIERS.

AN HISTORICAL TRAGEDY,

BY W. SHIRLEY, ESQ.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,

By Permission of the Managers.

"The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation."

LONDON:

Printed for the Proprietors, under the Direction of

JOHN BELL, British Library, STRAND,

Bookseller to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

MDCCXCI.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE,

EARL OF HALIFAX,

Viscount SUNBURY, and Baron of HALIFAX; First Lord Commissioner of Trade and Plantations, and one of his Majesty's Most Honourable Privy-Council.

MY LORD,

IN whatever light I consider myself, whether as an Englishman, a merchant, or a poet, I would willingly believe that an address of this sort to your Lordship, has the sanction of a peculiar propriety.

As an Englishman, and a lover of my country, where could I find a more amiable patron? For, on your Lordship's very entrance into public life, the early promise you gave of a steady zeal and disinterested virtue, inspired a general hope, an unbounded esteem, among all ranks of people. And time, (the maturer of all things) ripening your glory with your years, hath made your Lordship an allowed ornament to society, and a blessing to your country. Give me leave particularly to congratulate you, my Lord, on the enjoyment of one happiness, often wanting to the best of men, which is an universal good

report. For however licentious the voice of slander is grown, especially with respect to persons of eminent character, no shaft of malice hath ever been aimed at your Lordship: a striking proof that your worth has either prevented even the worst of men from becoming your foes, or convinced them that the worst of all practices would be impotently exerted against you.

As a merchant, I naturally look for countenance to that honourable Board, at which your Lordship, with such distinguished goodness and abilities, presides: honourable it is in the strongest sense, as being (by means of your Lordship's direction) the most useful board to the public. Trade is the acknowledged source of national wealth; and industry, the best nurse of virtue. By these Britain is become mighty; and consequently to her, above all the kingdoms upon earth, the care and culture of commerce is of the last importance, as the only means that can give power and splendor to her throne, and plenty and happiness to her people. It is, therefore, with singular satisfaction that all good men behold in an employment of such extensive consequence, a person of your Lordship's shining abilities, application and integrity. As an interesting proof of what those qualities give us room to expect, give me leave to congratulate your Lordship and the public, on the happy prosecution of that wise scheme so

pursued by your Lordship; I mean the esta-
nt of a civil government in Nova Scotia.
dertaking, which, if well accomplished, must
uctive of great and numberless blessings; and
ily patriot work, will heighten the reverence
m the present age to your Lordship, and make
emory precious to latest posterity.

poet, I must naturally aspire to the honour
ressing your Lordship in this public manner,
y as you are the inheritor of his titles who
great Mæcenas of the last age, but also from
r inducements; for, besides the very high re-
hat all men bear towards your Lordship, I
ereby the honour of introducing to you a hero
own illustrious family; my brave Earl of
ry (whom I have endeavoured strongly to
ith that rough greatness which so gloriously
uished our old patricians) was a noble Mon-
a name, that, from the Conquest, fills our
with the most shining characters of judges,
s, statesmen and patriots, patrons and profes-
all sublime sciences, protectors and encoura-
every useful art! Yet, eminent and dignified
h a long succession of ages as your ancestors
een, I should fear to point at the retrospect,
s not convinced, that neither their vices could
shame, nor their virtues reproach to your Lord-

Accept, my Lord, in token of a sincere veneration, this humble tribute of an honest heart: I have delivered my sentiments (such as they are) with an entire neglect of art, for truth requires none, and Providence has placed me in a region so distant from your Lordship, that I cannot, I think, be suspected of complimenting for favour. Prostitute praises are justly despicable; they can delight none but the weakest, and be offered by none but the basest of mankind. But our sincere and just acknowledgments for blessings received, our candid and impartial testimonies in behalf of real worth and goodness, may, and ought to be, acceptable to noble minds; since such tribute (we are told) is grateful even to Heaven itself.

May your Lordship's life be long and happy, and all your undertakings crowned with success. And (as the best external blessing I can wish you on earth) may your country's affection keep pace with your merits; and tongues and pens, disinterested as mine, be never wanting to celebrate your praise.

I am, my Lord,

Your Lordship's sincerely devoted,

And most obedient humble servant,

WILLIAM SHIRLEY.

Lisbon, Nov. 10th, 1749.

WILLIAM SHIRLEY.

MR. SHIRLEY was some time English Resident at LISBON, and certainly a man of much commercial intelligence. Little, however, is known of his life. He wrote various letters, in the public prints, upon the subject of our commerce with PORTUGAL, to which, as from a pen conversant with the subject, some attention no doubt was paid.

How he came to conceive himself a dramatist is unaccountable. It must have been one of the irregular fancies, with which men too frequently delude themselves; who, feeling no difficulty to *produce*, are prevented, by self-love, from a proper estimate of the value of their productions.

EDWARD
THE
BLACK PRINCE.

EDWARD first appeared at DRURY-LANE in the year 1750—but it was coldly received. From that time the SUBJECT has tended to keep it alive. But the glorious memory of our BLACK PRINCE deserves, and most probably will, in our day, obtain a more adequate illustration. Mr. COLMAN, jun. seems to have found his strength in the imitation of Shakspere's manner; he has already brought the Father upon our scene, and he cannot do better than turn now his attention to the son.

Mr. SHIRLEY, we had almost forgot to mention, intended the play which follows, to resemble the tragedy of Shakspere.

PROLOGUE.

IE sons of genius search, thro' every age,
proper heroes to adorn the stage:
e Greeks and Romans rise again to view,
in fight bravely, and their fame renew.
great unshaken Cato here you see,
l Cæsar falls for English liberty.
standard-virtue ripen'd yet on earth,
you behold it in a second birth;
strike, impress—impel the vigorous mind,
l give ye all the boasts of all mankind.

uch spurs to glory——if they glory raise,
erve protection——nay, demand your praise.

ur Bard to night, no doubtful story brings,
native, genuine English feats he sings:
e no false varnish glitters to surprise,
just historic truths in order rise;
d sure that tale must have for Britons charms,
t shews you France subdued by British arms:
lions traversing their ravag'd plains,
ir armies broken, and their king in chains.

ur Poet fir'd by England's ancient fame,
id humbly aiming at great Shakspere's flame!)

On candour's judgment bids his hopes repose,
Alike disdaining partial friends and foes.
If his warm glow excites a patriot-zeal,
If from your eyes soft drops of pity steal;
If fears, hopes, sorrows, rise with varied art,
And by the hand of nature touch the heart;
There let him reign——Be there his power confest,
And generous judges will o'erlook the rest!

With the humane and the exalted mind,
The absent and the dead, indulgence find.
Know then——a parent breathing foreign air,
This night commits his darling to your care.
No faction's form'd to prostitute applause,
No art, no interest, to support his cause:
The public honour 'tis his pride to trust,
Nor can he think your voice will be unjust.
Attentive hear, unprejudic'd explore,
And judge like Englishmen——he asks no more.

Dramatis Personae.

DRURY-LANE.

	Men.
EDWARD, PRINCE of WALES, *commonly called the* BLACK PRINCE	Mr. Kemble.
Earl of WARWICK	Mr. Barrymore.
Earl of SALISBURY	Mr. Fawcet.
Lord AUDLEY	Mr. Farren.
Lord CHANDOS	Mr. Williames.
ARNOLD, *an Attendant on the* Prince of Wales	Mr. Brereton.
Cardinal PERIGORT, *the* Pope's *Nuncio*	Mr. Aickin.
JOHN, *the French King*	Mr. Staunton.
DAUPHIN, Duke of TOURAIN — *his Sons*	Mr. Phillimore.
Duke of ATHENS, *Constable of France*	Mr. R. Palmer.
Archbishop of SENS	Mr. Chaplin.
Lord RIBEMONT, Lord CHARNEY — *French Marshals*	Mr. Palmer. Mr. Packer.
	Women.
MARIANA, Charney's *Daughter, prisoner in the English Camp*	Miss E. Kemble.
LOUISA, *her Attendant*	

Nobles, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE, *the* English *and* French *Camps, on and near the Plains of* Poictiers *in* France.

EDWARD
THE
BLACK PRINCE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The PRINCE *of* WALES'S *Tent. Prince* EDWARD *discovered seated,* WARWICK, SALISBURY, AUDLEY, CHANDOS, *and others standing.*

Prince.

MY lords, I summon'd ye in haste to council;
Intelligence is brought me that our foes
Have levied to oppose us, such a strength
As almost staggers credibility!
What's to be done? To tarry longer here,
And brave their fury in the heart of France,
Would be a rashness that may hazard all.
Consider therefore well, my fellow-warriors,
And aid my judgment with your good advice.
Speak, Warwick, your opinion.

War. Royal sir,
It is for marching back, with speed, to Bourdeaux.

Our little army, harrass'd with fatigue,
And heavy-laden with the spoils of war,
Should, like the careful bees, ere storms o'ertake u
Secure our treasures and prepare for rest.
Havoc has wanton'd in our hard campaign,
And manly daring won increase of glory:
Then let not now presumption madly risque
Reprisals from such force. Be timely prudent:
The voice of wisdom urges our retreat,
Obey it, and be happy.

Aud. Shameful thought!
What, spirit dastards by inglorious flight?
No; never let it, mighty prince, be said
That we, who, two succeeding summers, chac'd
From shore to shore of their extensive realm
Collected armies, doubling each our own!
Should here at length discover abject fear,
And skulk for coward safety. What are numbers
Let all their kingdom's millions arm at once,
And crowding, clust'ring, cram the field of fight!
Such timid throngs, with multiplied dismay,
Would make confusion do the task of valour,
And work out their destruction.

Sal. Audley's thoughts
Accord with mine. While Salisbury has breath,
His tongue shall hurl defiance at their force.
Remember, princely Edward, Cressy's field;
Remember every battle we have fought,
How much out-counted, yet how greatly victors!

And bade us rouze and buckle on our arms;
A throne usurp'd, your royal father's right;
A violated truce, a vile attempt
To filch away the fruits of painful conquest,
By basely bribing servants from their duty.
Assaults so infamous, such rank dishonour,
At last awoke our monarch's high resentment:
O give it glorious scope! unhinge, destroy
Their very power of doing future wrongs:
So shall the rescued world pour forth its blessings,
And kings and kingdoms thank our arm for safety.

Chand. If Chandos give his voice for our retreat,
'Tis not from coward motives:—All can witness
I have met danger with as firm a spirit
As any in our host. But as success
Hath crown'd our arms with ample spoils and glory,
Why, when the season is so far advanc'd,
(Hopeless of profit) should we longer stay,
By soothing pride, to brave adversity?
Consider, gracious prince, and you, my lords,
What difficulties clog a winter's march
In hostile countries; parties harrassing,
And want of all convenience and supplies.
I do confess, the wrongs that urg'd us hither
Were such as merited severe revenge:
And vengeance we have had. Their burning towns
Have lighted us on many a midnight march,
While shrieks and groans, and yellings echo'd round.
Fear and confusion were our harbingers,
And death and desolation our attendants.

" Such have their suff'rings been thro' two campaigns,
" And that a third may rise with added horrors,
" And carry indignation to his goal,"
Now homeward let us look; and wisely there
Recruit, in time, our vigour and our numbers:
Thence, with the chearful spring to issue forth,
Again to labour in the field of fame.

Prince. True wisdom, Chandos, dictates to your tongue,
And modest, manly eloquence adorns it.
My lords of Salisbury and Audley, you,
Who cherish truth and candour in your minds,
Must yield to arguments so clear and strong.
Believe me, friends and brothers of the war,
A momentary ruin may involve us:
Such mighty hosts are rais'd, and now in motion,
As well will task our utmost skill to 'scape.
Upon the plains of Poictiers are encamp'd,
Th' extensive plains that our retreat must skirt,
An army double ours!

Aud. And shall we pass?
Go tamely by? And give them cause for vaunting,
That Englishmen avoided once a battle?
No; never let us merit such a stain;
But boldly seek them, dare their double numbers,
And drive them, if a combat they decline,
To skip and wanton at a safer distance.

Sal. Give us, my prince, the pleasure but to spring
This gaudy flight of prating popinjays,
And we'll retire contented.

ind. There my voice
join ye, lords; to force them from their home
ich a juncture, will be doubly glorious!
ould they venture battle, their discomfit
render our retreat to Bourdeaux safe,
end our labours with a noble triumph.
ince. Then be it so: for Poictiers we'll prepare.
[*Rising.*
instant orders, good my lords, for marching:
orrow's sun shall see us face our foes.
ere, if they wait our coming, we once more
ll dress contention in her gorgon horrors:
ive fear and slaughter thro' their shudd'ring ranks,
lk o'er their mangled heaps, and, bath'd in blood,
ze with red hands the wreath of victory!"
break we off; go each where duty calls.
[*Exeunt Lords.*
for an office is most grateful to me.
waits?—Let Arnold know that I expect him.
[*A Gentleman appears, and retires again.*
poor the pomps and trophies of the field,
laze of splendor, or that bubble, praise,
ar'd with what the sympathizing heart
from a gen'rous action!

Enter ARNOLD.

ome, Arnold.
r behold thy face, but pleasure springs
the remembrance of those sprightly days,

Which led thro' early youth our happy friendship.
Thou wert my brother then; familiar ease
Season'd our sports, and doubled each delight.
Thither my soul, from ceremonious pomp,
"And all the heavy toils of high command,"
Oft backward looks, with wishes to renew
Those lively transports, unalloy'd by care,
Our boundless happiness, our bursts of joy!

Arn. So honour'd, gracious prince, as I have been,
From humble fortune rais'd to envy'd greatness,
And still with ev'ry grace each gift made precious.
Oh, what are words in payment of such blessings!
What ev'n my life, were life itself laid down
In gratitude for such transcendent goodness!

Prince. If there's a transport tow'ring to divine;
If, in atonement for its load of cares,
One vast enjoyment is the gift of greatness,
'Tis that we can bestow where merit claims,
"And with our favours cheer or charm the soul."
Thine is the vacant military post,
By Mountford's death reverted to my gift;
And keep thy office in my houshold still;
I must not lose the servant in the soldier.
Be henceforth both, and what is more, my friend.

Arn. How shall I praise——

Prince. Arnold, I merit none.
If thou hast kindness done thee, I have pleasure.
There is no joy a gen'rous mind can know,
Like that of giving virtue its reward:
Nor ought such payment be esteem'd a bounty;

For to deserve and give is equal favour.
But let me ask thee of thy beauteous charge:
How has the noble Mariana borne
Captive calamity?

Arn. With resignation
Worthy her birth and dignity of spirit:
Forgetting her misfortunes, all her talk
Turns on the topic of your kind protection.

Prince. Let it extend to all that can relieve
The mind from harsh reflections on her state.
We're now preparing for the fields of Poictiers:
Accommodate her on the wearying way
With thy best care. Remember I request it. [*Exit.*

Arn. Rely, my royal master, on my duty.
Needless injunction! Mariana's charms
Have giv'n her here such absolute command,
My very soul, my ev'ry pow'r, is her's.
But the cold maid, whene'er I plead my passion,
Chills me with sighs, and stifles all my flame
Of love with streaming tears. Benignant Heav'n!
Bless'd as I am with royal Edward's favour,
And Mariana's charms—and all beyond,
Let mad ambition grapple for, and gain. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Changes to the French Camp. Enter CHARNEY *and the Archbishop of* SENS.

Char. My lord of Sens, I gladly give your Grace

A joyful welcome to the plains of Poictiers.
You come the happy harbinger of comfort,
Returning to old Charney's woe-worn mind.
The king's approach revives my drooping spirits,
It feeds the dying lamp of life with hope
That I shall live to riot in revenge.
Those English locusts, who devour our wealth,
Who spoil and slaughter with so wild a fury,
Grant, ye good Pow'rs, these eyes may see destroy'd,
And I shall die contented!

Sens. Ev'ry tongue
Joins that petition. Your misfortunes, lord,
Most nearly touch the king.

Char. Oh, they are great!
The pride of ancient lineage treasur'd up,
Trophies of war and ornaments of pomp,
These won by valour, those with honour worn,
Favours of monarchs, and the gifts of Heav'n,
The relics of a glorious ancestry,
Are, with the mansion of my great forefathers,
A heap of ashes now!—A wide-spread ruin.
My age's blessing too, an only daughter,
Torn from her home to hard captivity,
The prey, the victim of a fell revenge!
Oh, matchless misery!——Oh, Mariana!

Sens. Your sorrows have been wept by ev'ry eye;
And all have wonder'd what should mark you out
For such peculiar vengeance.

Char. Nothing but
The service done our master, when I brib'd

Their governor to give up Calais to us;
Who, like a villain, broke his plighted faith,
And sacrific'd the gallant troops I led
To Edward's fury: slaughter'd all, or taken,
I was amongst the train who grac'd his triumph;
There the proud king insulted me with taunts;
He call'd our undertaking vile and base;
With low'ring brow and bitterness of speech,
Adding, he hop'd the fortune of his arms
Would give him to reward my treachery.
The father's wishes hath the son accomplish'd;
For which, may all the rage of ev'ry curse,
Flames, famines, pestilences, slaughters, join
To root from nature the detested race!

Sens. Grant it, good Heav'n!—But see, the Duke of Athens.

Enter ATHENS.

Char. Lord Constable, most welcome to my arms.

Ath. I thank you, noble Charney.

Char. Are the train
Of royal warriors, sir, arriv'd?

Ath. They are.

Char. Oh, joyful tidings! Sir, another hour
Shall speak at large my pleasure to behold you:
The present claims my duty to the king. [*Exit.*

Ath. My lord of Sens, these secret marches made
From different parts by our divided host,
May steal us on our unprepared foes,
And give our arms, at length, an ample vengeance.

Sens. I greatly hope it. As I think, to-morrow,
Or I mistook the king, they'll all be here.
Ath. With early day, the instant we arriv'd,
A numerous party, led by Ribemont,
Came up and join'd us. Those the Dauphin brings,
Our last division, are to march by night;
We may expect them with to-morrow's dawn.
Sens. See! Ribemont is here.

Enter RIBEMONT.

Rib. Why, this looks well——
Here's bustle, expedition!—once again
We shine in arms, and wear a face of war.
Sens. Oh, may they never be again laid down,
Till England is repaid with all the plagues
Her sons have brought on France! My eager soul,
As does the fever'd lip for moisture, longs
To see destruction overwhelm that people.
Rib. Indulge no guilty hatred, rev'rend lord;
For fair report, and, let me add, experience,
Picture them lovely to impartial judgment.
The world allows they're valiant, gen'rous, wise,
Endow'd with all that dignifies our nature;
While, for their monarch—we'll appeal to facts,
And sure they speak him wonderful indeed!
" Did not Germania's ermin'd princes meet,
" And, as the most renown'd, the first of men,
" Elect great Edward to imperial sway?
" While he, sublime in ever-conscious glory,
" Disdaining rule but on his native throne,

" Saw sovereigns offer vassalage in vain.
" Then to his court, from ev'ry peopled realm,
" Ev'n from our own did not the fam'd in arms,
" The harness'd knights repair to fill his lists
" To take his judgment in all martial strife ?
" Submitting int'rest, honour, all was precious,
" And ev'n beyond appeal, owning his voice,
" Like that of Heav'n, incapable of error."

Sens. It grates my soul to hear a Frenchman talk
Of greater glories than he finds at home.
Is not this monarch you would make a god,
Our master's enemy, our country's foe ?

Rib. A foe he is, but he's a noble foe !
I know his worth, and therefore will I speak it.
At our attack of Calais, 'twas my fortune
To meet in fight this Third King Edward's sword :
I found him all that heathens held their gods,
Artful and mighty ! (pardon the proud vaunt)
Too much for me to conquer. Long we stood,
Buckler to buckler, clashing steel to steel,
Till, by superior soldiership o'ercome,
I yielded to a monarch. But so well,
With hardy vigour, I sustain'd the combat,
That freedom, ransomless, was my reward.
The royal victor, when he bade me go,
Took from his brow this string of orient wealth,
Around my temples twin'd the glittering wreath,
And cry'd—Shine there, my token of applause.
Oh, if his valour wing'd amazement high,
Where was its flight, when his heroic soul,

Forgetting that my sword had aim'd his slaughter,
O'erlook'd all low regards, all partial ties,
And gave a vanquish'd enemy renown?

Sens. Detested boast!—Ambition's taint, my lor
So warps, so biasses the soldier's judgment——

Rib. Ha, biasses!—I tell thee, priest, ambition—
When was it wanting in a churchman's soul?
More odious there, and more pernicious far,
Than when it fires the warrior's breast to glory.
But, down, my rage—Your office should be peac
ful—
Your habit's sacred——Let your speech be suited.

Sens. Reproving sir, you think you rail secure,
And so secure remain; howe'er, your cause
Might bring ev'n your allegiance into question.

Rib. Said'st thou allegiance?—What a vile resor
And would thy jaundic'd malice stain my fame?
But loyalty, long prov'd, dares bid defiance
To all the base perversion of thy tongue.
I praise my foes, because they merit praise:
I'll praise them to the king, and after fight them.
My soul disdains such narrow-hearted spleen,
As owns no excellence beyond a tribe,
Or hates, from envy, all superior merit.

Ath. Forbear, my lord; consider you're enrag'
With one whose function does forbid revenge.

Rib. Why does the meddling priest provoke
sentment?
Let him obey that function; preach repentance
To money-scraping misers, sordid slaves,

The cringing minions of corrupted courts,
The dregs of stews and tyrants of the gown:
There let his zeal be vehement and loud;
But not come here to sap the soldier's honour,
And teach inglorious lessons in a camp. [*Exit.*

Ath. Forgive him, good my lord; brave Ribemont
Is all the warrior, bold above restraint;
Of nature noble, but unpolish'd manners.

Sens. I do forgive him—Yet a time may come—
[*Aside.*

Ath. Sir, go we to the presence?

Sens. I attend you.

Ath. There grant, ye pow'rs! our counsels may procure
This kingdom's safety, and its peace insure:
In one brave action may our arms succeed,
And in their turn the daring English bleed. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The English Camp. Enter SALISBURY *and* CHANDOS, *meeting.*

Chandos.

GOOD-morrow, Salisbury, yon rising sun,
As was your wish, beholds us here encamp'd
Upon the plains of Poictiers.

Sal. Noble Chandos,
It was my wish; a wish for England's honour.

To Frenchmen, whom so much we've aw'd and humbled,
Methinks I would not give the least pretence
For arrogance and boasting.

Enter WARWICK.

War. Valiant lords,
Wild consternation reigns! Our scouts have brought
Intelligence the enemy surrounds us!
By sudden, secret marches, they have drawn
Their troops from ev'ry fertile province hither,
And cut off our retreat.

Sal. Why then we'll fight them.

War. Most fatal was our yesterday's advice,
But 'tis his highness' will we straight to counsel:
Haste, good my lords, for on a single hour,
Perhaps a minute, now our fate depends.

Sal. I'll not believe the French will dare attack us,
How great soe'er their numbers. But with words
We will not waste the time that may be precious;
Then to the prince's tent, my lords, away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to a private Tent. *Enter* ARNOLD, *leading* MARIANA.

Arn. Now, lovely captive, wilt thou doubly triumph!

The happier cause of France at length prevails,
And we are all undone.

Mar. What mean you, Arnold?

Arn. Encircled here by thy whole country's force,
Unable to sustain their fierce assault,
And all retreat cut off, we have no prospect
But that of total slaughter.

Mar. Hear me, Heav'n!
Who oft hast witness'd to the silent tears,
Stream'd down in gratitude for gen'rous treatment;
Now witness (spite of all my country suffers)
That these descend in pity for my foes.

Arn. The fatal accident again restores thee
To liberty, and safety, while from me
It cuts away all hopes of happiness.
I wish not to outlive the bloody hour
Must give thee to thy father, whose abhorrence
Of all that's English soon will interpose,
And plunge my soul for ever in despair.
Let then thy fancy image what I feel!——
Grief choaks the very passages of vent—
And I want utterance for——

Mar. There is no need.
I know thy heart, know all its tender feelings,
Know what sad tumults, doubts and fears create,
"Whose mingling agonies, in wounded minds,
"Sharpen a torture poignant ev'n to madness."
If to thy eloquence of words and looks,
My virgin modesty and captive state
Have hitherto forbid my tongue to answer,

Yet sure my eyes have told my heart was thine.
But now, away with fears and forms; distress
Bears me above restraint, and I will own
To Heav'n, to earth, to thee, my father, country,
That Arnold is most dear, most precious to me!

Arn. Hold, my transported heart!—Thou heav'nly maid——

What raptures rush at that enchanting sound!
Happy as I am now, destruction, come,
O'erwhelm me in this moment of my bliss;
Ne'er let me pine in hopeless anguish more,
But die thus clasp'd in Mariana's arms.

Mar. And will our fate—will cruel fate divide us?

Arn. Oh, do not name it! With the very thought
Frenzy assaults me. No, we must not, cannot,
Will not be parted—No——

Mar. Alas! I fear
The choice will not be ours. A father's pow'r,
If France prevails, for ever tears thee from me.
And must they conquer?—Oh, I find, I feel,
I've lost already all regard for France:
England's my country, any country's mine
That gives me but my safety and my love——
Inform me—tell me—is there no escaping?

Arn. Thou wilt need none. For me and for the rest,
We have, alas! no prospect but of——

Mar. Stop!
Nor dare inflame a wild imagination,
Lest madness follow! 'midst relentless foes,

Methinks I see thee fall! Behold them strike!——
I hear thy groans! I see thy gushing blood!
" Thy writhing body trampled in the dust!"
Oh, save me from the horror!——Let us fly!——
Let us away this moment!—Let us——

Arn. Whither?

Where can we fly? All hope of flight is lost,
There is no possibility——

Mar. There is.
Let us, while yet occasion will permit,
Fly to my father.

Arn. Father!

Mar. He'll protect us.

Arn. Protect us!—Dire protection!—at the thought
My blood runs chill! and horror quite unmans me.

Mar. Think on the dangers that you brave by staying.

" *Arn.* Think, rather, on the hell that I should merit
" By such desertion——dire and damning guilt!
" How dreadfully it shakes me!—
" *Mar.* Dost thou tremble?
" Then what should I, a helpless woman, do?
" Imagine that! and if thou art a man,
" Feel for what I may suffer.
" *Arn.* Suffer!——Thou?
" *Mar.* Yes, Arnold, I! The woes that I may suffer,
" Amongst the deadly dealings of the field,

" Some well-aim'd weapon, through a bleeding wound,
" May set thy soul at liberty for ever:
" While I (of mortals though the most undone)
" Wanting all means of honourable death,
" Must suffer woes beyond description dreadful.
" What are my friends, my father, or my country?
" Cold are the comforts that they all can give,
" When thou, dear darling of my heart, art lost.
" Pleasure and hope, and peace will perish with thee,
" And this forlorn, this joyless bosom, then
" Become the dreary mansion of despair.
" Shall I not rave, blaspheme, and rend my locks?
" Devote the hour that gave me birth? and curse
" The sun and time, the world, myself and thee?
" 'Till frenzy prompting, 'gainst some dungeon wall
" I dash my burning brains to finish torture."

Arn. Do not awake, thou lovely pleader, do not,
Such tumult-working thoughts within a mind
On madness verging.

Mar. Let us then away.

Arn. Oh, not for worlds!—Not worlds should bribe me to it.

Mar. And wilt thou urge thou lov'st me?

Arn. More than life!

Mar. By Heav'n, 'tis false: the spirit that's within thee,
Is not of worth to harbour aught so noble.

Arn. Will daring even to die convince thee?

Mar. No:

Death is a coward's refuge. Dare to live;
Dare wretchedness,—Reproach——
Arn. No more, no more——
Tempt me no more in vain——
Mar. Art thou so fix'd?——
Arn. As fate——
Mar. I've done.
Arn. Then why that angry look?——
Mar. It is a curse entail'd upon the sex,
To have our counsel scorn'd, our love despis'd.
Go to thy ruin——to my ruin go——
I give thee up—and all my hopes for ever.
" *Arn.* Why wilt thou blast me with that baleful dew?
" Each tender tear that falls in sorrow from thee,
" (Like melted ore fast dropping on my heart)
" Drives life before it with excess of pain.
" Come, friendly slaughter, now my only hope,
" Free me from sufferings not to be endur'd.
" *Mar.* What! In the hour of trial would'st thou shrink!
" Steal to the shelter of a timeless grave,
" And leave me on the rack of dire despair?
" Is this a proof of that superior spirit
" Asserted by the lordly boaster, man?
" Oh, shame upon thee——
" *Arn.* Hear me——
" *Mar.* Not the winds,
" That hang the curling billows in the clouds—
" Are more impetuous than the rage of scorn

" That rises in my bosom."

Arn. Let but reason
Weigh the dire consequence of such a flight.

Mar. The consequence! Why, what do you forsake
But certain slaughter?

Arn. Horrid—damning thought!

Mar. I hop'd my risking wretchedness for love,
Would have provok'd some emulation——

Arn. Oh!

Mar. But thou art poor, the hero of pretence;
And therefore thus—for ever——

Arn. Take me, lead——
No, stop!——it surely was some Siren's voice
Would lure me to destruction—Off!—stand off!—
Thou! thou art she that would ensnare my soul,
Ruin my peace, and sacrifice my fame.
But timely be advis'd: forbear to urge
A deed that all the earth would scorn me for,
All hell want plagues to punish.

Mar. Be undone——

Arn. Undone I am, whatever course I take——
Dreadful alternative! Despair, or death,
Or everlasting shame!

Mar. I did not pause:
I chose, for Arnold's love to hazard all:
To suffer, if misfortune were our lot,
And never once reproach him or repine.
But he rejects such truth, such tenderness—

Arn. Oh, hear me, help me, save me, sacred pow'rs.

" *Mar.* Deserts a woman in adversity!
" And seeks, in death, a rescue from the woes
" Her fortitude encounters.
" *Arn.* 'Tis too much,
" It tears my brain!—my bosom!—Oh!"
Mar. Thou'rt pale!——
Arn. Dizzy and sick—the objects swim before me.
Reach out thy hand to save me ere I sink:
Oh, what a deprivation of all pow'rs!
Lead me to my tent—I beg thee lead——
" *Mar.* I will.
" Lean fearless on my arm, it can sustain thee."
Arn. Oh, boasted manhood—how I feel thy weakness. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Opening, discovers a magnificent pavilion, in which King JOHN *appears seated in state. On stools, below him, sit the* DAUPHIN, *Dukes of* BERRY, ANJOU, TOURAIN *and* ORLEANS, ATHENS, SENS, RIBEMONT, CHARNEY, *Lords, Attendants, and Guards all standing.*

King. At length, we've caught these lions in our toils,
These English spoilers, who through all our realm
Have mark'd their way with rapine, flames, and slaughters:
Now, by my sacred diadem, I swear,

Beyond a conqueror's joy my pleasure swells,
For that my foes have wrought their own confusion,
And found misfortunes where they meant to deal them.
What say you, lords, must softening pity sway?
Or shall we glut our vengeance with their blood?

Char. Heav'n gives them up the victims of your wrath;
Indulge it, then, to their destruction. Mercy
Would mark your majesty the foe of France.
Your bleeding country cries for retribution:
I join it, with a voice by woes enfeebled;
Hear, feel, and strike in such a moving cause,
The cause of wrongs, of wounds, of weeping age!
The widow'd bride, the childless father calls:
"The helpless, parentless, unshelter'd babe!
"Matrons bewailing their whole race cut off;
"And virgins panting from the recent rape!"
Oh, hear, redress,—revenge us, royal sir,
For vengeance now is in your pow'r to grant.

Rib. Anger and hatred are disgraceful motives,
Calm dignity should ever counsel kings,
And govern all their actions. When they strike,
It ne'er should be to gratify resentment,
But, like the arm omnipotent of Heav'n,
To further justice: to create an awe
May terrify from evil:—better minds—
Rectify and benefit society!

Ath. The nuncio,
Who follow'd fast your majesty to Poictiers,

Hath sent to claim an audience in behalf
Of yon endanger'd English.

Sens. Do not hear him.

King. Say, lord archbishop, wherefore should we not?

Sens. Knowing your godlike and forgiving nature,
I fear 'twill rob you of much martial glory:
Else might your fame in arms, for this day's action,
Rival the boasts of Macedon or Rome!
And sure your valiant soldiers will repine,
To have the laurels, now so near their grasp,
Snatch'd from their hopes for ever.

Rib. Abject minion!
How shameful to that habit are such flatteries. [*Aside.*

King. Yes, I well know my soldiers pant, impatient
To seize this feeble quarry. But our foes,
I must remind you, are so close beset,
That famine soon will throw them on your mercy.
Princes and lords, what cause have we to fight?
Why should we waste a drop of Gallic blood,
When conquest may be ours on cheaper terms?

Dauph. But will it suit the glory of your arms
To wait their inclination to surrender?
Or ev'n to grant such parley, as might plume
Their saucy pride t' expect capitulation?
Oh, no, my royal father, rush at once,
O'erwhelm them, crush them, finish them by slaughter.

Rib. Think not, prince Dauphin, they'll e'er stoop for terms:
Believe me, we have rather cause to expect

A fierce attack, to cut their passage through,
Or perish in the attempt. I know them well,
In many a field have try'd their stubborn spirit;
Have won some honour—by their king tho' vanquish'd:
And when I ponder their intrepid courage,
How much they dare to suffer and attempt,
I'm lost in wonder! and no Cressy need
To make me tremble to provoke their fury.

Dauph. Your tongue, the herald of your vanity,
Methinks, is loud in what were better lost
To all remembrance—a disgraceful tale.
To boast of honours from a victor's bounty,
Is stooping low—is taking abject fame.
If you have valour, give it manly sway,
Busy your sword—but let your tongue be silent.

Rib. My talent never 'twas to idly vaunt—

King. No more of this—presumptuous Ribemont.
Princes and lords, we are yet undetermin'd.
I've sent a spy, of known abilities,
To find out the condition of our foes;
From whose report, in council, we'll resolve
On measures that may promise most success.
Mean time, do you inform the Nuncio, Athens,
His audience shall be granted. Lords, lead on:
We'll make our morning's progress through the camp.
[*Exeunt King, Prince, &c.*

Rib. What boasts made I?
I told the truth, and wherefore then this taunt?
Shame on such modesty! The king, just now,

Nice as he seems in breeding and in forms,
With patience heard a supple, fawning priest——
Strip all the shrines of fam'd antiquity,
Ev'n make great Cæsar and the son of Philip
Resign their laurels to his nobler claim:
"Nay, thought him sparing, doubtless, that he left
"Great Hercules and Jove unspoil'd to grace him!
"By my good sword, an oath with soldiers sacred,"
By Heav'n, 'twould make an honest stomach heave
To see a throat so squeamish for another,
Open and gulp a potion down, enough
To poison half mankind.

Ath. Brave Ribemont,
The king's distaste was that you prais'd his foes.
To talk of Cressy and of Edward's feats,
Was to remind him of our crown's disgrace:
'Twas to proclaim what we should wish forgotten,
Our slaughter'd armies, and our monarch's flight.

Rib. What, are our ears too delicate for truth?
If English valour has disgrac'd our arms,
Instead of mean forgetting, we should stamp
The hated image stronger on our minds;
For ever murmur and for ever rage,
'Till thence eras'd by nobler feats of arms.
Such are my thoughts, and such my resolution:
I share our country's scandal, and would join
My sword, my blood! to purge away the stain.

Ath. Here, then, occasion meets thy patriot-wish;
Here you may help to blanch our sullied glory.

Rib. I differ, Athens, widely in opinion,

The harvest is too thin, the field too bare
To yield the reapers honour. "On my soul,
"I pity the brave handful we encircle,
"And almost wish myself an Englishman
"To share a fate so noble.
"*Ath.* Gallant spirit!"
Rib. Would our exulting king acquire renown,
Let him reduce his numbers down to theirs.
Then sword to sword, and shield to shield, oppose,
In equal strife, these wonderous sons of war;
There conquest would be glorious! But, as now,
With all our thousands and ten thousands join'd,
By Heaven! 'tis most infamous to fight.
Ath. I must away; my duty calls me hence.
I must applaud this generous regard
For a brave people that have done you honour;
Convinc'd, whene'er you face these fearless foes,
You'll fight them warmly as you've prais'd——
Rib. Farewel—*On my soul,*
I pity the brave handful we encircle,
And almost wish myself an Englishman,
To share a fate so noble. [Exeunt severally.

SCENE IV.

Changes to the English Camp. Enter AUDLEY *and* CHANDOS, *meeting.*

Aud. You're well encounter'd, Chandos, where's the prince?

Chan. Directing the entrenchments: every duty
His active ardor leads him to engross.
Such heavenly fortitude inflames his soul,
That all beholders catch new courage from it,
And stifle with astonishment their fears!
From cool unruffled thoughts his orders issue,
While with the meanest soldier he partakes
In ev'ry toil! inspiring, by example,
A glorious zeal and spirit thro' the camp.

Aud. Yet feels he, as the father of our host,
For every man's misfortune, but his own.
Thrice have I seen him, in successive rounds,
Kindle new courage in each drooping heart,
And drive all fear, all diffidence, away.
Yet on the task would tenderness intrude,
As dangers stole and imag'd on his mind:
When, pausing, he would turn his head aside,
Heave a sad sigh, and drop a tender tear.

Enter SALISBURY.

Chan. Well, what says Salisbury?

Sal. Why, faith, but little:
It is yon Frenchmens' place to talk at present.

Aud. How stand the troops?

Sal. Believe me, not so firm,
But our light-footed enemies, if dext'rous,
May trip up all their heels.

Chan. True to his humour!
My good Lord Salisbury will have his gibe,
Howe'er affliction wrings.

Sal. And wherefore not?
Will burial faces buy us our escape?
I wish they would: then no Hibernian hag,
Whose trade is sorrow, should out-sadden me.
But, as the business stands, to weep or laugh,
Alike is bootless; here is our dependence.
[*Touching his sword.*

Aud. What are their numbers?

Chan. Full an hundred thousand.

Sal. Ours but some eight:—great odds, my friends!
No matter:
The more will be our glory when we've beat them.

Aud. What swells their host so mightily (I'm told)
The Earls of Neydo, Saltsburg and Nassau,
Have join'd their troops. The Earl of Douglas too
Assists them with three thousand hardy Scots,
Their old and sure allies.

Chan. I hear the same.

" *Sal.* What! Scotchmen here? whose monarch is our pris'ner.

" *Aud.* Ta'en by a priest and woman! at the head
" Of such raw numbers as their haste could gather,
" When all our vet'ran warriors, with their king,
" Were winning laurels on the fields of France.

" *Chan.* And hither now, perhaps, his subjects come
" To fight for captives to exchange against him.

" *Sal.* For captives! This poor carcase they may get,

" When 'tis fit booty for their kites and crows:
" But while this tongue can speak, I'd root it out
" Ere Scot or Frenchman it should own my master."

Chan. The prince approaches, lords!

Enter PRINCE, WARWICK, *and Attendants.*

Prince. Hah! saidst thou, Warwick!
Arnold gone over to the foe?

War. He is.
A trusty spy brought the intelligence,
Who saw him entering the adverse camp,
Leading his captive charge.

Prince. Impossible!

War. I've search'd his quarters since, myself, and there
Nor he nor Mariana can be found.

Prince. What has a prince that can attract or bind
The faith of friends, the gratitude of servants?
Blush, greatness, blush! Thy pow'r is all but poor,
Too impotent to bind one bosom to thee——
A blow like this I was not arm'd to meet——
It pierces to my soul.

Sal. All-righteous Heav'n,
Reward the villain's guilt?—Believe not, prince,
Throughout our host, another can be found
That worlds would buy to such a base revolt.

Prince. I hope it, will believe it, Salisbury.
Yet must lament that one has prov'd so worthless.—
I lov'd him too!—But since he has forgot
The ties of duty, gratitude, and honour,

Let us forget an Englishman could break them,
And losing his remembrance, lose the shame.
My lords, I have dispatches in my hand,
Advising that the nuncio-cardinal,
Good Perigort, is now arriv'd at Poictiers,
And means to interpose in our behalf.

Aud. His interposing is a gen'rous office,
And I applaud it; but, believe me, prince,
Our foes will rate their mercy much too high.
I'd hope as soon a tiger, tasting blood,
Can feel compassion, and release his prey,
As that a Frenchman will forego advantage.

Prince. I've by the messenger that brought my letters,
Sent him the terms on which I warrant treating.
The sum is, my consent to render back
The castles, towns, and plunder we have taken,
Since marching out of Bourdeaux: and to plight
My faith, that I, for seven succeeding years,
Will wield no hostile sword against their crown.

Sal. It is too much, my prince, it is too much.
Give o'er such traffic for inglorious safety.
Or let us die, or conquer.

Prince. Salisbury,
Rely upon a prince and soldier's promise,
That caution shan't betray us into meanness.
Heav'n knows, for me, I value life so little,
That I would spend it as an idle breath,
To serve my king, my country, nay, my friend.
" To calls like these our honour bids us answer,

" Where ev'ry hazard challenges renown."
But sure the voice of Heav'n and cry of Nature,
Are loud against the sacrifice of thousands
To giddy rashness. Oh! reflect, my friends,
I have a double delegated trust,
And must account to Heav'n and to my father,
For lives ignobly sav'd, or madly lost.
'Till Perigort shall therefore bring their terms,
Suspend we all resolves, but those receiv'd:
Determination must be expeditious:
For know our stock of stores will barely reach
To furnish out the present day's subsistence.

Aud. If so, necessity, the last sad guide
Of all misfortune's children, will command.

Chan. We must submit to what wise Heav'n decrees.

Prince. Let that great duty but direct the mind,
And men will all be happily resign'd:
Accept whate'er the Almighty deigns to give,
And die contented, or contented live:
Embrace the lot his Providence ordains,
If deck'd with laurels, or depress'd with chains,
Laur'd to labour, or indulg'd with rest,
And think each moment he decrees, the best. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The French Camp. Enter ATHENS *and* RIBEMONT.

Ribemont.

LORD Constable, I was not in the presence
When Perigort had audience of the king,
Inform me, for I wish to know, does peace
Her olive-garland weave? Or must the sword
Be kept unsheath'd, and blood-fed vengeance live?

Ath. The king expecting me, I cannot tarry
To let your lordship know particulars;
But the good father, who even now set forward,
Carries such terms as, from my soul, I wish
Young Edward may accept: for 'tis resolv'd,
If they're rejected, instant to attack them.
Yonder's the fugitive, I see, advancing,
Who left their camp this morning. If we fight,
And you have there a friend you wish to save,
This man may point you to his post. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Rib. This man——By Heav'n, there's treason in his aspect!
That cheerless gloom, those eyes that pore on earth,
That bended body, and those folded arms,
Are indications of a tortur'd mind,
And blazon equal villany and shame.
In what a dire condition is the wretch,
Who, in the mirror of reflection, sees

The hideous stains of a polluted soul!——
To corners then, as does the loathsome toad,
He crawls in silence: there sequester'd lies
"The foamy ferment of his pois'nous gall,"
Hating himself, and fearing fellowship.

Enter ARNOLD, *musing.*

Arn. What have I done! And where is my reward?
Charney withholds his daughter from my arms,
My flatter'd recompence for——Hold, my brain!
Thought that by timely coming might have sav'd me,
Is now too late, when all its office serves
But to awaken horror! [*Aside.*

Rib. I'll accost him.——
Are you an Englishman?

Arn. I had that name,
(Oh, killing question)——but have lost it now.

Rib. Lost it indeed!

Arn. Illustrious Ribemont!
(For was your person less rever'd and known
By every son of Britain, on your brow
That splendid token of renown you wear,
Would be your herald)—Pity, if you can,
A wretch——the most undone of all mankind.

Rib. I much mistake your visage, or I've seen yo
In near attendance on the Prince of Wales.

Arn. I was indeed,—(Oh, scandal to confess it)
I was his follower, was his humble friend;
He favour'd, cherish'd,—luv'd me!—Heav'nly pow
How shall I give my guilty story utterance!—

Level your fiery bolts!—Transfix me here!
Or hurl me howling to the hell I merit.

Rib. Invoke no pow'r, a conscience such as thine
Is hell enough for mortal to endure.
But let me ask thee, for my wonder prompts me,
What bait affords the world, that could induce thee
To wrong so godlike and so good a master?

Arn. True, he is all, is godlike, and is good!
Edward, my royal master, is indeed
A prince beyond example! Yet your heart,
If it has ever felt the power of beauty,
Must mitigate the crime of raging love.

Rib. Love!—Thou lost wretch!—And could so frail a fire
Consume whate'er was great and manly in thee?
Blot virtue out, and root each nobler passion
Forth from thy mind? The thirst of bright renown?
A patriot fond affection for thy country?
Zeal for thy monarch's glory? And the tie
Of sacred friendship—by thy prince enobled?
Begone, and hide thy ignominious head,
Where human eye may never penetrate;
Avoid society, for all mankind
Will fly the fellowship of one like thee.

Arn. Heav'n! wherefore said'st thou that we must not err,
And yet made woman?

Rib. Why accuse you Heav'n?
Curse your inglorious heart for wanting fire,
The fire that animates the nobly brave!

The fire that has renown'd the English name,
And made it such as ev'ry age to come
Shall strive to emulate—but never reach——
There thou wert mingled in a blaze of glory,
Great—to amazement great!—But now how fall'n!
Ev'n to the vilest of all vassal vileness,
The despicable state of female thraldom.
" *Arn.* From letter'd story single out a man,
" However great in council or in fight,
" Who ne'er was vanquish'd by a woman's charms.
" *Rib.* Let none stand forth, there is no cause they should!
" Beauty's a blessing to reward the brave;
" We take its transports in relief from toil,
" Allow its hour, and languish in its bonds:
" But that once ended, dignity asserts
" Its right in manhood, and our reason reigns."
Arn. Untouch'd by passion, all may talk it well;
In speculation who was e'er unwise?
But appetites assault like furious storms,
O'erbearing all that should resist their rage,
'Till sinking reason's wreck'd; and then succeeds
A gloomy calm—in which reflection arms
Her scorpion brood—remorse, despair, and horror!
Rib. But could contrition ever yet restore
To radiant lustre a polluted fame?
" Or man, however merciful, forget
" That justice brands offenders for his scorn?"
Truth, the great touchstone of all human actions,
The fair foundation of applause or blame,

Has ting'd thy honour with too foul a stain,
For all repentant tears to wash away.
All eyes 'twill urge to dart their keen reproaches,
Each tongue to hiss, and ev'ry heart to heave
With indignation at thee.

Arn. All the pride,
That here should kindle into high resentment,
I find is gone! My spirit's sunk, debas'd!
My guilt unmans me—and I'm grown a coward.
[*Aside.*

Rib. The trumpets may wake, the clarions swell,
That noble ardor thou no more canst feel,
Disgrac'd from soldier to a renegade.
Anon, while o'er the dreadful field we drive,
Or dealing deaths, or daring slaught'ring swords!
Do thou at distance, like the dastard hare,
All trembling, seek thy safety. Thence away,
As fortune, or thy genius may direct,
Thy conscience thy companion. But be sure,
Whatever land you burden with your weight,
Whatever people you hereafter join,
Tell but your tale, and they will all, like me,
Pronounce you abject, infamous and hateful. [*Exit.*

Arn. Abject and hateful!——Infamous!——I'm all!——
The world has not another monster like me:
Nor hell in all its horrid store of evils,
Beyond what I deserve!——Already here
I feel the shafts, they rankle in my bosom;
And active thought anticipates damnation.

Enter MARIANA *and* LOUISA.

Mar. He's here! I've found my heart's companion out!
Rejoice, my Arnold, for my father softens;
He half forgets his hatred to thy country,
And hears with temper while I praise thy virtues.
We soon shall conquer. Hah! what mean those tears?
Why art thou thus?

Arn. And canst thou ask that question?
Thou soft seducer, thou enchanting mischief,
" Thou blaster of my virtue. But—begone——
" By Heav'n, the poison looks so tempting yet,
" I fear to gaze myself in love with ruin.
" Away—away: enjoy thy ill-got freedom,
" And leave a wretch devoted to destruction.
" *Mar.* Destruction!—how the image strikes my soul,
" As would the shaft of death, with chilling horror!—
" Hear me—but hear me!—'tis the cause of love!
" Your Mariana pleads—For Arnold's peace,
" For mine, for both——nay, do not turn away,
" And with unkindness dash the rising hope,
" That strives for birth, and struggles with despair!
" *Arn.* Oh, yes, despair!——it is most fit you should,
" As I must ever do.
" *Mar.* Wherefore?———Why?——
" How are you alter'd, or myself how chang'd,

" That all our blessings are transform'd to curses?
" Have you not sworn—(you did, and I believ'd you)
" My flatter'd beauties and my faithful love,
" Were all that Arnold wish'd to make him happy?
" *Arn.* Curst be your love, and blasted all your beauties,
" For they have robb'd me of my peace and honour.
" Looks not my form as hideous as my soul,
" Begrim'd like hell, and blacken'd to a fiend?
" Go, get thee hence——thou blaster of my fame,
" Bear thy bewitching eyes where I no more
" May gaze my——but I have nothing now to lose,
" Nought but a hated life, which any hand
" Would be most merciful to rid me of.
" *Mar.* If I am guilty, 'tis the guilt of love,
" And love should pardon what himself inspir'd.
" Oh, smooth the horrors of that anguish'd brow,
" Thy tortur'd visage fills me with affright!
" Look on me kindly, look as you were wont,
" Or ease my bursting heart, or strike me dead."
Arn. Give me again my innocence of soul,
Give me my forfeit honour blanch'd anew,
Cancel my treasons to my royal master,
Restore me to my country's lost esteem,
To the sweet hope of mercy from above,
And the calm comforts of a virtuous heart.
Mar. Sure kindness should not construe into guilt
My fond endeavours to preserve thee mine,
Life, love and freedom are before you, all,
Embrace the blessings, and we yet are happy.

Arn. What, with a conscience sore and gall'd like mine?

To stand the glance of scorn from ev'ry eye,
From ev'ry finger the indignant point?
"In ev'ry whisper hear my spreading shame,
"And groan and grovel a detested outcast!"
A taunting Frenchman, with opprobrious tongue,
Pronounc'd me abject, infamous and hateful!
And yet I live—and yet you counsel life——
"The damn'd beneath might find or fancy ease,
"And fear to lose existence soon as I——"
No, die I must—I will—but how, how, how?——
Nay, loose my arm; you strive in vain to hold me.

Mar. Upon my knees—See, see these speaking tears!

Arn. Be yet advis'd, nor urge me to an outrage.
Thy pow'r is lost—unhand me—then 'tis thus,
Thus I renounce thy beauties, thus thy guilt——
Life, love and treason I renounce for ever. [*Exit.*

Mar. Then welcome death, distraction, ev'ry curse!
Blast me, ye lightnings! strike me, roaring thunders!
Or let me tear, with my outrageous hands,
The peaceful bosom of the earth, and find
A refuge from my woes and life together.
[*Flinging herself on the ground.*
Stand off! away! I will not be withheld——
I will indulge my phrenzy——Loss of reason
Is now but loss of torment——Cruel Arnold!

" *Enter* CHARNEY.

" *Char.* Whence is this voice, of woe, this frantic
posture?
" Why is my child, my Mariana, thus?
" *Mar.* Thy flinty heart can best resolve the ques-
tion. [*Rising.*
" Thou that relentless saw'st my tears descend,
" And urg'd by stubborn haughtiness and hatred,
" Hast given me up to endless agonies.
" The man that merited thy best regard,
" The man I lov'd, thy cruelty has made
" Alike implacable—He's gone, he's lost!
" Arnold is lost, and my repose for ever!
" *Char.* Why, let him go; and may th' impending
" The hov'ring mischiefs that await their arms,
" Him, them, and all of their detested race,
" Involve in one destruction.
" *Mar.* No, let ruin
" O'ertake the proud, severe, and unforgiving,
" Crimes that are strangers to an English nature:
" They are all gentle; he was mild as mercy,
" Soft as the smiles that mark a mother's joy,
" Clasping her new-born infant. Shield him, Heav'n!
" Protect him, comfort him——Thou cruel father!
" Thou cause of all my sufferings, all my woes!
" Give him me back, restore him to my arms,
" My life, my lord, my Arnold! Give him to me,
" Or I will curse my country, thee, myself;
" And die the victim of despairing love. [*Exit.*

" *Char.* Follow her, watch her, guard her from
her fury. [*Exit* Louisa.
" Oh, dire misfortune! this unhappy stroke
" Surpasses all the sorrows I have felt,
" And makes me wretched to the last extreme."
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Drawing, discovers the PRINCE *of* WALES *seated in state in his tent; at the entrance to which his standard stands displayed; the device, three ostrich feathers, with the motto of* ich dien. WARWICK, SALISBURY, AUDLEY, CHANDOS, *Nobles, Officers and Guards standing.*

Prince. I've sent my Lords of Oxford, Suffolk,
Cobham,
To meet the Nuncio, and conduct him hither;
From whom we may expect to hear the terms
On which the French will deign to give us safety.
[*Trumpets.*

Chan. Those trumpets speak the cardinal's arrival:
And see! the lords conduct him to your presence.
[*Trumpets.*

Enter three English Lords, preceding Cardinal Perigort *and his retinue. On the Nuncio's bowing, the Prince advances from his seat, and embraces him.*

Prince. Lord Cardinal, most welcome to my arms:

I greet you thus, as England's kindest friend,
Misfortune's refuge, and affliction's hope.
It is an office worthy of your goodness,
To step betwixt our danger and destruction,
Striving to ward from threat'ned thousands here,
The blow of fate.

Per. Grant, gracious Heav'n, I may!
For, from my soul, great prince, I wish your rescue;
And have conditions from your foes to offer,
Which, if accepted, save ye.

Prince. We attend. [*Takes his seat.*

Per. No art for mild persuasion in your cause
Have I omitted: but imperious France,
Too fond of vengeance, and too vain of numbers,
Insists on terms which only could be hop'd
From such a scanty, unprovided host;
And prudence will direct, from many evils
To choose the lightest. Their conditions are,
That, to the castles, towns, and plunder taken,
And offer'd now by you to be restor'd,
Your royal person, with an hundred knights,
Are to be added pris'ners at discretion.

Prince. Ha! pris'ners!

Aud. Oh, insolent, detested terms!

Sal. A hundred thousand first of Frenchmen fall,
And carrion taint the air!—I cannot hold. [*Aside.*

Prince. [*After a pause.*] My good Lord Cardinal,
what act of mine
Could ever usher to their minds a thought,
That I would so submit?

Per. Could I prescribe,
You should yourself be umpire of the terms;
For well I know your noble nature such,
That int'rest would be made the slave of honour.
But to whate'er I urg'd, the king reply'd,
Remember Cressy's fight! to us as fatal,
As that of Cannæ to the Roman state.
There fell two mighty kings, three sovereign princes,
Full thirty thousand valiant men of arms,
With all the flower of French nobility,
And of their firm allies; for which, (he cried)
What can redeem the glory of my crown,
But to behold those victors in our chains?——
It is a bitter potion; but reflect,
That royal John is noble, and will treat
Such foes with dignity, while fortune pays
Less than the stock of fame his father lost.

Prince. Yes, Philip lost the battle with the odds
Of three to one. In this, if they obtain it,
They have our numbers more than twelve times told,
"If we can trust report." And yet, my lord,
We'll face those numbers, fight them, bravely fall,
Ere stoop to linger loathsome life away
In infamy and bondage. Sir, I thank you——
I thank you from my soul, for these—for me——
"That we have met your wish to do us kindness;"
But for the terms our foes demand, we scorn
Such vile conditions, and defy their swords——
Tell them, my lord, their hope's too proudly plum'd;
We will be conquer'd ere they call us captives.

Ere wrong their country, or their own renown.
Sound, there, to arms!—My pious friend, fare
Disperse, my lords, and spirit up the troops:
Divide the last remains of our provision—
We shall require no more; for who survives
The fury of this day, will either find
Enough from booty—or a slave's allowance.

Per. How much at once I'm melted and ama
Stop, my lords, and give a soul of meekness sc
In minutes of such peril. By the host
That circles Heaven's high throne, my bleedin
Is touch'd with so much tenderness and pity,
I cannot yield ye to the dire decision.
Let me, once more, with ev'ry moving art,
Each soft persuasion, try the Gallic king:
Perhaps he may relent—permit the trial——
I would preserve such worth, Heaven knows I w
If hazard, labour, life, could buy your safety.

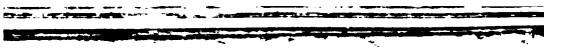
Prince. Lord Cardinal, your kindness quite u

ma.

EDWARD the BLACK PRINCE.

Hamilton delt. Audinet sculp.

M.KEMBLE as the PRINCE.



Here link'd together by the graceful bonds
Of amity and honour: all to me
For ever faithful and for ever dear,
" The worth that rooted when my fortune smil'd,
" You see not ev'n adversity can shake:"
Think it not weakness then that I lament them.

Per. It is the loveliest mark of royal virtue;
'Tis what demands our most exalted praise,
Is worthy of yourself, and must endear
The best of princes to the best of people.
Till my return be hope your comforter:
If 'tis within the scope of human means,
I'll ward the blow.

Prince. Good Heaven repay you, sir:
Tho' acts like yours carry such blessings with them
As are their full reward——My lord, farewell.

[*Exit* Perigort, *attended as he came in.*

Aud. Well, sir, how fare you now?

Prince. Oh, never better!
" If I have frailty in me, Heaven can tell,
" It is not for myself, but for my friends."
I've run no mean, inglorious race; and now,
If it must end, 'tis no unlucky time.
As yon great planet, thro' its radiant course,
Shoots at his parting the most pleasing rays,
So to high characters a gallant death
Lends the best lustre, and ennobles all.

Aud. Why, there, my prince, you reach even virtue's summit;
For this I love you with a fonder flame,

Than proud prosperity could e'er inspire.
'Tis triumph, this, o'er death.

Prince. And what is death,
That dreadful evil to a guilty mind,
And awe of coward natures? 'Tis but rest,
Rest that should follow every arduous toil,
Relieve the valiant, and reward the good:
Nor is there aught in death to make it dread
When fame is once establish'd.

War. That secure,
Our foes, who wail its loss, can ne'er recover
The glory ravish'd from them.

" *Prince.* Who can tell?——
" Has Fortune been so badly entertain'd
" That she should leave us? No, my noble f
" Her smiles and favours never were abus'd;
" Then what we merit we may yet maintain.

Chan. An hundred of us, with your royal p
Deliver'd up their pris'ners at discretion!
The French have surely lost all modesty,
Or the remembrance of themselves and us.

" *Aud.* But here, in my mind's tablet, there
" A memorandum that might make them sta
" In this career of their presumptuous hope.
" Nine times the seasons scarce have danc
rounds,
" Since the vain father of their present king,
" Philip, who stil'd himself his country's fort
" Gaudy and garnish'd, with a numerous hos
" Met our great Edward in the field of fight.

" I was one knight in that illustrious service,
" And urge I may, (for 'tis a modest truth)
" We made the Frenchmen tremble to behold us:
" Their king himself turn'd pale at our appearance,
" And thought his own trim troops, compar'd with ours,
" Effeminated cowards——Such they prov'd:
" And since that day, what change in them or us,
" Can ground security on wond'rous odds?
" The same undaunted spirits dare the combat;
" The same tough sinews and well-temper'd blades
" Again shall mow them down, like autumn corn,
" Another harvest of renown and glory.
" *Chan.* There the brave monarch of Bohemia strove,
" In vain, to kindle valour in their hearts:
" He fought, he fell——when our victorious prince
" Seiz'd his gay banner, with yon boast—I SERVE—
" [*Pointing to the* Prince's *standard.*
" Which, now more suited to his princely charge,
" Triumphantly, as conqueror, he wears;
" And, in his honour, England's eldest hope
" Shall ever wear it to the end of time."

Sal. Now, as I live, I wish we were at work,
And almost fear the Nuncio may succeed.
Methinks we should not lose the bless'd occasion,
Or for surpassing ev'ry former conquest,
Or gaining glorious death, immortal fame.

Prince. Then set we here ill-fortune at defiance,
" Secure, at least, of never-fading honour."

Oh, my brave leaders! in this warm embrace,
[*They all embrac*
Let us infuse that fortitude of soul,
To all but England's daring sons unknown!
" Firm as the stately oak, our island's boast,
" Which fiercest hurricanes assault in vain,
" We'll stand the driving tempest of their fury.
" And who shall shake our martial glories from u
" Yon puny Gauls? They ne'er have done it yet,
" Nor shall they now——Oh, never will we wrong
" So far ourselves and our renown'd forefathers!"
Here part we, lords; attend your sev'ral duties.
Audley, distribute thro' the camp provisions——
Keep ev'ry soldier's spirits in a glow,
Till from the French this final message comes:
Then, if their pride denies us terms of honour,
We'll rush outrageous on their vaunting numbers;
And teach them, that with souls resolv'd, like ours,
Ev'n desperation points the way to conquest.
When (in defiance of superior might)
Plung'd in the dreadful storm of bloody fight,
Shall ev'ry Briton do his country right. [*Exe*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The French Camp. Enter RIBEMONT.

Ribemont.

THE troops, array'd, stand ready to advance;
And this short pause, this silent interval,

With awful horror strikes upon my soul——
I know not whence it comes, but till this moment,
Ne'er did I feel such heaviness of heart.
Fear, thou art still a stranger here; and death
Have I oft seen in ev'ry form he wears;
Defy'd him, fac'd him, never fled him yet:
Nor has my conscience since contracted guilt,
The parent of dismay—then whence is this?
Perhaps 'tis pity for yon hopeless host——
Pity! For what?—The brave despise our pity;
For death, encounter'd in a noble cause,
Comes, like the gracious lord of toiling hinds,
To end all labours, and bestow reward.
Then let me shake this lethargy away——
By Heav'n, it wo' not off!——The sweat of death
Is on me—a cold tremor shakes my joints——
My feet seem rivetted—my blood congeals——
Almighty Pow'rs!——Thou ever awful form!
Why art thou present?—Wherefore?—What, a sigh!
Oh, smile of sweet relief!—If aught from Heav'n
A mortal ear be worthy to——Again
That piteous action! that dejected air!———
Speak out the cause—I beg thee, speak—'tis gone!—
"Yet would I gaze, by such enchantment bound—
"Thou pleasing, dreadful vision!"—Oh, return!
Unfold thy errand, tho' I die with hearing——

Enter ATHENS.

Ath. You're well encounter'd, Ribemont; the king,
Ere this, has Edward's answer; as I past

The bound'ries of our camp on yonder side,
In this my progress to equip the field,
I saw the Nuncio posting like the wind,
He and his train on horses white with foam,
Their course directed to our monarch's tent.
What means this, Ribemont?——Thou'rt lost in thought!

Rib. Athens!—I am unsoldier'd; I'm unmann'd—
Wonder you may, my noble friend; for see,
I shake, I tremble——

Ath. Say, at what?

Rib. Why—nothing.

Ath. Should the vast host that here are rang'd for battle,
(Warm with impatience, eager for the fray)
Behold that Ribemont alone has fear,
What wonder would it cause! For thou, of all,
Art sure deservingly the most renown'd.
Come, be thyself——For shame!———

Rib. Believe me, Athens,
I am not stricken with a coward's feeling:
Not all yon army to this sword oppos'd,
Should damp my vigour, or depress my heart.
"'Tis not the soldier trembles, but the son——"
Just now a melancholy seiz'd my soul,
A sinking; whence I knew not; till, at length,
My father's image to my sight appear'd,
And struck me motionless.

Ath. 'Twas only fancy.

Rib. Oh, no, my Athens! plainly I beheld

My father in the habit that he wore
When, with paternal smiles, he hung this weapon
Upon my youthful thigh, bidding me use it
With honour, only in my country's cause.
Within my mind I treasur'd up the charge,
And sacred to the soldier's public call
Have worn it ever. Wherefore then this visit?
" Why, in that garb in which he fix'd my fortune,
" And charg'd me to repay his care with glory?"
If 'tis an omen of impending guilt,
O, soul of him I honour, once again
Come from thy heav'n, and tell me what it is,
Lest erring ignorance undo my fame.

Ath. Nought but a waking dream; a vapour'd brain.

Rib. Once his pale visage seem'd to wear a smile,
A look of approbation, not reproof;
But the next moment, with uplifted hands
And heaving bosom, sadly on the earth
He turn'd his eyes, and sorely seem'd to weep.
" I heard, or fancy'd that I heard a groan,
" As from the ground his look was rais'd to me;"
Then, shaking with a mournful glance his head,
He melted into air.

Ath. Pr'ythee, no more———
You talk'd of melancholy, that was all;
Some sickness of the mind, occasion'd oft
Ev'n by the fumes of indigested meals.
To-morrow we will laugh at this delusion.

Rib. To-morrow! Oh, that mention of to-morrow!—

There are opinions, Athens, that our friends
Can pass the boundaries of nature back,
To warn us when the hour of death is nigh.
If that thy business was, thou awful shade!
I thank thee, and this interval of life,
However short, which Heaven vouchsafes me yet,
I will endeavour as I ought to spend.

Ath. See, thro' yon clouds of dust, with how much speed
The Nuncio hastens to the English camp!
Perhaps the terms for safety are agreed;
Then where's a meaning for thy fancy'd vision?

Rib. No matter where; my spirits are grown light;
" Returning vigour braces up again
" My nerves and sinews to their wonted tone.
" My heart beats freely, and, in nimble rounds,
" The streams of life pursue their ready course.
" Lead on; our duty calls us to the king."
Again the bright'ning fires of glory blaze:
Yes, virtue calls, and Ribemont obeys.
Yes, Athens, yes, amid the fierce alarms,
Where Edward thunders in vindictive arms,
Shalt thou behold me, in my country's cause,
Rise in renown, or perish with applause. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Changes to the PRINCE *of* WALES'S *Tent. Enter* PRINCE, CHANDOS, *and Attendants, meeting* AUDLEY.

Prince. Well, Audley, are the soldiers all refresh'd?

Aud. All: and altho' perchance their last of meals,
It seem'd so cheerful as surpass'd my hope;
Still joining hands, as off they drain'd the bowl,
Success to England's arms, was all the cry.
At length a hoary vet'ran rais'd his voice,
And thus address'd his fellows: Courage, brothers!
The French have never beat us, nor shall now.
Our great Third Edward's fortune waits our arms;
And his brave son, whose formidable helmet
Nods terror to our foes, directs the fight.
In his black armour, we will soon behold him
Piercing their throng'd battalions—Shall not we,
At humble distance, emulate his ardor,
And gather laurels to adorn his triumph?———
Then did they smile again, shake hands and shout;
While, quite transported at the pleasing sight,
I wept insensibly with love and joy.

Prince. I too could weep—Oh, Audley, Chandos, there,
There rest I all my hope!——My honest soldiers,
I know will do their duty.

Enter Gentleman.

Gent. Royal sir,
A person, muffled in a close disguise,
Arriv'd this instant from the adverse camp,
As he reports, solicits to receive
An audience of your highness, and alone.

Prince. Retire, my lords——Conduct him
way in. [

Chan. Your highness will not trust you
guarded.
It may be dangerous. Consider, sir——

Prince. Caution is now my slave, and fear
This is no hour for idle apprehensions.
[*Exeunt L*

Enter ARNOLD *in a disguise, which he thr*

Your business, sir, with—Arnold!—Get the

Arn. Behold a wretch laid prostrate at yo
His guilty neck ev'n humbled to the earth;
Tread on it, sir——it is most fit you should.
I am unworthy life, nor hope compassion—
But could not die till here I'd stream'd my t
In token of contrition, pain and shame.

Prince. Up, and this instant from my sight
Ere indignation urges me to pay
Thy horrid treasons with a traitor's fate.

Arn. Death if I'd fear'd, I had not ven
ther;
Conscious I merit all you can inflict:

" But doom'd to torture as by guilt I am,
" I hop'd some ease in begging here to die,
" That I might manifest, where most I ought,
" My own abhorrence of my hated crime."
Thus, on my knees, lay I my life before you,
Nor ask remission of the heavy sentence
Your justice must pronounce. Yet, royal sir,
One little favour let me humbly hope:
(And may the blessings of high Heav'n repay it!)
'Tis when you shall report my crime and suffering,
Only to add—He gave himself to death
The voluntary victim of remorse.

Prince. I shall disgrace my soldiership, and melt
To woman's weakness, at a villain's sorrow!
Oh, justice, with thy fillet seal my eyes,
Shut out at once his tears, and hide my own! [*Aside.*

Arn. Am I rejected in my low petition
For such a boon?—Nor can I yet complain:
Your royal favours follow approbation,
And I, of all mankind, have least pretence
To hope the bounty of a word to ease me.

Prince. Rise, Arnold—Thou wert long my chosen servant:
An infant-fondness was our early tie;
But with our years (companions as we liv'd)
Affection rooted, and esteem grew love.
" Nor was my soul a niggard to thy wishes:
" There set no sun but saw my bounty flow,
" No hour scarce past unmark'd by favour from me.
" The prince and master yet I set apart,

" And singly here arraign thee in the friend."
Was it for thee, in fortune's first assault,
" Amidst these thousands, all by far less favour'd,"
To be the man, the only to forsake me?
Was it for thee, *in whom my heart delighted,*
Was it for thee, " for thee to seek my foe,
" And take thy safety from the means that sunk
" The man of all the world that lov'd thee most?"—
In spite of me my eyes will overflow,
And I must weep the wrongs I should revenge.

Arn. Tears for such guilt as mine! Oh, blasting sight!
Cover me, mountains—hide me and my shame!—
A traitor's fate would here be kind relief
From the excessive anguish I endure.

Prince. Having thus fairly stated our account,
How great's the balance that appears against thee!
And what remains?—I will not more reproach thee.
Love thee I must not, and 'twere guilt to pity.
All that with honour I can grant is this:
Live—but remove for ever from my sight.
If I escape the dangers that surround me,
I must forget that Arnold e'er had being:
I must forget, in pity to mankind,
(Lest it should freeze affection in my heart)
That e'er such friendship met with such return.

Arn. " Oh, mercy more afflicting than ev'n rage!—
" That I could answer to with tears and pray'rs;
" But conscious shame, with kindness, strikes me mute."

Great sir, (forgive intrusion on your goodness)
My boon you have mistaken, life I ask'd not;
'Twas but to witness to the deep remorse,
That with a harpy's talons tears my bosom.
" Love, the pernicious pois'ner of my honour,
" In poor atonement's sacrific'd already;
" And life, devoted as the all I've left,
" I'm ready now and resolute to pay."
But as my miseries have touch'd your soul,
And gain'd remission of a traitor's fate,
Oh, add one favour, and complete my wishes!
To the dear country that must scorn my name,
(Tho' I still love it as I honour you)
Permit my sword to lend its little aid,
To pay a dying tribute—Grant but that,
And I will weep my gratitude with blood.

Prince. Stain'd and polluted as my eyes behold, thee,
Honour no longer can endure thy sight.
If 'tis in valour to accomplish it,
Redeem thy reputation; but if not,
To fall in fight will be thy happiest hope.
Away, nor more reply.

Arn. Exalted goodness! [*Exit.*

Prince. If passions conquer'd are our noblest boasts,
Misruling Anger, ever mad Revenge,
And thou, too partial biaser, Affection,
Confess I once have acted as I ought. [*Trumpets.*
Ha! by those trumpets, sure the Nuncio's come.
[*A Gentleman appears and retires.*

Who's there?—Acquaint the lords I wish to see them.
" Now does the medley war begin to work:
" A thousand hopes and fears all crowd upon me!"

Enter WARWICK, SALISBURY, AUDLEY, CHANDOS, *Lords and Attendants.*

Oh, welcome, friends! But, hark! the Cardinal!
[*Trumpets.*

Enter Cardinal PERIGORT, *attended.*

Well, gen'rous advocate, we wait our doom.
Per. Prepare, prepare for an immediate battle:
Inflexible is France in her demands,
And all my pray'rs and tears have prov'd in vain.
Prince. Lord Cardinal, " may righteous Heav'n reward
" The pious charity of soul you've shewn."
If France insists so high, it shall be try'd;
The desp'rate chance of battle shall be try'd——
The Fates attend, the balance is prepar'd,
And whosoe'er shall have the lot to mount,
May Heav'n stretch wide its everlasting doors,
And give them happy entrance all!
Per. Amen———
Illustrious prince, and you his noble followers,
Remains there aught that I can do to serve ye?
My function suits not with a field of slaughter;
In Poictiers, therefore, must I seek my safety.
There, while the battle rages, round and round
My beads shall drop to pray'rs, that ev'ry saint

Will succour and support the English arms.
But should the fortune of your foes prevail,
And leave you victims to immortal honour,
The pious offices I'll make my own,
O'er ev'ry grave to breathe a thousand blessings,
And water all your ashes with my tears.

Prince. My gentle friend, such goodness will renown you.

Per. Take from my hand, my heart, my very soul,
My amplest benediction to you all. [*They bow.*
I now can stifle in my tears no longer——
Oh, gallant prince, farewell! farewell to all.
Heav'n guard your lives, and give your arms success.
[*Exit with his Attendants.*

[*On the* Cardinal's *going out, the* Prince *and Lords continue for some time fixed and mute.*]

Aud. You loiter, sir. Our enemies advance,
And we're in no array.

Prince. My thoughts were absent. Away, dispatch—
Marshal the army by the plan I gave,
Then march it straight to yonder eminence,
Whence I'll endeavour to inflame their zeal,
And fit them for the toils this day demands.
Now does the medley war begin to work;
A thousand hopes and fears begin to crowd upon me.
[Exeunt severally.

SCENE III.

Changes to another part of the English Camp.
MARIANA *and* LOUISA.

" *Lou.* Thus, madam, has obedience prov'
duty;
" The hurry and confusion of the field
" Giving us opportunity to 'scape,
" We've reach'd the English camp. But wh
now?
" Where would you bend your course? Bel
around,
" How the arm'd soldiers, as they form in ranks
" Dart from impassion'd looks ten thousand ter
" The scene is dreadful!
" *Mar.* Then it suits my mind,
" The seat of horrors, terrible to bear.
" Oh, let me find him!———
" *Lou.* Dearest lady, think———
" Nor follow one that rudely spurn'd you from
" *Mar.* It was not Arnold spurn'd me, 'twa
guilt,
" The guilt I plung'd him in. Louisa, thou
" Hast ne'er experienc'd passions in extremes,
" Or thou would'st know that love, and hate,
scorn,
" All opposites, together meet, and blend
" In the wild whirl of a distracted soul.

" *Lou.* Behold, he comes!
" *Mar.* Support me, gracious Pow'rs!"

Enter ARNOLD.

Arn. Ha! Mariana!—When will torture end!
[*Aside.*

Mar. How shall I stand the shock of his reproaches!
[*Aside.*

Arn. Why art thou here! Oh, why, unhappy maid?

Mar. Since my too fatal rashness wrought thy ruin,
Tis fit, at least, that I should share it with thee.
Therefore, my friends, my father, and my country,
I have forsook for ever, and am come
To claim a portion here in all you suffer.

Arn. Return again, I beg thee, I conjure thee,
By all the wond'rous love that fir'd our hearts,
' And wrought——But let not that be more remember'd,
' If thou hast wish for happiness or peace,"
Go to thy father back, and think no more
Of a lost wretch, who hastens to oblivion.

Mar. Request it not; I never will forsake thee:
One fortune shall conduct, one fate involve us.
I'll shew the world that my unhappy crime
Was neither child of treachery or fear;
But love, love only: and the guilt it caus'd,
As I inspir'd, I'll share its punishment.

Arn. You cannot, nay, you must not—think no of it.
You broke no faith; I only was to blame.

" And to engage thee to secure thy safety,
" Know the dire state of my determin'd soul.
" Heav'n and my prince permitting, I have sworn
" To brave all dangers in the common fight;
" And when my sword has done its best for England,
" To lay my load of misery and shame
" Together down for ever. Death I'll hunt
" So very closely, that he shan't escape me."
Be timely, then, in thy retreat; and Heav'n,
And all good angels guard thee! On thy lips
I'll seal my fervent pray'rs for blessings on thee.
[*Kisses her.*
Oh, what a treasure does my soul give up,
A sacrifice to honour——— [*Going.*
" *Mar.* Stop a moment——
" One single moment, Arnold. Let me gather
" A little strength to bear this dreadful parting.
" And must it be—hold, hold, my heart—for ever?
" Oh, bitter potion! Kind physician, pour
" One drop of hope to sweeten it a little.
" *Arn.* Hope every thing; hope all that earth can give,
" Or Heav'n bestow on virtues such as thine."
[*Trumpet.*
That trumpet summons me! I must away.
Oh, measure by thy own the pangs I feel! [*Exit.*
Mar. Then they are mighty; not to be express'd;
Not to be borne, nor ever to be cur'd.
My head runs round, my bursting brain divides!
" Oh, for an ocean to ingulph me quick,

flames capacious as all hell's extent,
iat I might plunge, and stifle torture there!"
u. Hence, my dear lady; for your peace, go hence.
ır. I'll dig these eyes out; these pernicious eyes,
ıving Arnold, have undone him—Ha! [*Trumpet.*
raven trumpet sounds the knell of death!
ıld—the dreadful, bloody work begins——
t ghastly wounds! what piteous, piercing shrieks!
stop that fatal faulchion! if it falls,
lls my Arnold!—Save him, save him, save——
[*Exit running*; Louisa *follows.*

SCENE IV.

ges to a rural Eminence, with the distant Prospect of a Camp. Enter PRINCE.

ince. The hour advances, the decisive hour,
t lifts me to the summit of renown,
:aves me on the earth a breathless corse.
buz and bustle of the field before me,
twang of bow-strings, and the clash of spears,
ı ev'ry circumstance of preparation,
:e with an awful horror! Shouts are echo'd,
lrown dismay, and blow up resolution
ı to its utmost swell—From hearts so firm,
ɔm dangers fortify, and toils inspire,
ıt has a leader not to hope? And yet
weight of apprehension sinks me down.

O Soul of Nature, great eternal Cause, [*Kneels.*
Who gave and govern'st all that's here below!
'Tis by the aid of thy almighty arm
The weak exist, the virtuous are secure.
If to your sacred laws obedient ever,
My sword, my soul, have own'd no other guide;
Oh, if your honour, if the rights of men,
My country's happiness, my king's renown,
Were motives worthy of a warrior's zeal,
Crown your poor servant with success this day,
And be the praise "and glory all" thy own. [*Rises.*

Enter AUDLEY.

Aud. Now, royal Edward, is the hour at hand,
That shall, beyond the boast of ancient story,
Ennoble English arms. Forgive, my hero,
That I presume so far, but I have sworn
To rise your rival in the common fight:
We'll start together for the goal of glory,
And work such wonders, that our fear-struck foes
Shall call us more than mortals. As of old,
"Where matchless vigour mark'd victorious chiefs,
"The baffled host, to cover their disgrace,
"Cry'd out, the gods assum'd commanders' forms,
"And partial Heav'n had fought the field against them!"

Prince. Audley, thy soul is noble; then, together,
(Safe from the prying eye of observation)
Let us unmask our hearts. Alas, my friend,
To such a dreadful precipice we're got,

It giddies to look down! No hold, no hope,
" But in the succour of almighty pow'r;"
For nothing but a miracle can save us.
" *Aud.* I stifle apprehensions as they rise,
" Nor e'er allow myself to weigh our danger.
" *Prince.* 'Tis wisely done. And we'll at least endeavour
" (Like the brave handful at Thermopylæ)
" To make such gallant sacrifice of life,
" As shall confound our enemies. Oh, think
" On the great glory of devoted heroes,
" And let us emulate the godlike flame,
" That dignified the chiefs of Greece and Rome!
" Souls greatly rais'd, above all partial bonds,
" Who knew no tie, no happiness distinct,
" But made the gen'ral weal their only care.
" That was their aim, their hope, their pride, the end
" For which they labour'd, suffer'd, conquer'd, bled.
" *Aud.* Exalted, great incitement!
" *Prince.* What may happen,
" Since none can say, prepare we for the worst.
" Then, as a man whom I have lov'd and honour'd,
" Come to my arms, and take a kind farewell.
" [*They embrace.*
" If we survive, we will again embrace,
" And greet each other's everlasting fame:
" If not, with him whose justice never errs,
" Remains our fit reward.
" *Aud.* You melt me, sir!

" I thought my nature was above such weakness;
" But tears will out———

" Prince. They're no reproach to manhood;
" But we've not leisure now for their indulgence."

Aud. True, glorious leader, to more active duties
" The several functions of our souls are summon'd;"
Safety and honour, liberty, renown,
Hope's precious prospect, and possession's bliss,
All that are great and lovely, urge together,
The arm of valour in their dear defence.

Prince. And valour well shall answer the demand:
Our foes, to wear the trophies of the day,
Must wade thro' blood to win them. " Heav'n can tell
" How many souls may pay the fatal price,
" Or whose may be the lot." If I fall,
Say, Audley, to my father, to my country,
Living they had my service—at my death,
My pray'rs and wishes for eternal welfare.

Aud. Request not that, which, if the day be lost,
I ne'er shall execute. I have to ask
A favour, which I hope you'll not refuse.

Prince. Nothing that suits my Audley to solicit.

Aud. It is, that I may be the first to charge:
I think I can rely upon my courage
To set a good example.

Prince. Then be it so. And hark! [*Trumpets.*
The troops approach. *Audley, to your station.*

Aud. Each upright form
Darting defiance, as they move, to France!

" Where is the pow'r can cope with souls like these?
" Resolv'd on conquest, or a glorious fate,
" Unmoveable as rocks they'll stand the torrent
" Of rushing fury, and disdain to shrink;
" But let yon panting wasps discharge their stings,
" And then in clusters crush them." [*Trumpets.*

Enter WARWICK, SALISBURY, CHANDOS, *and other Commanders. Parties of Soldiers appear between all the Wings, with Officers leading them, so seeming as if the whole Army was drawn up.*

Prince. Countrymen,
We're here assembled for the toughest fight
That ever strain'd the force of English arms.
See yon wide field with glitt'ring numbers gay!
Vain of their strength, they challenge us for slaves,
And bid us yield, their pris'ners at discretion.
If there's an Englishman among ye all
Whose soul can basely truckle to such bondage,
Let him depart. For me, I swear, by Heav'n,
By my great father's soul, and by my fame,
My country ne'er shall pay a ransom for me!
Nor will I stoop to drag out life in bondage,
And take my pittance from a Frenchman's hands:
This I resolve, and hope brave countrymen,
Ye all resolve the same,

Sold. All, all " resolve it."

Sal. Conquest or death is ev'ry Briton's choice.

Prince. Oh, glorious choice! And know, my gallant soldiers,

I see already they've confus'd the foe;
Their ranks are broken, and they seem to doubt
If they should stand or fly.

Chan. Then now's the time
To press them with the weight of all our force;
For Frenchmen, if they're once dismay'd, are lost.

War. Excess of fury marks the battle yonder;
Lord Salisbury there sustains a heavy charge.

Prince. Warwick, away and reinforce his party,
Or numbers may o'erbear him. Fly this instant.
[*Exit* Warwick.
Oh, for an arm of iron, but to answer
The mighty ardor that inflames my soul! [*Exeunt.*

Enter ARNOLD, *bloody.*

Arn. Yet more of Gallic blood, I must have more,
To wash my stains of infamy away.
What are the multitudes o'erthrown already?
Greater must down to gratify my rage,
And in my country's vengeance crown my own.
Ha! what, retreating! Cowards, follow me.
[*He joins an English party who were giving way, and they beat the French off.*

SCENE II.

Changes to another part of the Field. Enter KING JOHN, TOURAIN, ATHENS, *and Attendants.*

King. By Heav'n, a panick seizes all my troops!
Inform me, Athens, what's the cause of this?

. Some parties that the Prince of Wales detach'd
d yonder mountain, have attack'd our rear;
the division which the Dauphin led
rsing in confusion, they have pierc'd
fury to the centre of our host.
g. Fly, Athens, to my son, with my command,
he collect again his scatter'd men,
ead them to our succour. Shameful sight!
[*Exit* Athens.
such a handful should confound us thus.

Enter Archbishop of SENS *with a drawn sword.*

ens. Confusion seize!—but there's no need to
wish it;
o much it rages in our host already.
ot this weapon from a feather'd wretch,
10 cast it down and skipp'd like any deer:
ish the villain had it in his heart.
we'er, I took the keen incumbrance up,
d us'd it better than its master could;
', with this arm, unpractis'd in the office,
love a brawny Briton to the chine.
Tour. Heav'ns, how we're prest! No party but
gives way!
King. Perdition seize the cowards! Come, my
boy,
'll do our duty tho' they all desert us." [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes. *Enter* ARNOLD.

Arn. My arm begins to weary with the fight,
Death, I have cramm'd thy rav'nous jaws with offal;
Now, turn my friend, and give me timely rescue.

Enter RIBEMONT.

Rib. Thou double traitor, must I stain my sword
With the foul streams that circle in thy veins,
Who art so base, so branded?—Infamous!
By Heav'n, it almost is a guilt to fight thee.
Arn. Here I can answer, for my cause is good;
It is my country's. And, thou haughty lord,
Think not thou e'er again shalt awe my soul,
Or, unchastis'd, reproach me with a crime
I loath, and here am come to expiate.
The earth I've crimson'd with thy country's blood;
And if the pow'rs, to what I've shed already,
Will add but Ribemont's, I'll ask no more:
The foe I next may meet to mine is welcome.
Rib. Can aught in valour purge thy Æthiop soul,
Expunge thy blots, and rank thee with the brave?
Dar'st thou assert the cause thou hast betray'd,
Or hope a second guilt atones the first?
No! the joint vengeance of wrong'd France and England

send in this—[Arnold *falls.*]——There's something
of thy due;
To infamy and hell I leave the rest. [*Exit.*
Arn. Death I have caught: his shaft is in my heart.
It tugs with nature. When shall I get free?

Enter PRINCE, CHANDOS, *and Attendants.*

Prince. Slaughter hath wanton'd here! What
streams of blood!
What heaps of mangled bodies strew the ground!
Death has had able ministers at work;
A pompous tribute they have paid indeed!
Arnold! Hast thou done this?
Arn. Offended prince,
You find my fluttering soul upon the wing.
All a poor desp'rate and despairing wretch
Could do, this arm hath wrought.
Prince. Thrice have I mark'd
Thy valour wonderful.
Arn. All worthless quite.
That I could pay a hundred thousand lives
In gratitude to you, and love for England;
But feeble nature fail'd my better wish.
So here I render up a loathsome life——
Prince. Talk not of dying—Live, and still be mine.
Arn. Too gen'rous prince! Could your benignant
heart
Forgive and cherish one who is so vile?
Prince. As Heav'n may pardon me, thy crime's
forgot.

Arn. Then I am happy. Hear it, sacred pow'rs,
And give him glory great, as is his goodness.
I go—Methinks the gloomy way before me
Is stripp'd of half its horrors. Friendly death,
Receive a parting, pity'd, pardon'd——Oh! [*Dies.*

Chan. He dies!——Is gone.

Prince. Proving, my noble friend,
His soul was genuine English, and could tow'r
O'er all calamities but conscious guilt.

Chan. Heav'n's pardon greet him—Mighty prince, behold,
Where gallant Audley, like a tempest, pours
Destruction thro' the thickest ranks of foes!

Prince. Oh, Chandos, with astonishment my eye
Hath mark'd his valiant wonder-working sword!
Come, let us kindle at the great example,
And emulate the ardor we admire. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.

Enter KING JOHN, TOURAIN, *and Attendants.*

King. [*Turning back.*] Rally our men, my valian Lord of Ewe,
Or we are all undone. "O gracious Heav'n,
"How has a kingdom crumbled from my grasp!
"*Tour.* Let us preserve ourselves by timely flight
"Our broken army is dispersing. See,
"Behold the dastards how they run in thousands!
"Oh, shame! almost before a single foe.

" *King.* My dear Tourain, to what have I reduc'd thee!
" A ruin now of pomp! a royal wretch!
" For thee I could weep blood; for thee I fear
" To lose a life no longer worth my care,
" Stripp'd as I am of dignity and fame.
" *Tour.* I ask of Heav'n but to partake your fortune;
" Not wasting on myself a single care,
" I send out all attendant on my king.
" *King.* Tears will have way—O majesty, give place,
" For nature governs now! Almighty Pow'rs!
" Must children and must kingdoms suffer thus,
" Because my pride to reason shut my ears,
" When dazzled with the giddy phantom, glory.
" I scorn'd the terms that might have blest us all?—
" Too late—It is the curse of giddy mortals
" To see their errors and repent too late."

Enter Archbishop of SENS.

Sens. The Dauphin, Dukes of Anjou, Berry, Orleans,
Have led the way in flight! Earl Douglas follows,
Fainting with many wounds, and all his Scots
Have like our French and the auxiliar troops,
Forsook their posts. For safety, sir, away——
King. Dare not to urge it—I disdain the thought.
Go, like my coward sons and brother, go:
Though all desert me, singly will I stand

And face my foes, 'till cover'd o'er with wounds,
I gain a fate becoming of a king.

" *Enter* CHARNEY, *bleeding and faint, resting on his sword.*

" *Char.* Embrace this moment as your last for flight,
" The field is lost—I have not breath for more.
" This honest wound came timely to my rescue,
" Or I'd been curst to wail the dregs of life
" Away in anguish.——Parent death, receive me.
" [*Lies down.*
" This is the goal to which all nature runs,
" And I rejoice to reach it.——All is lost!
" My country, monarch, daughter, life, and—Oh!
" [*Dies.*

" *King.* Thou, Charney hast escap'd—— [*A shout.*
" What noise is that?

" *Tour.* The sound of triumph.—Now there is no retreating,
" For, see! they have beset us all around.

" *King.* Come then, thou darling of thy father's soul,
" We'll link our wretched fortunes here together.
" And if a king's example can inspire
" The few yet faithful in my lost condition,
" Cast fear behind, and daringly come on,
" Determin'd still to conquer or to die." [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Opens to a full prospect of the Field. Enter RIBEMONT, *solus.*

Rib. Ill-fated Athens, thou hast breath'd thy last,—
But wherefore call'd I thee ill-fated? since
Death but prevented thee the curse of seeing
Our arms dishonour'd, and our country lost.
Now, sacred soul of him who gave me life,
The purpose of thy visit is explain'd.
No private evil, not a fate like mine——
That were a trival call for thee to earth:
It was to warn me of a heavier loss,
Our diadem and fame. Hah!—I'm alone
Amidst a field of foes!——let me collect
A decent vigour, like the hunted lion,
With an assault to dignify my fall,
And not shrink, tamely, to a vulgar fate.

Enter AUDLEY.

Aud. For England——

Rib. France—By Heav'n, the gallant Audley!—
Now, fortune, I forgive thy partial dealing:
For, next to victory, my wish has been
To fall by so renown'd an arm as Audley's.

Aud. Brave Ribemont, I will return thy praise,
And own thee noblest of my country's foes.
Had we been natives of one happy land,

The gen'rous semblance of our souls had link'd us
In friendship's dearest bonds.

Rib. But here we stand
Determin'd champions in opposing lists,
Each in his country's cause, the other's foe.
Come, for I long to try this season'd blade
Upon true metal. If I conquer thee,
I take no portion of the foul disgrace,
Which Heav'n this day has thrown upon our arms,
But should my fortune, (as perhaps it may)
Like my poor country's, bow the head to England,
Then, Audley, wilt thou add to thy renown,
By doing what the king has only done,
Baffle the warrior he pronounc'd a brave one?
Now for determination.

Aud. Hold a moment.——
Look on the field, brave Ribemont; behold,
Thou hast no passage for escape left open!
Me should'st thou vanquish; from the thousands round thee,
Captivity or death must be thy lot.
Then make not havock of great qualities,
Nor to thy kingdom lose through desperation,
The bravest arms and noblest heart it boasts.
Give my fond wish the power but to protect thee:
Resign thy sword—I'll prove no conqueror,
But clasp thee with the warmth of gen'rous friendship.

Rib. Audley, I thank thee; but my hour is come—
You bid me look upon the field; look thou,

And see the glory of my country blasted!
To lose a day like this!—and to survive it—
Would be a wretchedness I'll ne'er endure.
No: in a nation's fate be mine involv'd:
To fall with France is now the only means
To satisfy my soul, and save my fame.

Aud. Oh, yet———

Rib. I'm fix'd.

Aud. Why then—for England this—

Rib. And this for France——

[*They fight some time, then stop.*

Aud. What! neither get the better?
Tis a tough task!—Again——

[*They fight again, then stop.*

" *Rib.* Why, valiant lord,
' The balance still nods doubtful! as the pow'rs
' Were undetermin'd which must yield the day.
' Are our fates grown of such high consequence,
' That Heav'n should pause upon the great decision!
' Let us no longer worry one another,
' Where can the vulnerable spot be found?

" *Aud.* Why there——

" [*They fight,* Ribemont *falls, and* Audley *is wounded, and rests upon his sword.*

" *Rib.* No, there.

" *Aud.* We are companions still!"

Rib. Inward I bleed: the streams of life run fast,
And all that did invigorate deserts me.
Audley, the palm of victory is thine;
I yield, I die—but glory in my fall

It is beneath the noblest English arm!
And that secures my fame. "Thy bosom now
"May harbour him that is thy foe no more.
"[Audley *kneels and takes him in his arms.*
"Why, this is kind! thus lock'd in thy embrace,
"To let a rival warrior breathe his last."
Report me truly as thy sword has found——
I know thou wilt; and, in the long hereafter,
If we can meet, I'll thank thee for't.—Farewell.
[*Dies.*

Aud. Farewell, brave Ribemont; thou fearless soldier.
Peace to thy ashes—to thy soul reward——
And honour crown thy name! A foe could weep!
But pity would disgrace a death like thine. [*Trumpets.*

Enter PRINCE, CHANDOS, *and Attendants.*

Prince. [*Turning back.*] Give instant orders to recall our parties;
I will not hazard, by a rash pursuit,
So vast a victory! "And let my standard
"Be hoisted on the highest neighb'ring tree,
"To guide our troops returning from the chace."
England, my Chandos, triumphs! For our arms
Have won the noblest field that e'er was fought!
Ha! Audley bleeding!—Then must conquest mourn,
And I lament, amidst my spoils and trophies,
The best of nobles, warriors, and of friends.

Aud. Faint with the loss of blood—I hope no more.

Prince. Summon assistance; all that wealth can reach

" To him who gives me but his life's assurance.
" [*Exit an Attendant.*
" Advance the banner o'er us.—Long, oh, long
" May'st thou survive to wear this well-won honour,
" [*He knights and embraces* Audley.
" My bravest knight—my most belov'd of men,"
Lead him away, repose him in his tent.
Soon as the hurry of the field is o'er,
I'll come in person and attend his cure.

Aud. There lifeless lies the arm that gave the wound;
A braver soldier never press'd the earth!
On his remains let due distinction wait,
To dignify the dust that once was noble. [*He is led off.*

Prince. The valiant Ribemont!—Take hence his corps,
And see that every solemn rite be paid:
With honours suited to his gallant life,
Conduct the body to its peaceful grave.
[Ribemont *carried off.*

Chan. The field is thinn'd! And now far off remov'd,
The dying voice of tumult faintly sounds,
" Like the hoarse thunder in a distant sky;"
As hollow roarings of subsiding waves,
After their conflict with a furious storm.

Prince. An awful horror!—The sad scene before us,
Pompous with desolation! as declines
The glow and ardor of our martial flame,
Softens the mind to mournful meditation.

How many souls have ta'en eternal flight,
Who, but this very morning, on the wing
Of expectation, look'd through years to come!
So have the bubbles of their hopes been broke;
So may it fare with us:——And such is life!

Enter WARWICK. *

War. Oh, mighty prince, whose matchless virtues charm
The many realms your victories have aw'd!
Lend your compassion,——"your protection lend
"To wretched, bleeding, dying penitence."

Prince. What would'st thou say——

War. Unhappy Mariana,
At once the victim of distressful love,
And deep remorse for treachery——

Prince. Go on.

War. Frantic and weeping, ran o'er all the field,
'Till chance directed her to Arnold's corpse,
That welt'ring lay in blood. She kiss'd it oft,
Bath'd it with tears, tore her dishevell'd locks,
Smote her poor bosom, sobb'd and sadly groan'd,
'Till snatching from his clay-cold hand his sword,
She plung'd it sudden in her side!—sunk down——
And call'd on death to lock their last embrace.
"I (but too late to save her) interpos'd,
"And cry'd for help——alas! in vain. But now,
"Pluck'd by some passing soldiers from the body,

* In the original, Louisa enters here, and speaks the three following speeches of Warwick.

"They force her, raving and reluctant, hither."
Prince. Oh, Chandos—what a moving sight is here!

"*Enter Soldiers forcing in* MARIANA, *distracted and bleeding.*

"*Mar.* Off! let me go—I will not be torn from him:
"Relentless monsters!—Let us mingle blood,
"And die together.——What do I behold!——
"Oh, hide me, friendly earth,——for ever hide me
"From that offended face—— [*Sinks down.*
"*Prince.* Look up, fair mourner, [*Kneeling by her.*
"And gather comfort from my friendly tears.
"*Mar.* Comfort from thee?—Thou injur'd godlike hero!
"Load me with curses!—Stab me with reproaches,—
"Thy sweetness cannot!—but the hand of Heav'n,
"That strikes for injur'd virtue, heavy falls!
"And crushes me beneath it.
"*Prince.* Weep not thus.
"*Mar.* What art thou made of, heart, to bear all this?
"That grov'ling in the dust—abandon'd——
"*Prince.* Nay,
"Do not be so wilful——And—
"*Mar.* Indeed, great prince,
"The dear, departed Arnold, was ensnar'd,
"Seduc'd—betray'd by me. But Heav'n can witness,
"My only motive was his preservation.
"Danger, despair, provok'd the guilty deed;

" Which horror, death and infamy reward.
" Forgive the breathless soldier that rever'd,
" And servant that ador'd you, sir!—On me
" Heap all your indignation; scorn, detest,
" Despise and hate my memory for ever.
" *Prince.* No, both have my compassion—my forgiveness.
" *Mar.* Forgiveness, said you?—Oh, celestial sound!
" Catch it, ye angels, hov'ring on the wing,
" To waft me to the bar of Heav'n's high justice!
" Offended virtue pities and forgives!
" Chaunt it aloud! and cheer with this foretaste
" Of goodness infinite,—my drooping—Oh!— [*Dies.*
" *Chan.* She's breathless!"

Prince. Heav'n, I hope, will think their crime
Enough was punish'd by affliction here.
Lay them together.—" Well, my lord of" Warwick,
England triumphs. *

War. I've view'd the adverse camp, as you commanded;
Where all the wealth of France was sure collected,
To grace the ruin of that wretched people.
Each tent profuse! Like those of Pompey's host,
When on Pharsalia's plain he fought great Cæsar,
And lost the world his life—and Rome her freedom.

Prince. All-righteous Heav'n! thy hand is here conspicuous!

* In the original, Warwick enters here.

Pride and presumption finish thus their shame. [*Shout.*
Hark!

Chan. 'Tis a train of pris'ners bringing hither.

Enter SALISBURY *with Officers and Soldiers, conducting* KING JOHN, *the Duke of* TOURAIN, *Archbishop of* SENS, *and several French Noblemen, prisoners.*

Prince. Brave Salisbury, you're welcome to my arms.
The field is ours!

Sal. And nobly was it fought!
Behold, my prince, how well we have acquitted
The claims our adversaries made on us.
Your veteran swordsman, Sir John Pelham, sends
This royal trophy to adorn your triumph.

Prince. Most wise and valiant of all christian kings,
Rever'd for virtues, and renown'd in arms!
That I behold you thus, dissolves my heart
With tender feeling; "while I bend the knee
"In humble praise of that good Providence,
"Which gives so great a victory to England!
"For you, great monarch," let your godlike soul
Strive with adversity, and still preserve,
As well you may, your royal mind unconquer'd.
Fortune is partial in her distributions:
Could merit always challenge its reward,
In other lights we might this hour have stood,
Perhaps the victor you, and I the captive:
But fear no wrong, the good should never fear it.
"This land, from whence my ancestors have sprung,

" By me shall not be injur'd." For yourself,
And this illustrious train of " noble pris'ners,"
My care shall be to treat you as I ought.

King. My gracious conqueror, and kindest cousin,
This goodness more than victory renowns you!
That I'm unfortunate is no reproach,
I brav'd all dangers as became a king,
'Till by my coward subjects left and lost.

Prince. Lead to my tent: when we are there arriv'd,
Prepare a banquet with all princely pomp,
At which I'll wait, and serve my royal guests.
My noble lords, and brave companions all,
I leave your praise for the wide world to sound!
Nor can the voice of fame, however loud,
Out-speak the merit of your matchless deeds.
Oh, may Britannia's sons through ev'ry age,
As they shall read of this so great achievement,
Feel the recorded victory inspire
An emulation of our martial fire,
When future wrongs their ardor shall excite,
And future princes lead them forth to fight!
'Till by repeated conquests, they obtain
A pow'r to awe the earth and rule the main!
Each tyrant fetter gloriously unbind,
And give their liberty to all mankind.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

AGAINST such odds if Edward could succeed,
Our English warriors once were great indeed:
But, mournful thought! we surely must complain,
They're sadly alter'd from King Edward's reign:
Yet some there are, who merit every praise,
Stems of that stock, and worthy of those days;
Illustrious heroes!——How unlike to those,
Whose valour, like their wit, lies only in their clothes?
Such arrant beaux, so trim, so degagée,
That ev'n French ladies would not run away.
They'll huff, indeed, and strut, look proud, and swear,
And all this they can do——because they dare.
But know, poor souls, all this implies no merit,
Ev'n women soon discern a man of spirit;
Judges alike of warriors and of wooers:
The mightiest talkers, are the poorest doers,
Such to subdue, requires no martial fire,
One Joan of Arc would make them all retire.
But hold,——I wander——Poictiers be my story,
And warm my breast with British love of glory;
When each bold Briton took his country's part,
And wore her freedom blazon'd on his heart,
Such were our sires—But now, oh, dire disgrace!
Lo, half their offspring lost in silk and lace.

Ye Britons, from this lethargy arise,
Burst forth from folly's bondage, and be wise:
Once more let virtue, dignity, be priz'd:
Nor copy what your ancestors despis'd.
Each false refinement study to disdain,
And harden into manhood back again;
So shall our Briton's honours mount on high,
And future fields with that of Poictiers vie.

THE END.